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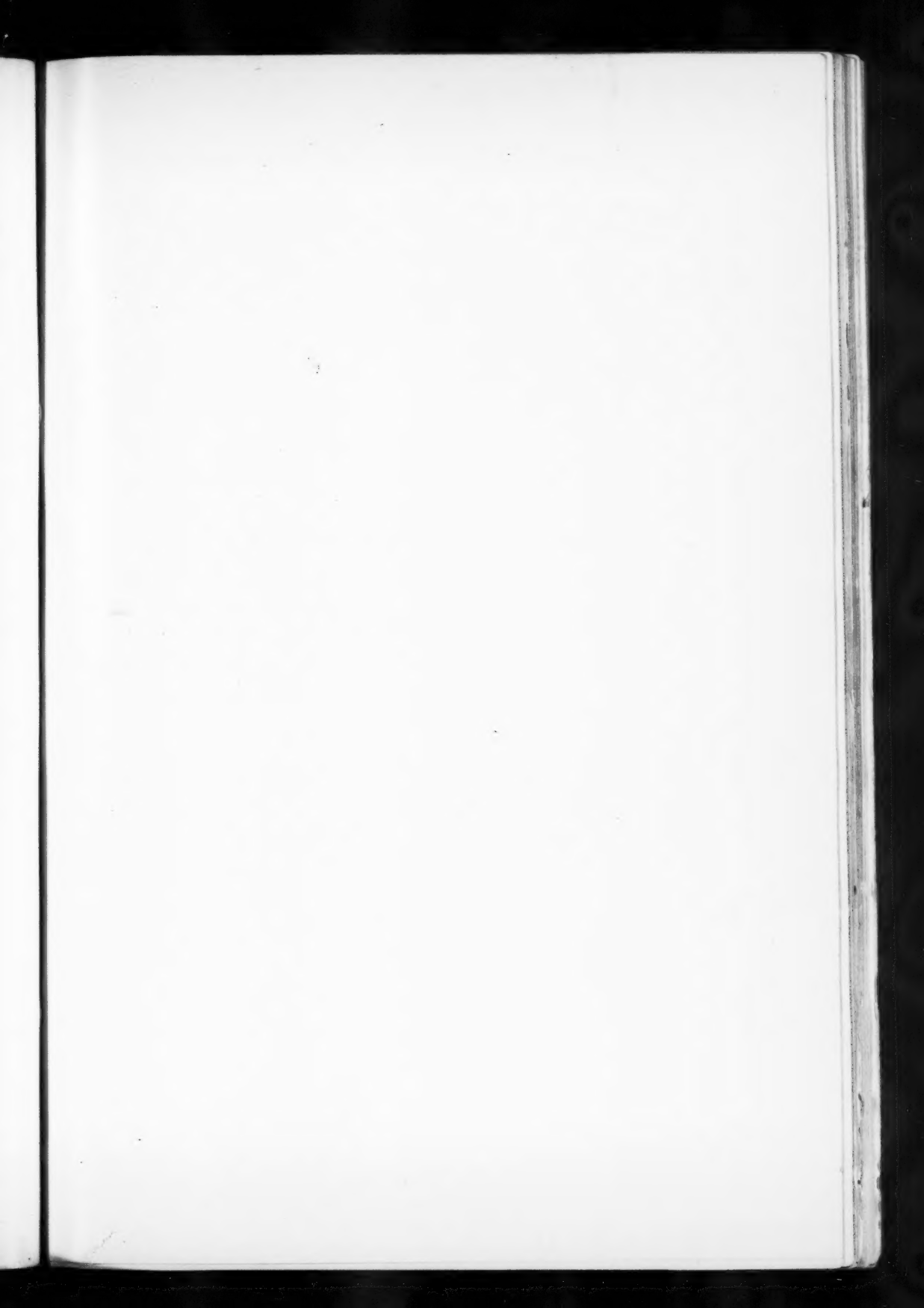
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Color drawing by Anna Whelan Betts

THE NEW GAME

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII

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No. 4

VISITING IN COUNTRY HOUSES

A PLEA FOR THE GUEST

BY ELIOT GREGORY ("THE IDLER")

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

"YOU slept well, bishop, I hope," says the hostess.

Bishop Jones, who has passed a sleepless night on a strangely lumpy bed, murmurs a few vague words of politeness. As he is speaking, an expression of horror dawns on the lady's face.

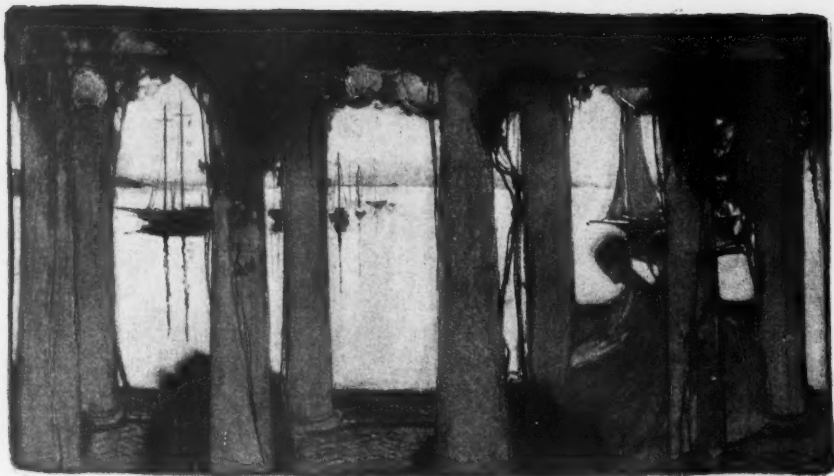
"Good gracious! Did I put you in the blue room? Why, all my silver is hid between the mattresses of that bed while the safe is being mended!"

This veracious tale was told me once upon a time by a venerable prelate, who added, with a sigh: "It was n't a very comfortable bed, that 's true, but I have slept in worse. One sees some queer sides of life visiting about as we are forced to do. I sometimes think I should edit a book for the guidance of hostesses, on the lines of the complete letter-writer. It might do an immense amount of good. If I ever do write it, the first chapter will begin: 'All ladies who really care for the comfort of

their guests should sleep at least one night a season in each of their spare rooms.' When I think of the suffering that would be avoided were this simple custom to become general, I am tempted to begin on that volume at once."

When, a few months later, being a bit done up from overwork, I went to pass a week with this divine at his summer home among the mountains, these remarks of his came vividly back to my mind. "He has visited so much," I said to myself, "that his housekeeping is sure to be quite perfect in its way."

At first view it did seem as if the well-ordered house was a paradise of comfort and tranquillity, the very spot in all the world wherein to recuperate one's tired brain and nerves. Alas! a serpent lurked in that Eden, as in most others, in this case disguised as a German governess with a taste for thorough-bass. My quarters were located directly over the school-room, and



Half-tone plate engraved by Walter M. Aikman

QUIET ENTERTAINMENT IN A PLEASANT OUTLOOK ON THE WATER

my tormentor chose from 6 to 8 A.M. to go through her exercises. Like Thackeray's Miss Wirt, my musical spinster possessed fingers of such muscular power and activity that slumber fled shuddering before them. During two awful mornings I lay and planned a society for the prevention of cruelty to guests, but before the third day dawned I had left, and the hospitable bishop probably does not know to this day the cause of my departure.

These two anecdotes have been jotted down here, not for the frivolous amusement of the reader, but with a lofty purpose. For years the world has heard too much about the grievances of hosts, and has been told too many tales, more or less true, of the selfishness and ingratitude of visitors. It seems about time for some one to say a few words on the other side of the question, and call attention to the growing casualness of the average host, pointing out, before it is too late, what the results are

going to be to him if he continues in his heedless course, making victims of his guests and causing unnecessary suffering among a worthy and respectable class.

In most old-fashioned homes the "spare" room is simply the family hospital for its aged and decrepit furniture and bric-à-brac. All the things which are too good

to throw away, but which none of the family want, accumulate in the cheerless retreat. The furniture (with the exception of the bed) has quite evidently migrated from the parlor when that apartment was redecorated, and is therefore about as well adapted to one's comfort as the contents of an antiquity-shop would be. On mantel, desk, and dressing-table are the discarded Christmas gifts of half a century, and fancy work in its dotage hangs on every gas-fixture and curtain-hook. Who does not recognize, as an old enemy, the adamant pincushion peculiar to such rooms, and know at a glance the inevita-

A STONFACED MENIAL.





Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"WHO DOES NOT RECOGNIZE, AS AN OLD ENEMY, THE ADAMANTINE PINCUSHION?"

ble (empty) cologne-bottles and the monumental inkstand entombing a defunct fly?

As might be expected, the junk-shop guest-chamber is sure to prove a pitfall to the unwary. Having not long ago to put the finishing touches to a portrait, I went into the country to pass a couple of days with my sitter, a mere acquaintance. At dinner the first evening, wishing to start the conversation pleasantly, I asked:

"Whose portrait is that in my room? Such a charming face!"

After a chilly silence my hostess answered:

"That is my husband's first wife."

The conversation rather languished during the rest of our meal, but I made no further efforts to revive it.

Many annoyances belonging to the old school of entertaining are, however, disap-

pearing with the growth of large establishments and the wholesale hospitality of the last decade. Alas! it is often but a change of base. There are even days when one regrets those earlier ills, for they were unexpected, whereas an awful certainty overhangs the present. One custom among many modern ones, now in vogue, is trying to a fussy visitor. You are enjoying a quiet talk with your hostess half an hour or so after your arrival, when a stony-faced menial appears, holding out a tray for your keys. These you surrender *la mort dans l'âme*, for experience has taught you that confusion and destruction will surely follow. Murmured words of warning as to boots and bottles are useless; there is a glitter in that footman's eye which means trouble. Being a servant and English, he is doubly your enemy, and intends to make the most of his opportunity, working his own sweet will among your belongings. When, later, a smiling host conducts you up-stairs and, looking about the room, says, "I hope Charles has made you comfortable," you murmur a hypocritical "Oh, yes," with a sinking heart, for traces of the destroyer's hand are visible all over the place. As a result of his ministrations, your dinner toilet that first evening degenerates into a wild game of hide-and-seek. With malice prepense he has laid out clothes you do not need, and hidden away in improbable drawers and cupboards those you must have quickly. He has put the wrong studs in your shirt, mislaid your favorite collar-button, secreted socks and ties, and walked off down-stairs beyond the reach of bells with your only pair of pumps.

Bad as all this is, and trying to the sweetest temper, it is only the smaller half of one's misfortune. When you leave, the above process is reversed with ever-increasing havoc, for now the destroyer knows that you will be far away before his crimes come to light. So all the "things" he does not forget entirely are bundled

gaily in together; he rolls your muddy shooting-boots in fresh dress-shirts; folds tooth-paste in your handkerchiefs, and puts shaving-cream in with your silk ties—in short, accomplishes all the destruction possible before he comes smiling ironically to the door for a tip.

The hardest trials, however, that a visitor has to encounter in the course of his wanderings, and those which most severely try his endurance and good humor, come not from material, but from moral causes. Grandly first among the latter stalks what the French call the *tour du propriétaire*.

All—or almost all—hosts are addicted to this trying habit in one form or another. The majority—praise be given to the saints!—confine themselves to a harmless little barnumism that does not last beyond the first hour or two of one's visit.

But there are hosts who hold a victim-guest resolutely on this particular rack from the moment he enters the "trap"—suggestive word—that has met him at the station until (a hundred hours later) he waves his executioner an exhausted farewell from the train window. To such a host a visitor is not a human being endowed with tastes and opinions of his own and needing hours for rest and recuperation, but simply a mechanical contrivance wound up to give forth automatic admiration of his host's belongings for sixteen hours each day.

A really good specimen of the showman type of host is without pity or compassion; he knows neither time nor season, respects neither youth nor age. He will lie in wait for an unwary visitor as he descends to breakfast and carry him off for a tour of the stables before he is given a bite or sup; will point out each horse, mention his price, and sketch his pedigree. As soon as coffee and rolls have been swallowed, all the guests are marched off, willy-nilly, to inspect the graperies, where he keeps them till they are in a fine perspiration, and then



"FOR A TIP"



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"AND CARRY HIM OFF FOR A TOUR OF THE STABLES"

hurries them to the model dairy, where a chill awaits them. After luncheon, with their digestion incomplete, they are driven in ill-assorted fours or sixes to see the land which their host is thinking of buying, and on the way are told the whole story of his quarrel with Smith, his next-door neighbor, and the iniquities of Farmer Jones across the way. To cheer the five-o'clock cup, he will read them all Smith's letters and his own replies. Nothing short of bedtime will save you from the clutches of such an Ancient Mariner. Going to your room "for a nap before dinner" is useless. Before you are in dressing-gown and slippers there will be a rap at the door, and your host will enter, saying, "I thought it would interest you to see these photographs my daughter made of our prize pigs." Or, "Here are those plans I promised to show you for my new chicken-houses." Upon which he unrolls numerous sheets of foolscap across the table, and discourses cheerfully till dinner-time.

Old gentlemen of this stamp, bores as they are, and often cruelly indifferent to the well-being of their guests, exhibit a sort of fierce logic in their acts and words. Having toiled for years, accumulating wealth enough to erect fine châteaux and lay out model stock-farms, it is only natural that they should enjoy exhibiting their costly belongings to the less fortunate. It is perhaps rather too much like counting one's bonds for the entertainment of a visitor, but it is natural, and one finds it in one's heart to forgive such egotism.

The people whom it is much harder to pardon are those who force unwilling and incredulous guests to perform a "proprietary tour" through the family circle. One household of really intelligent people whom I have in mind might stand for a type of this class. No sooner are you well inside of their front door than the inmates begin their little game. Each member of the family will corner you in turn and enlarge on the cleverness of all the others. Sister Jane will confide to you that "brother Tom" is a genius of the first order. "He perfected the art of balloon direction at the age of five, you know, —long before Santos-Dumont was even heard of,—and was prevented from taking out patents only by his tender age." Half an hour later this phenomenal youth carries you off to another corner and assures you that "sister Jane's" collection of eighteenth-century nail-files is the most complete in existence, the envy of amateurs all over Europe. He also mentions in passing that "Aunt Eliza's" sonnets are considered finer than Petrarch's (by those who can appreciate them). Even the grandparents of this complacent family are members of the Mutual Praise League, and will descant to the unwary on the merits and talents of their descendants even unto the third and fourth generation. In such a house the hearthstone is a private altar before which visitors are expected—nay, compelled—to swing incense and join in continual hymns of praise.

Allied to this group is the host in his

anecdote, who asks people to stop with him simply because he cannot in any other way secure an audience for his prosy old tales and reminiscences. Bed and board are offered to you as an equivalent, so to speak, for playing audience. Such an amphitryon will gladly decant his best 1812



C. J. Collins, 1890.

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"SO ALL THE 'THINGS' . . . ARE BUNDLED
GAILY IN TOGETHER"

port or Madeira on the condition that you listen to the history of each bottle—the number of journeys it has made around the Cape, the name of the ship that brought it, and the dates of its recorking. As an anecdote goes with each glass, and each anecdote suggests a story, the sittings are apt to be unduly prolonged.

Many hosts, however, free from all egotism and far too well bred to discourse at length on themselves or their belongings, fall (often from pure good nature) into an error almost as trying, and seem possessed by a sort of nervous fear that the people

gathered under their roof-tree will not be sufficiently "entertained." On arriving, you discover with dismay that a program has been prepared for your amusement that would disconcert a traveling sovereign. Every hour of every day and evening is marked out in advance for some form of recreation. No escape is possible for the distracted prisoners. "Male and female inviteth he them," and they are expected to disport themselves in pairs like Noah's animals. No dropping out is allowed, for that would leave some "odd" man or girl unmated. The exercise of a chain-gang is unlicensed freedom compared with your movements while under the benevolent lash of such an overseer.

As an offset to the too attentive host, it is only fair to mention the "invisible hostess." The lady who ignores her guests is a purely modern type, a product of our triple-expansion existence, to be found mostly at Newport or other large watering-places. An invitation to stay at her house means absolutely nothing, and carries with it little obligation of any kind for either guest or hostess. The former is expected to bring his own servant, provide himself with a "trap," and, above all, to hustle for his own invitations and amusements. No one welcomes the newcomer on his arrival, for the family are all dining out or closeted in some far-away drawing-room playing "bridge," and not to be disturbed. They and every one else in the building have engagements two weeks ahead for every waking hour of the twenty-four. A visitor may consider himself lucky if from time to time he catches a glimpse of some member of the household hurrying through the hallway or across the lawn. It would be useless to ask such a hostess who was staying with her. As two or three people arrive and depart by each boat, she is never quite sure who is under her roof for the moment. The other evening a man with whom I was chatting at a small dance suddenly jumped up, saying: "Excuse me a moment. There's Mrs. B——; I must go and speak to her. I've been stopping there since Monday, you know, but this is the first time we've met."

These snap-shots would not be complete without a picture of the literary-sentimental hostess, the kind of lady—generally passé, but not resigned to the fact—who makes rendezvous with her men guests in remote



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE HAPPY HOURS PASSED AT CERTAIN FRIENDLY HEARTHSTONES"



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"MOST OF OUR TRUEST FRIENDSHIPS DATE FROM THE OCCASION OFFERED BY A VISIT"

parts of the grounds, to read them verses of her own composition, and consult them on the complicated love-crises through which she is (supposed to be) passing. Such a one can add even playfulness to her other attributes. I once visited in a house where a note from the hostess appeared each morning on the tray with my matutinal coffee. (If I remember aright, Mme. de Staël or Mme. Récamier had this habit.) My lady being, like *Hamlet*, fat and scant of breath, it was a bit of a shock, on opening one tiny, scented envelop, to read, "Meet me in the library at ten, and we'll go for a scamper." Would it be possible, I ask, for any man to live one whole day up to the key of that note?

If these varieties of "hospitality" are to increase and spread, one may well tremble for the future. All about us great country houses are being erected and vast estates laid out. But where, one asks one's self in dismay, where will the guests come from? We read that toward the end of the Roman decadence the Roman nobles found it harder and harder each year to procure the gladiators and martyrs necessary to add zest to their sports and pastimes. It begins to look as if history might repeat itself, and just such a state of affairs occur here.

Visitors cannot be treated *en masse*, as a colonel manœuvres his men, but must be made to feel they have been asked for more personal reasons than simply to fill out a round number of men and women.

The annoyances resulting from lack of comfort have been laughingly pointed out above. It is not enough, however, to provide people with board and lodging, no matter how superior the quality may be; a hostess must do far more than this: she must give something of herself, some minutes of her time, to the friends she has gathered under her roof.

When a man is asked to stop with you, he should be given the impression (if he is to carry away a pleasant souvenir of his visit) that he was bidden at that particular date to meet a certain group of people for some nice and flattering reason, that his presence has in some way added to the general pleasure and, above all, has been a personal gratification to his host. It is this and the hope of being with congenial associates that tempts one to visit; not the material benefits, much as their absence may annoy.

A really good hostess (which, after all, is only another name for a woman of the world) will contrive, during the days she has friends staying with her, to have some quiet little talks with each, which she will make quite personal and intimate, appear-



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"BEFORE YOU ARE IN DRESSING-GOWN
AND SLIPPERS"

ing for the moment as though the rest of the world did not exist for her.

If only the people who ask us to their homes would realize that this is the most subtle compliment which can be paid a visitor, there would be fewer amphitryons wondering why their entertainments have so little "go" and why their guests seem so pleased when Monday morning arrives.

A tranquil manner, an avoidance of the showman spirit, a real, not an assumed,

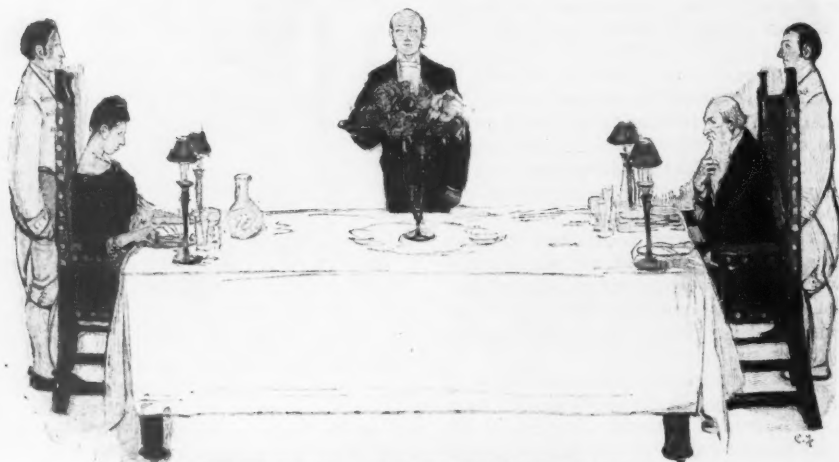
pleasure in gathering their friends about them, are the essentials without which no mortal, though he be the owner of the most splendid establishment and have the wit of the de Mortemarts, can achieve real success as an entertainer.

When these stately châteaux are no longer cheered by the sound of laughter and the clinking of dinner-plates, when the heedless billionaires find themselves living in awful and solitary splendor, they may remember with regret these humble words of warning.

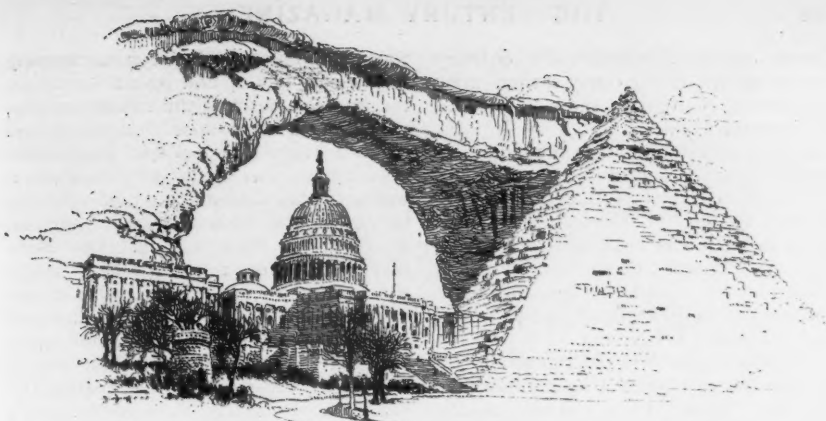
Yet, when one comes to think of it, there are many friendly firesides, where the wanderer is treated with gentleness and consideration; these certainly will be saved by their virtues from the general desolation. Personally I can count up at least a dozen, and, to tell the truth, conscience is rather pricking me as I glance back over these lines and think of the happy hours passed at certain friendly hearthstones. Perhaps it is the memory of the tactful hospitality of these very homes that makes one critical of the

others, where the hospitality is so mechanical and the welcome so casual.

After all is said and done, visiting friends must always be the most delicate of pleasures. Of all forms of social enjoyment, a well-chosen house-party is perhaps the most complete and satisfactory. It is only during such short vacations (and on board ship) that the galling harness of every-day routine drops completely from one's weary shoulders; it is there only that we escape entirely from the myriad little cares and worries that lie in wait for us outside. On looking back, many of us will be surprised to find how most of our truest friendships date from the occasion offered by a visit. One may go on meeting people for a decade at formal entertainments, and at the end of that time know less of their real selves than is revealed by one short "week-end" passed together under a congenial roof—especially if it be a home where the welcome is sincere and the liberty is complete, and where the host and hostess have taken the trouble to sleep from time to time in their guest-chambers.



**REMEMBER — WITH REGRET —
THESE HUMBLE WORDS OF
WARNING!!!—**



THE AUGUSTA NATURAL BRIDGE (SEE PAGE 507), COMPARED WITH THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON AND THE GREAT PYRAMID

THE COLOSSAL BRIDGES OF UTAH

A RECENT DISCOVERY OF NATURAL WONDERS

BY W. W. DYAR

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



IN the winter and spring of 1902 Mr. Horace J. Long was engaged, with a party of miners, in prospecting and placer-mining in the uninhabited region along the cañon of the Colorado River in southeastern Utah. During one of his lonely trips of over fifty miles to the nearest post-office at Hite, Utah, Mr. Long fell in with a cattleman named Scorup, who, a few years before, had ranged his cattle toward the borders of Colorado, over the barren and broken country in the angle between the San Juan River and the Colorado.

In the course of conversation, Scorup spoke of certain very wonderful "arches" which he had seen near the head of White Cañon in San Juan County. Long had often heard the term "arches" applied in that region to overhanging cañon-walls in places where they had been undermined by erosion, and masses of rock had fallen out, leaving sheltered shelves or recesses on which cliff-dwellers' ruins are often

found. He therefore naturally supposed at first that these were the sort of arches that Scorup referred to, and took but little interest in the matter. But as Scorup continually recurred to the subject, and described the objects more particularly, it gradually became clear that his arches were natural bridges, spanning a wide and deep cañon from side to side.

Mr. Long's curiosity was aroused, and he soon became convinced that these arches or bridges greatly exceeded in size and grandeur any similar natural curiosities then known to exist in any part of the world. From Scorup's statements it seemed probable that they had never been seen by any of the white race, save perhaps a half-dozen cattlemen and cow-boys and possibly an occasional fugitive from justice. So far as Scorup knew, they were first discovered by Emery Knowles, in 1895. Scorup himself saw them in the fall of the same year, in company with two cow-boys, Tom Hall and Jim Jones. Lack of water made the region about the head of White

Cañon almost inaccessible by ordinary means, except in the early spring, when the melting of the light snowfall afforded a temporary supply.

Scorup greatly desired to revisit this remarkable region, and wished especially to obtain photographs of the bridges. He believed himself to be the only person then living in Utah who knew their exact location. He offered to conduct Mr. Long thither, but annexed to his offer the condition that one of the arches should be named the "Caroline" in honor of his mother.

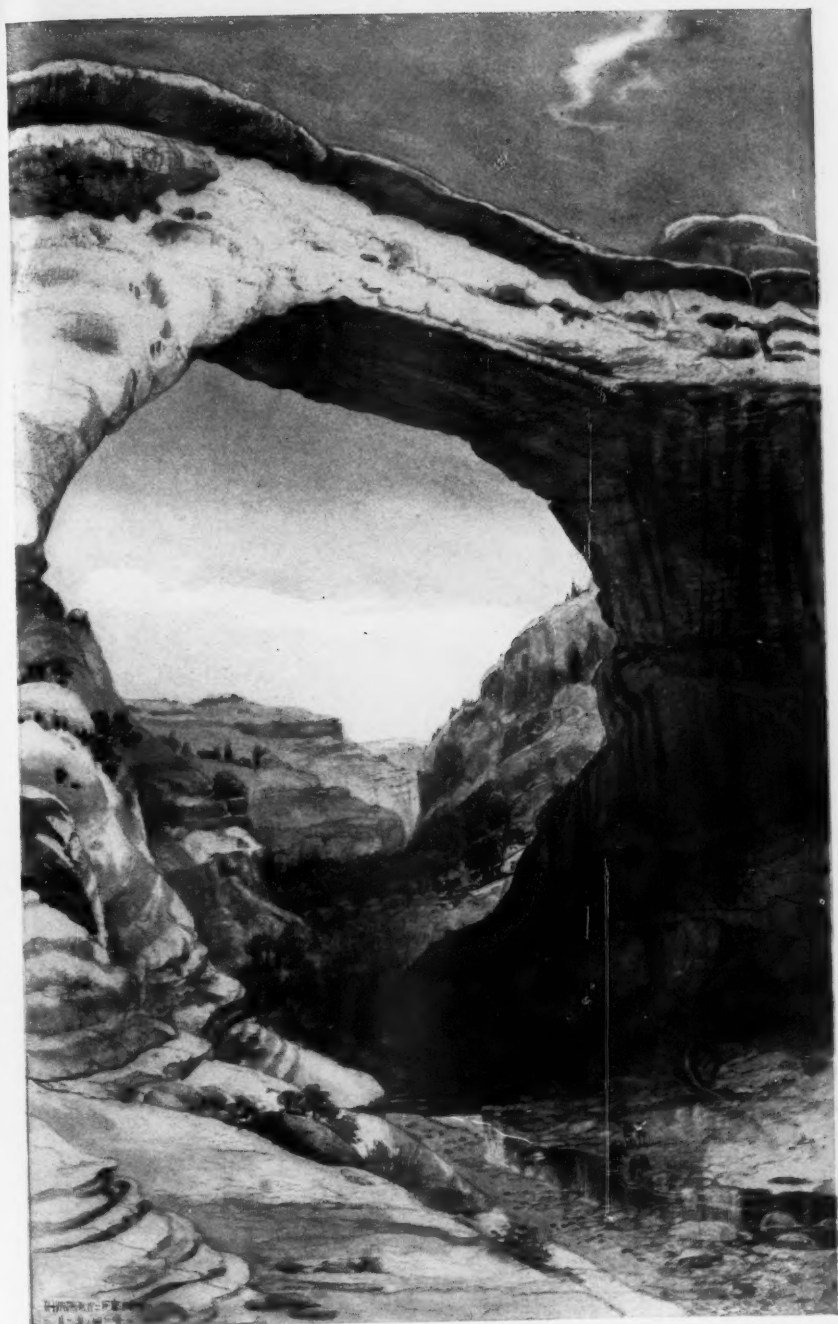
On March 13, 1903, Scorup and Long set out from Dandy Crossing, on the Colorado River. They had two saddle-horses, and two pack-animals carrying provisions and supplies for a week's journey. They traveled in an easterly direction, following a scarcely discernible trail over barren wastes of rocks and sand. They camped the first night at Fifteen Mile Crossing, which is about three miles beyond Copper Point. Fifteen Mile is a small wash or gulch opening into White Cañon, and, like all the smaller water-courses in that region, is entirely dry most of the year. They took their horses down into White Cañon for water, cooked their supper by a fire of desert scrub, and slept in their blankets on the bare sandstone bed-rock. The next forenoon, at a place called Soldiers' Crossing, they came upon the graves of two soldiers of the regular army, killed in some nameless skirmish with the Ute Indians. A rough inscription on a slab of sandstone recorded their names, — Worthington and Higginson, — and the fact that their bodies were buried by F. M. Chandler, March 30, 1885.

At noon of this day the travelers camped at a place called Fry Cabin. The cabin had entirely disappeared, but a fine spring welling from the foot of an overhanging ledge of rocks marked the spot where a lonely ranchman had had for a time his ephemeral dwelling in the desert. Between Fifteen Mile and Soldiers' Crossing the country was almost entirely barren of vegetation. For long stretches the flat bed-rock of the plateau had been swept clean of sand by the fierce desert winds, so that there was no footing for even the hardy sage-brush. In all this distance not an animal or a bird was seen. Beyond Fry Cabin, however, desert scrub and small pines were again encountered, the surface of the country became

rougher and more broken with outcropping ledges and buttes, and by mid-afternoon the travelers described the Elk Mountains, with dark masses of pines upon their slopes. Toward evening they passed through an opening in a rocky ridge stretching like a wall across the country, and descended the tortuous course of a small wash leading into the chasm of White Cañon. That night they camped on a cliff-dwellers' ledge, which, contrary to the usual habit of that wary people, was only about thirty feet above the bottom of the cañon and easily accessible. The foundations of the ancient dwellings were still easily traceable, and near them was a large, flat stone for grinding grain. The most perfectly preserved structures were large, round underground receptacles like cisterns, which probably served as granaries. The interior walls were covered with a hard, perfectly preserved cement, and there were large, flat stones cut to fit the circular openings. These stones, when in place, formed part of the floor of the dwelling.

On the morning of March 15, Long and Scorup were early in the saddle. They were in the immediate vicinity of the bridges, and Long has confessed to a rising excitement as they turned their horses' heads up the cañon. Scorup himself showed signs of nervousness, as if apprehensive that his memory had magnified the size and grandeur of what he had seen nearly eight years before, and had thus prepared a disappointment for them both. The cañon varied from perhaps three hundred to five hundred feet in width, and had many curves and abrupt changes of direction. The walls rose to a perpendicular height of about four hundred feet and in many places far overhung their bases. The bottom was very rough and uneven, and at that season a considerable stream of water was flowing in a narrow channel cut in most places to a considerable depth below the average level. Wherever a bed of gravel or finer debris covered the scoured-out bottom of the cañon, bushes and small trees had found a footing, and here and there were clumps of large cottonwoods.

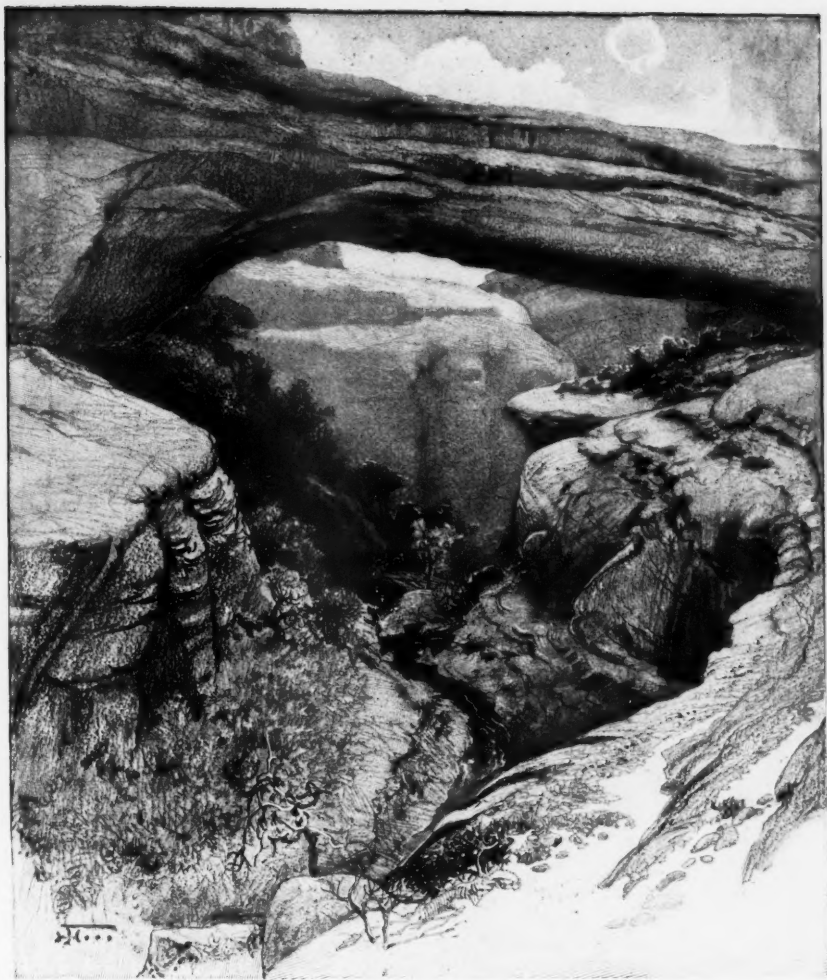
Pushing their horses as rapidly as possible up the cañon, and eagerly making their way around the masses of debris, which in many places had fallen from the cliffs above, the travelers proceeded about a mile when they rounded a short curve in



Color drawing by Harry Fenn, from a photograph

THE AUGUSTA BRIDGE





Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE CAROLINE BRIDGE

the cañon-wall and had their first view of one of Scorup's arches. Extravagant indeed must have been their expectations to experience any disappointment at sight of the colossal natural bridge before them. Yet, from the scenic point of view, this bridge was the least satisfactory of the three which they visited. Its walls and buttresses are composed of pinkish sandstone, streaked here and there with green and orange-colored moss or lichens. But its outlines are quite irregular; the projecting walls of the cañon interrupt the view, and the tremendous mass of stone above

the arch tends to dwarf the height and width of the span. The travelers had with them no scientific instruments for making accurate measurements, but by a series of rough triangulations Long obtained results which are doubtless correct within narrow limits. This bridge, which they named the Caroline, in compliance with Scorup's stipulation, measures two hundred and eight feet six inches from buttress to buttress across the bottom of the cañon. From the surface of the water to the center of the arch above is a sheer height of one hundred and ninety-seven feet, and over

the arch at its highest point the solid mass of sandstone rises one hundred and twenty-five feet farther to the level floor of the bridge. A traveler crossing the cañon by this titanic masonry would thus pass three hundred and twenty-two feet above the bed of the stream. The floor of the bridge is one hundred and twenty-seven feet wide,

Remounting their horses, Long and Scrup passed under the mighty mass of the Caroline and pushed on up the cañon. At a distance of three and a half miles they found themselves in the presence of what is doubtless the most wonderful natural bridge in the world—a structure so lofty and magnificent, so symmetrical and beau-



Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

THE LITTLE BRIDGE

so that an army could march over it in columns of companies, and still leave room at the side for a continuous stream of artillery- and baggage-wagons.

Unfortunately, owing to the winding course of the cañon at this point and the consequent lack of perspective, it was impossible to obtain photographs conveying to the eye any adequate impression of the magnitude of these dimensions. It will help the mind to realize them, however, when it is known that the forked cottonwood-tree standing apparently under the arch, but really well in the foreground, is nine feet in circumference and of a corresponding height, and that the small ant-like objects seen in one of the views to the left of the tree and still farther in the foreground are the saddle-horses of the explorers.

tiful in its proportions, as to suggest that nature, after completing the mighty structure of the Caroline, had trained herself for a finer and nobler form of architecture. Here, across a cañon measuring three hundred and thirty-five feet seven inches from wall to wall, she has thrown a splendid arch of solid sandstone, sixty feet thick in the central part and forty feet wide, leaving underneath it a clear opening three hundred and fifty-seven feet in perpendicular height. The lateral walls of the arch rise perpendicularly nearly to the top of the bridge, when they flare suddenly outward, giving the effect of an immense coping or cornice overhanging the main structure fifteen or twenty feet on each side, and extending with the greatest regularity and symmetry the whole length of

the bridge. A large rounded butte at the edge of the cañon-wall seems partly to obstruct the approach to the bridge at one end.

Here again the curving walls of the cañon and the impossibility of bringing the whole of the great structure into the narrow field of the camera, except from distant points of view, render the photographs unsatisfactory. But the lightness and grace of the arch is brought out by the partial view which Long obtained by climbing far up the cañon-wall and at some risk crawling out on an overhanging shelf. The majestic proportions of this bridge, however, may be partly realized by a few comparisons. Thus its height is more than twice and its span more than three times as great as those of the famous natural bridge of Virginia. Its buttresses are one hundred and eighteen feet farther apart than those of the celebrated masonry arch in the District of Columbia, known as Cabin John Bridge, a few miles from Washington city, which has the greatest span of any masonry bridge on this continent. This bridge would overspan the Capitol at Washington and clear the top of the dome by fifty-one feet. And if the loftiest tree in the Calaveras Grove of giant sequoia in California stood in the bottom of the cañon, its topmost bough would lack thirty-two feet of reaching the under side of the arch.

Emulating the example of Mr. Scrup, Long named this bridge the "Augusta," in honor of his wife; and it is fortunate that the lady was so appropriately christened.

This bridge is of white or very light sandstone, and, as in the case of the Caroline, filaments of green and orange-tinted lichens run here and there over the mighty buttresses and along the sheltered crevices under the lofty cornice, giving warmth and color to the wonderful picture.

Our explorers were unable to scale the walls of the cañon in the immediate neighborhood of either of these two bridges, and their time was too limited to permit an extended search for a ravine or wash that would lead them to the top of the cliffs. After a day of severe labor in making measurements and taking photographs, they were therefore reluctantly compelled to retrace their steps without the sensation of crossing the cañon by these lofty highways.

They spent the night at the cliff-dwellers' ruins, and on the following morning rode

down the cañon in search of the third bridge which Scrup remembered having seen. This they found at a distance of about five miles. Long, in his rough notes of the trip, calls this the "Little Bridge," and we may well retain this designation. Its dimensions, however, are small only as compared with the gigantic proportions of the Caroline and the Augusta; for it has a span of two hundred and eleven feet four inches, and the under side of the arch is one hundred and forty-two feet above the bottom of the cañon. The crown of the arch is eighteen feet eight inches thick, and the surface or roadway thirty-three feet five inches wide. The slenderness of this aerial pathway, and the fact that the cañon here opens out into a sloping valley beyond, rendered it possible for the camera to give a proper impression of loftiness. Indeed, judging from the photographs alone, one might suppose this to be the highest of the three bridges, whereas in fact it has but little more than one third the altitude of the wonderful Augusta arch. It was comparatively easy to reach the top of this bridge, and among Long's notes I find the following: "Rode our horses over. I am the first white man who has ever ridden over this bridge."

On the way back to camp they visited another cliff-dwellers' village, situated on a sheltered ledge three hundred feet above the bottom of the cañon. While searching among the ruins, which were extensive and in some places well preserved, Long stumbled over the rim of a vessel just projecting above the sand. By scraping away the debris with his hands, he uncovered a splendid earthenware vase, beautifully molded, of a capacity of about four gallons, and in a perfect state of preservation. This magnificent specimen of ancient pottery he carried back to their camp, where they spent still another night. By means of cords and straps they made a sling for the vase, and the next morning started on their return journey, Long carrying this precious relic on his back like a huge but exceedingly uncomfortable knapsack. They slept that night under the ledge at Fry Cabin. Early in the morning they parted, and during the day Long rode alone clear through to Dandy Crossing, a distance of over forty miles, without a moment's relief from his heavy burden, being unable to take it from his back without assistance.



Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THEY WERE SHOOTING AT US WITH ONE OF THE SMALL CANNON"

THE SEA-WOLF

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.

XXVI



HERE was need for haste. The *Macedonia*, belching the blackest of smoke from her funnel, was charging down upon us from out of the northeast. Neglecting the boats that remained to her, she had altered her course so as to anticipate ours. She was not running straight for us, but ahead of us. Our courses were converging like the sides of an angle, the vertex of which was at the edge of the fog-bank. It was there, or not at all, that the *Macedonia* could hope to catch us. The hope for the *Ghost* lay in that she should pass that point before the *Macedonia* arrived at it.

Wolf Larsen was steering, his eyes glistering and snapping as they dwelt upon and leapt from detail to detail of the chase. Now he studied the sea to windward for signs of the wind slackening or freshening, now the *Macedonia*; and, again, his eyes roved over every sail, and he gave commands to slack a sheet here a trifle, to come in on one there a trifle, till he was drawing out of the *Ghost* the last bit of speed she possessed. All feuds and grudges were forgotten, and I was surprised at the alacrity with which the men who had so long endured his brutality sprang to execute his orders. Strange to say, the unfortunate Johnson came into my mind as we lifted and surged and heeled along, and I was aware of a regret that he was not alive and present; he had so loved the *Ghost* and delighted in her sailing powers.

"Better get your rifles, you fellows," Wolf Larsen called to our hunters; and the five men lined the lee rail, guns in hand, and waited.

The *Macedonia* was now but a mile away, the black smoke pouring from her funnel

at a right angle, so madly she raced, pounding through the sea at a seventeen-knot gait—"sky-hooting through the brine," as Wolf Larsen quoted while gazing at her. We were not making more than nine knots, but the fog-bank was very near.

A puff of smoke broke from the *Macedonia's* deck, we heard a heavy report, and a round hole took form in the stretched canvas of our mainsail. They were shooting at us with one of the small cannon which rumor had said they carried on board. Our men, clustering amidships, waved their hats and raised a derisive cheer. Again there was a puff of smoke and a loud report, this time the cannonball striking not more than twenty feet astern and glancing twice from sea to sea to windward before it sank.

But, there was no rifle-firing, for the reason that all their hunters were out in the boats or our prisoners. When the two vessels were half a mile apart, a third shot made another hole in our mainsail. Then we entered the fog. It was about us, veiling and hiding us in its dense wet gauze.

The sudden transition was startling. The moment before we had been leaping through the sunshine, the clear sky above us, the sea breaking and rolling wide to the horizon, and a ship, vomiting smoke and fire and iron missiles, rushing madly upon us. And at once, as in an instant's leap, the sun was blotted out, there was no sky, even our mastheads were lost to view, and our horizon was such as tear-blinded eyes may see. The gray mist drove by us like a rain. Every woolen filament of our garments, every hair of our heads and faces, was jeweled with a crystal globule. The shrouds were wet with moisture; it dripped from our rigging overhead; and on the under side of our booms, drops of water took shape in long swaying lines,

which were detached and flung to the deck in mimic showers at each surge of the schooner. I was aware of a pent, stifled feeling. As the sounds of the ship thrusting herself through the waves were hurled back upon us by the fog, so were one's thoughts. The mind recoiled from contemplation of a world beyond this wet veil which wrapped us around. This was the world, the universe itself, its bounds so near that one felt impelled to reach out both arms and push them back. It was impossible that the rest could be beyond these walls of gray. The rest was a dream, no more than the memory of a dream.

It was weird, strangely weird. I looked at Maud Brewster and knew that she was similarly affected. Then I looked at Wolf Larsen, but there was nothing subjective about his state of consciousness. His whole concern was with the immediate, objective present. He still held the wheel, and I felt that he was timing Time, reckoning the passage of the minutes with each forward lunge and leeward roll of the *Ghost*.

"Go for'ard and hard alee without any noise," he said to me in a low voice. "Clew up the topsails first. Set men at all the sheets. Let there be no rattling of blocks, no sound of voices. No noise, understand, no noise."

When all was ready, the word, "Hard alee," was passed forward to me from man to man; and the *Ghost* heeled about on the port tack with virtually no noise at all. And what little there was—the slapping of a few reef-points and the creaking of a sheave in a block or two—was ghostly under the hollow echoing pall in which we were swathed.

We had scarcely filled away, it seemed, when the fog thinned abruptly and we were again in the sunshine, the wide-stretching sea breaking before us to the sky-line. But the ocean was bare. No wrathful *Macedonia* broke its surface or blackened the sky with her smoke.

Wolf Larsen at once squared away and ran down along the rim of the fog-bank. His trick was obvious. He had entered the fog to windward of the steamer, and while the steamer had blindly driven on into the fog in the chance of catching him, he had come about and out of his shelter and was now running down to reënter to leeward. Successful in this, the old simile of the needle in the haystack would be mild indeed compared with his brother's chance of finding him.

He did not run long. Jibing the fore-and mainsails and setting the topsails again, we headed back into the bank. As we entered I could have sworn I saw a vague bulk emerging to windward. I looked quickly at Wolf Larsen. Already we were ourselves buried in the fog, but he nodded his head. He, too, had seen it—the *Macedonia*, guessing his manœuver and failing by a moment in anticipating it. There was no doubt that we had escaped unseen.

"He can't keep this up," Wolf Larsen said. "He'll have to go back for the rest of his boats. Send a man to the wheel, Mr. Van Weyden, keep this course for the present, and you might as well set the watches, for we won't do any lingering to-night."

"I'd give five hundred dollars, though," he added, "just to be aboard the *Macedonia* for five minutes, listening to my brother curse."

"And now, Mr. Van Weyden," he said to me when he had been relieved from the wheel, "we must make these newcomers welcome. Serve out plenty of whisky to the hunters and see that a few bottles slip for'ard. I'll wager every man Jack of them is over the side to-morrow, hunting for Wolf Larsen as contentedly as ever they hunted for Death Larsen."

"But won't they escape as Wainwright did?" I asked.

He laughed shrewdly. "Not as long as our old hunters have anything to say about it. I'm dividing amongst them a dollar a skin for all the skins shot by our new hunters. At least half of their enthusiasm to-day was due to that. Oh, no, there won't be any escaping if they have anything to say about it. And now you'd better get for'ard to your hospital duties. There must be a full ward waiting for you."

Wolf Larsen took the distribution of the whisky off my hands, and the bottles began to make their appearance while I worked over the fresh batch of wounded men in the fore-castle. I had seen whisky drunk, such as whisky and soda by the men of the clubs, but never as these men drank it, from pannikins and mugs, and from the bottles—great brimming drinks, each one of which was in itself a debauch. But they did not stop at one or two. They drank and drank, and ever the bottles slipped forward and they drank more.

Everybody drank: the wounded drank; Oofy-Oofy, who helped me, drank. Only Louis refrained, no more than cautiously wetting his lips with the liquor, though he joined in the revels with an abandon equal to that of most of them. It was a Saturnalia. In loud voices they shouted over the day's fighting, wrangled about details, or waxed affectionate and made friends with the men whom they had fought. Prisoners and captors hiccupped on one another's shoulders, and swore mighty oaths of respect and esteem. They wept over the miseries of the past, and over the miseries yet to come under the iron rule of Wolf Larsen. And all cursed him and told terrible tales of his brutality.

It was a strange and frightful spectacle—the small, bunk-lined space, the floor and walls leaping and lurching, the dim light, the swaying shadows lengthening and foreshortening monstrously, the thick air heavy with smoke and the smell of bodies and iodoform, and the inflamed faces of the men—half-men, I should call them. I noted Oofy-Oofy, holding the end of a bandage and looking upon the scene, his velvety and luminous eyes glistening in the light like those of a deer; and yet I knew the barbaric devil that lurked in his breast and belied all the softness and tenderness, almost womanly, of his face and form. And I noticed the boyish face of Harrison,—a good face once, but now a demon's,—convulsed with passion as he told the newcomers of the hell-ship they were in and shrieked curses upon the head of Wolf Larsen.

Wolf Larsen it was, always Wolf Larsen, enslaver and tormentor of men, a male Circe and these his swine, suffering brutes that groveled before him and revolted only in drunkenness and in secrecy. And was I, too, one of his swine? I thought. And Maud Brewster? No! I ground my teeth in my anger and determination till the man I was attending winced under my hand and Oofy-Oofy looked at me with curiosity. I felt endowed with a sudden strength. What with my new-found love, I was a giant. I feared nothing. I would work my will through it all, in spite of Wolf Larsen and of my own thirty-five bookish years. All would be well. I would make it well. And so, exalted, upborne by a sense of power, I turned my back on the howling inferno and climbed to the deck,

where the fog drifted ghostly through the night, and the air was sweet and pure and quiet.

The steerage, where were two wounded hunters, was a repetition of the fore-castle, except that Wolf Larsen was not being cursed; and it was with a great relief that I again emerged on deck and went aft to the cabin. Supper was ready, and Wolf Larsen and Maud were waiting for me.

While all his ship was getting drunk as fast as it could, Larsen remained sober. Not a drop of liquor passed his lips. He did not dare it under the circumstances, for he had only Louis and me to depend upon, and Louis was even now at the wheel. We were sailing on through the fog without a lookout and without lights. That Wolf Larsen had turned the liquor loose among his men surprised me, but he evidently knew their psychology and the best method of cementing in cordiality what had begun in bloodshed.

His victory over Death Larsen seemed to have had a remarkable effect upon him. The previous evening he had reasoned himself into the blues, and I had been waiting momentarily for one of his characteristic outbursts. Yet nothing had occurred, and he was now in splendid trim. Possibly his success in capturing so many hunters and boats had counteracted the customary reaction. At any rate, the blues were gone, and the blue devils had not put in an appearance. So I thought at the time; but, ah me! little I knew him or knew that even then, perhaps, he was meditating an outbreak more terrible than any I had seen.

As I say, he discovered himself in splendid trim when I entered the cabin. He had had no headaches for weeks, his eyes were as clear blue as the sky, his bronze skin was beautiful with perfect health; life swelled through his veins in full and magnificent flood. While waiting for me he had engaged Maud in animated discussion. Temptation was the topic they had hit upon, and from the few words I heard I made out that he was contending that temptation was temptation only when a man was seduced by it and fell.

"For look you," he was saying, "as I see it, a man does things because of desire. He has many desires. He may desire to escape pain, or to enjoy pleasure. But whatever he does, he does because he desires to do it."

"But suppose he desires to do two opposite things, neither of which will permit him to do the other?" Maud interrupted.

"The very thing I was coming to," he said.

"And between these two desires is just where the soul of the man is manifest," she went on. "If it is a good soul it will desire and do the good action, and the contrary if it is a bad soul. It is the soul that decides."

"Bosh and nonsense!" he exclaimed impatiently. "It is the desire that decides. Here is a man who wants to, say, get drunk. Also, he does n't want to get drunk. What does he do? How does he do it? He is a puppet. He is the creature of his desires, and of the two desires he obeys the stronger one, that is all. His soul has n't anything to do with it. How can he be tempted to get drunk and refuse to get drunk? If the desire to remain sober prevails, it is because it was the stronger desire. Temptation plays no part, unless—" he paused while grasping the new thought which had come into his mind—"unless he is tempted to remain sober."

"Ha! ha!" he laughed. "What do you think of that, Mr. Van Weyden?"

"That both of you are hair-splitting," I said. "The man's soul is his desires. Or, if you will, the sum of his desires is his soul. Therein you are both wrong. You lay the stress upon the desire apart from the soul, Miss Brewster lays the stress on the soul apart from the desire, and in point of fact soul and desire are the same thing."

"However," I continued, "Miss Brewster is right in contending that temptation is temptation whether the man yield or overcome. Fire is fanned by the wind until it leaps up fiercely. So is desire like fire. It is fanned, as by a wind, by sight of the thing desired, or by a new and luring description or comprehension of the thing desired. There lies the temptation. It is the wind that fans the desire until it leaps up to mastery. That's temptation. It may not fan sufficiently to make the desire overmastering, but in so far as it fans at all, that far is it temptation. And, as you say, it may tempt for good as well as for evil."

I felt proud of myself as we sat down to the table. My words had been decisive. At least, they had put an end to the discussion.

But Wolf Larsen seemed voluble, prone to speech as I had never seen him before. It was as though he were bursting with pent energy which must find an outlet somehow. Almost immediately he launched into a discussion on love. As usual, his was the sheer materialistic side, and Maud's was the idealistic. For myself, beyond a word or so of suggestion or correction now and again, I took no part.

He was brilliant, but so was Maud; and for some time I lost the thread of the conversation through studying her face as she talked. It was a face that rarely displayed color, but to-night it was flushed and vivacious. Her wit was playing keenly, and she was enjoying the tilt as much as Wolf Larsen, and he was enjoying it hugely. For some reason, though I knew not why in the argument, so utterly had I lost it in the contemplation of one stray brown lock of Maud's hair, he quoted from "Iseult at Tintagel," where she says:

"Blessed am I beyond women even herein,
That beyond all born women is my sin,
And perfect my transgression."

As he had read pessimism into Omar, so, now, he read triumph, stinging triumph and exultation, into Swinburne's lines. And he read rightly, and he read well. He had hardly ceased quoting when Louis put his head into the companionway and whispered down:

"Be easy, will ye? The fog's lifted, an' 't is the port light iv a steamer that 's crossin' our bow this blessed minute."

Wolf Larsen sprang on deck, and so swiftly that by the time we followed him he had pulled the steerage-slide over the drunken clamor and was on his way forward to close the fore-castle scuttle. The fog, though it remained, had lifted high, where it obscured the stars and made the night quite black. Directly ahead of us I could see a bright red light and a white light, and I could hear the pulsing of a steamer's engines. Beyond a doubt it was the *Macedonia*.

Wolf Larsen had returned to the poop, and we stood in a silent group, watching the lights rapidly cross our bow.

"Lucky for me he does n't carry a search-light," Wolf Larsen said.

"What if I should cry out loudly?" I queried in a whisper.

"It would be all up," he answered.

"But have you thought upon what would immediately happen?"

Before I had time to express any desire to know, he had me by the throat with his gorilla-grip, and by a faint quiver of the muscles—a hint, as it were—he suggested to me the twist that would surely have broken my neck. The next moment he had released me, and we were gazing at the *Macedonia's* lights.

"What if I should cry out?" Maud asked.

"I like you too well to hurt you," he said softly—nay, there was a tenderness and a caress in his voice that made me wince. "But don't do it just the same, for I'd promptly break Mr. Van Weyden's neck."

"Then she has my permission to cry out," I said defiantly.

"I hardly think you'll care to sacrifice the Dean of American Letters the Second," he sneered.

We spoke no more, though we had become too used to each other for the silence to be awkward; and when the red light and the white had disappeared we returned to the cabin to finish the interrupted supper.

Again they fell to quoting, and Maud gave Dowson's "*Impenitentia Ultima*." She rendered it beautifully, but I watched not her, but Wolf Larsen. I was fascinated by the fascinated look he bent upon Maud. He was quite out of himself, and I noticed the unconscious movement of his lips as he shaped word for word as fast as she uttered them. He interrupted her when she gave the lines:

"And her eyes should be my light while the
sun went out behind me,
And the viols in her voice be the last
sound in my ear."

"There are viols in your voice," he said bluntly, and his eyes flashed their golden light.

I could have shouted with joy at her control. She finished the concluding stanza without faltering, and then slowly guided the conversation into less perilous channels. And all the while I sat in a half-daze, the drunken riot of the steerage breaking through the bulkhead, the man I feared and the woman I loved talking on and on. The table was not cleared. The man who had taken Mugridge's place had evidently joined his comrades in the fore-castle.

If ever Wolf Larsen attained the summit of living, he attained it then. From time to time I forsook my own thoughts to follow him; and I followed in amaze, mastered for the moment by his remarkable intellect, under the spell of his passion, for he was preaching the passion of revolt. It was inevitable that Milton's Lucifer should be instanced, and the keenness with which Wolf Larsen analyzed and depicted the character was a revelation of his stifled genius. It reminded me of Taine, yet I knew the man had never heard of that brilliant though dangerous thinker.

"He led a lost cause, and he was not afraid of God's thunderbolts," Wolf Larsen was saying. "Hurled into hell, he was unbeaten. A third of God's angels he had led with him, and straightway he incited man to rebel against God and gained for himself and hell the major portion of all the generations of man. Why was he beaten out of heaven? Because he was less brave than God? Less proud? Less aspiring? No! A thousand times no! God was more powerful, as he said, whom thunder hath made greater. But Lucifer was a free spirit. To serve was to suffocate. He preferred suffering in freedom to all the happiness of a comfortable servility. He did not care to serve God. He cared to serve nothing. He was no figure-head. He stood on his own legs. He was an individual."

"The first anarchist," Maud laughed, rising and preparing to withdraw to her state-room.

"Then it is good to be an anarchist," he cried. He, too, had risen, and he stood facing her, where she had paused at the door of her room, as he went on:

"Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not
built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

It was the defiant cry of a mighty spirit. The cabin still rang with his voice, as he stood there, swaying, his bronzed face shining, his head up and dominant, and his eyes, golden and masculine, intensely masculine and insistently soft, flashing upon Maud at the door.

Again that unnamable and unmistakable

terror was in her eyes, and she said, almost in a whisper, "You are Lucifer."

The door closed, and she was gone. He stood staring after her for a minute, then returned to himself and to me.

"I'll relieve Louis at the wheel," he said shortly, "and call upon you to relieve at midnight. Better turn in now and get some sleep."

He pulled on a pair of mittens, put on his cap, and ascended the companion-stairs, while I followed his suggestion by going to bed. For some unknown reason, prompted mysteriously, I did not undress, but lay down fully clothed. For a time I listened to the clamor in the steerage and marveled upon the love which had come to me; but my sleep on the *Ghost* had become most healthful and natural, and soon the songs and cries died away, my eyes closed, and my consciousness sank down into the half-death of slumber.

I KNEW not what had aroused me, but I found myself out of my bunk, on my feet, wide awake, my soul vibrating to the warning of danger as it might have thrilled to a trumpet call. I threw open the door. The cabin light was burning low. I saw Maud, straining and struggling and crushed in the embrace of Wolf Larsen's arms. Her face was forcibly upturned. I could see the vain beat and flutter of her as she strove, by pressing her face against his breast, to escape his lips. All this I saw on the very instant of seeing and as I sprang forward.

I struck him with my fist, on the face, as he raised his head, but it was a puny blow. He roared in a ferocious, animal-like way and gave me a shove with his hand. It was only a shove, a flirt of the wrist, yet so tremendous was his strength that I was hurled backward as from a catapult. I struck the door of the stateroom that had formerly been Mugridge's, splintering and smashing the panels with the impact of my body. I struggled to my feet, with difficulty dragging myself clear of the wrecked door, unaware of any hurt whatever. I was conscious only of an overmastering rage. I think I, too, cried aloud, as I drew the knife at my hip and sprang forward a second time.

But something had happened. They were reeling apart. I was close upon him, my knife uplifted, but I withheld the blow.

I was puzzled by the strangeness of it. Maud was leaning against the wall, one hand out for support; but he was staggering, his left hand pressed against his forehead and covering his eyes, and with the right he was groping about him in a dazed sort of way. It struck against the wall, and his body seemed to express a muscular and physical relief at the contact, as though he had found his bearings, his location in space, as well as something against which to lean.

Then I saw red again. All my wrongs and humiliations flashed upon me with a dazzling brightness, all that I had suffered and others had suffered at his hands, all the enormity of the man's very existence. I sprang upon him, blindly, insanely, and drove the knife into his shoulder. I knew, then, that it was no more than a flesh-wound,—I had felt the steel grate on his shoulder-blade,—and I raised the knife to strike at a more vital part.

But Maud had seen my first blow, and she cried, "Don't! Please don't!"

I dropped my arm for a moment, and for a moment only. Again the knife was raised, and Wolf Larsen would have surely died had she not stepped between. Her arms were around me, her hair was brushing my face. My pulse rushed up in an unwonted manner, yet my rage mounted with it. She looked me bravely in the eyes.

"For my sake," she begged.

"I would kill him for your sake!" I cried, trying to free my arm without hurting her.

"Hush!" she said, and laid her fingers lightly on my lips. I could have kissed them, had I dared, even then in my rage, the touch of them was so sweet, so very sweet. "Please, please," she pleaded, and she disarmed me by the words, as I was to discover they would ever disarm me.

I stepped back, separating from her, and replaced the knife in its sheath. I looked at Wolf Larsen. He still pressed his left hand against his forehead. It covered his eyes. His head was bowed. He seemed to have grown limp. His body was sagging at the hips, his great shoulders were drooping and shrinking forward.

"Van Weyden!" he called hoarsely, and with a note of fright in his voice. "Oh, Van Weyden, where are you?"

I looked at Maud. She did not speak, but nodded her head.

"Here I am," I answered, stepping to his side. "What is the matter?"

"Help me to a seat," he said, in the same hoarse, frightened voice.

"I am a sick man, a very sick man, Hump," he said, as he left my sustaining grip and sank into a chair.

His head dropped forward on the table and was buried in his hands. From time to time it rocked back and forward as with pain. Once, when he half raised it, I saw the sweat standing in heavy drops on his forehead about the roots of his hair.

"I am a sick man, a very sick man," he repeated again, and yet once again.

"What is the matter?" I asked, resting my hand on his shoulder. "What can I do for you?"

But he shook my hand off with an irritated movement, and for a long time I stood by his side in silence. Maud was looking on, her face awed and frightened. What had happened to him we could not imagine.

"Hump," he said at last, "I must get into my bunk. Lend me a hand. I'll be all right in a little while. It's those d—— headaches, I believe. I was afraid of them. I had a feeling—no, I don't know what I'm talking about. Help me into my bunk."

But when I got him into his bunk he again buried his face in his hands, covering his eyes, and as I turned to go I could hear him murmuring, "I am a sick man, a very sick man."

Maud looked at me inquiringly as I emerged. I shook my head, saying:

"Something has happened to him. What, I don't know. He is helpless, and frightened, I imagine, for the first time in his life. It must have happened before he received the knife-thrust, which made only a superficial wound. You must have seen what happened."

She shook her head. "I saw nothing. It is just as mysterious to me. He suddenly released me and staggered away. But what shall we do? What shall I do?"

"Wait until I come back," I answered.

I went on deck. Louis was at the wheel. "You may go for'ard and turn in," I said, taking it from him.

He was quick to obey, and I found myself alone on the deck of the *Ghost*. As quietly as was possible, I clewed up the topsails, lowered the flying jib and staysail,

backed the jib over, and flattened the mainsail. Then I went below to Maud. I placed my finger on my lips for silence, and entered Wolf Larsen's room. He was in the same position in which I had left him, and his head was rocking—almost writhing—from side to side.

"Anything I can do for you?" I asked.

He made no reply at first, but on my repeating the question he answered: "No, no; I'm all right. Leave me alone till morning."

But as I turned to go I noted that his head had resumed its rocking motion. Maud was waiting patiently for me, and I took notice, with a thrill of joy, of the queenly poise of her head and her glorious calm eyes. Calm and sure they were as her spirit itself.

"Will you trust yourself to me for a journey of six hundred miles or so?" I asked.

"You mean—?" she asked, and I knew she had guessed aright.

"Yes, I mean just that," I replied. "Nothing is left for us but the open boat."

"For me, you mean," she said. "You are certainly as safe here as you have been."

"No, there is nothing left for us but the open boat," I iterated stoutly. "Dress as warmly as you can, at once, and make into a bundle whatever you wish to bring with you. And make all haste," I added, as she turned toward her state-room.

The lazaret was directly beneath the cabin, and, opening the trap-door in the floor and carrying a candle with me, I dropped down and began overhauling the ship's stores. I selected mainly from the canned goods, and by the time I was ready willing hands were extended from above to receive what I passed up.

We worked in silence. I helped myself also to blankets, mittens, oilskins, caps, and such things, from the slop-chest. It was no light adventure, this trusting ourselves in a small boat to so raw and stormy a sea, and it was imperative that we should guard ourselves against the cold and wet.

We worked feverishly at carrying our plunder on deck and depositing it amidships, so feverishly that Maud, whose strength was hardly a positive quantity, had to give over, exhausted, and sit on the steps at the break of the poop. This did not serve to recover her, and she lay on her back, on the hard deck, arms stretched out and whole body relaxed. It was a trick

I remembered of my sister, and I knew she would soon be herself again. I reëntered Wolf Larsen's state-room to get his rifle and shot-gun. I spoke to him, but he made no answer, though his head was still rocking from side to side and he was not asleep.

Next to obtain was a stock of ammunition—an easy matter, though I had to enter the steerage companionway to do it. Here the hunters stored the ammunition-boxes they carried in the boats, and here, but a few feet from their noisy revels, I took possession of two boxes.

Next, to lower a boat. Not so simple a task for one man. Having cast off the lashings, I hoisted first on the forward tackle, then on the aft, till the boat cleared the rail, when I lowered away, one tackle and then the other, for a couple of feet, till it hung snugly, above the water, against the schooner's side. I made certain that it contained the proper equipment of oars, rowlocks, and sail. Water was a consideration, and I robbed every boat aboard of its breaker. As there were nine boats all told, it meant that we should have plenty of water, and ballast as well, though there was the chance that the boat would be overloaded, with the generous supply of other things I was taking.

While Maud was passing me the provisions and I was storing them in the boat, a sailor came on deck from the fore-castle. He stood by the weather rail for a time (we were lowering over the lee rail), and then sauntered slowly amidships, where he again paused and stood facing the wind, with his back toward us. I could hear my heart beating as I crouched low in the boat. Maud had sunk down upon the deck and was, I knew, lying motionless, her body in the shadow of the bulwark. But the man never turned, and after stretching his arms above his head and yawning audibly, he retraced his steps to the fore-castle scuttle and disappeared.

A few minutes sufficed to finish the loading, and I lowered the boat into the water. As I helped Maud over the rail, and felt her form close to mine, it was all I could do to keep from crying out, "I love you! I love you!" Truly, Humphrey Van Weyden was at last in love, I thought, as her fingers clung to mine while I lowered her to the boat. I held on to the rail with one hand and supported her weight with

the other, and I was proud at the moment of the feat. It was a strength I had not possessed a few months before, on the day I said good-by to Charley Furuseth and started for San Francisco on the ill-fated *Martinez*.

As the boat ascended on a sea, her feet touched and I released her hands. I cast off the tackles and leapt after her. I had never rowed in my life, but I put out the oars, and at the expense of much effort got the boat clear of the *Ghost*. Then I experimented with the sail. I had seen the boat-steerers and hunters set their spritsails many times, yet this was my first attempt. What took them possibly two minutes took me twenty, but in the end I succeeded in setting and trimming it, and with the steering-oar in my hands hauled on the wind.

"There lies Japan," I remarked, "straight before us."

"Humphrey Van Weyden," she said, "you are a brave man."

"Nay," I answered; "it is you who are a brave woman."

We turned our heads, swayed by a common impulse to see the last of the *Ghost*. Her low hull lifted and rolled to windward on a sea; her canvas loomed darkly in the night; her lashed wheel creaked as the rudder kicked; then sight and sound of her faded away, and we were alone on the dark sea.

XXVII

DAY broke, gray and chill. The boat was close-hauled on a fresh breeze, and the compass indicated that it was making just the course that would bring it to Japan. Though stoutly mittened, my fingers were cold, and they pained from the grip on the steering-oar. My feet were stinging from the bite of the frost, and I hoped fervently that the sun would shine.

Before me, in the bottom of the boat, lay Maud. She, at least, was warm, for under her and over her were thick blankets. The top one I had drawn over her face to shelter it from the night, so I could see nothing but the vague shape of her, and her light-brown hair, escaped from the covering and jeweled with moisture from the air.

Long I looked at her, dwelling upon that one visible bit of her as only a man would who deemed it the most precious thing in the world. So insistent was my

gaze that at last she stirred under the blankets, the top fold was thrown back, and she smiled out on me, her eyes yet heavy with sleep.

"Good morning, Mr. Van Weyden," she said. "Have you sighted land yet?"

"No," I answered, "but we are approaching it at a rate of six miles an hour."

She made a *moue* of disappointment.

"But that is equivalent to one hundred and forty-four miles in twenty-four hours," I added reassuringly.

Her face brightened. "And how far have we to go?"

"Siberia lies off there," I said, pointing to the west. "But to the southwest, some six hundred miles, is Japan. If this wind should hold, we'll make it in five days."

"If it storms? The boat could not live?"

She had a way of looking one in the eyes and demanding the truth, and thus she looked at me as she asked the question.

"It would have to storm very hard," I temporized.

"And if it storms very hard?"

I nodded my head. "But we may be picked up any moment by a sealing-schooner. They are plentifully distributed over this part of the ocean."

"Why, you are chilled through!" she cried. "Look! You are shivering. Don't deny it; you are. And here I have been lying warm as toast."

"I don't see that it would help matters if you, too, sat up and were chilled," I laughed.

"It will, though, when I learn to steer, which I certainly shall."

She sat up and began making her simple toilet. She shook down her hair, and it fell about her in a brown cloud, hiding her face and shoulders. Dear, damp brown hair! I wanted to kiss it, to ripple it through my fingers, to bury my face in it. I gazed entranced, till the boat ran into the wind, and the flapping sail warned me I was not attending to my duties. Idealist and romanticist that I was and always had been in spite of my analytical nature, yet I had failed till now in grasping much of the physical characteristics of love. The love of man and woman, I had always held, was a sublimated something related to spirit, a spiritual bond that linked and drew their souls together. The bonds of the flesh had no part in my cosmos of love. But I was learning the sweet lesson for myself

that the soul transmuted itself, expressed itself, through the flesh; that the sight and sense and touch of the loved one's hair were as much breath and voice and essence of the spirit as the light that shone from the eyes and the thoughts that fell from the lips. After all, pure spirit was unknowable, a thing to be sensed and divined only; nor could it express itself in terms of itself. Jehovah was anthropomorphic because he could address himself to the Jews only in terms of their understanding; so he was conceived as in their own image, as a cloud, a pillar of fire, a tangible, physical something which the mind of the Israelites could grasp.

And so I gazed upon Maud's light-brown hair, and loved it, and learned more of love than all the poets and singers had taught me with all their songs and sonnets. She flung it back with a sudden adroit movement, and her face emerged, smiling.

"Why don't women wear their hair down always?" I asked. "It is so much more beautiful."

"If it did n't tangle so dreadfully," she laughed. "There! I've lost one of my precious hair-pins!"

I neglected the boat and had the sail spilling the wind again and again, such was my delight in following her every movement as she searched through the blankets for the pin. I was surprised, and joyfully, that she was so much the woman, and the display of each trait and mannerism that was characteristically feminine gave me keener joy. For I had been elevating her too highly in my concepts of her, removing her too far from the plane of the human and too far from me. I had been making of her a creature goddess-like and unapproachable. So I hailed with delight the little traits that proclaimed her only woman after all, such as the toss of the head which flung back the cloud of hair, and the search for the pin. She was woman, my kind, on my plane, and the delightful intimacy of kind, of man and woman, was possible, as well as the reverence and awe in which I knew I should always hold her.

She found the pin with an adorable little cry, and I turned my attention more fully to my steering. I proceeded to experiment, lashing and wedging the steering-oar until the boat held on fairly well by the wind without my assistance. Occasionally it came up too close, or fell off too freely;

but it always recovered itself and in the main behaved satisfactorily.

"And now we shall have breakfast," Isaid. "But first you must be more warmly clad."

I got out a heavy shirt, new from the slop-chest and made from blanket goods. I knew the kind, so thick and so close of texture that it could resist the rain and not be soaked through after hours of wetting. When she had slipped this on over her head, I exchanged the boy's cap she wore for a man's cap, large enough to cover her hair, and, when the flap was turned down, to cover completely her neck and ears. The effect was charming. Her face was of the sort that cannot but look well under all circumstances. Nothing could destroy its exquisite oval, its well-nigh classic lines, its delicately stenciled brows, and its large brown eyes, clear-seeing and calm, gloriously calm.

Just then a puff, slightly stronger than usual, struck us. The boat was caught as it obliquely crossed the crest of a wave. It went over suddenly, burying its gunwale level with the sea and shipping a bucketful or so of water. I was opening a can of tongue at the moment, and I sprang to the sheet and cast it off just in time. The sail flapped and fluttered, and the boat paid off. A few minutes of regulating sufficed to put it on its course again, when I returned to the preparation of breakfast.

"It does very well, it seems, though I am not versed in things nautical," she said, nodding her head with grave approval at my steering contrivance.

"But it will serve only when we are sailing by the wind," I explained. "When running more freely, with the wind astern, abeam, or on the quarter, it will be necessary for me to steer."

"I must say I don't understand your technicalities," she said; "but I do your conclusion, and I don't like it. You cannot steer night and day and forever. So I shall expect, after breakfast, to receive my first lesson. And then you shall lie down and sleep. We'll stand watches just as they do on ships."

"I don't see how I am to teach you," I made protest. "I am just learning for myself. You little thought when you trusted yourself to me that I had had no experience whatever with small boats. This is the first time I have ever been in one."

"Then we'll learn together, sir. And since you've had a night's start you shall

teach me what you have learned. And now, breakfast. My! this air does give one an appetite!"

"No coffee," I said regretfully, passing her buttered sea-biscuits and a slice of canned tongue. "And there will be no tea, no soups, nothing hot till we have made land somewhere, somehow."

After the simple breakfast, capped with a cup of cold water, Maud took her lesson in steering. In teaching her I learned quite a deal myself, though I was applying the knowledge already acquired by sailing the *Ghost* and by watching the boat-steerers sail the small boats. She was an apt pupil, and soon learned to keep the course, to luff in the puffs, and to cast off the sheet in an emergency.

Having grown tired, apparently, of the task, she relinquished the oar to me. I had folded up the blankets, but she now proceeded to spread them out on the bottom. When all was arranged snugly, she said:

"Now, sir, to bed. And you shall sleep until luncheon."

"Till dinner-time," she corrected, remembering the arrangement on the *Ghost*.

What could I do? She insisted and said, "Please, please"; whereupon I turned the oar over to her and obeyed. I experienced a positive sensuous delight as I crawled into the bed she had made with her hands. The calm and control which were so much a part of her seemed to have been communicated to the blankets, so that I was aware of a soft dreaminess and content, and of an oval face and brown eyes framed in a fisherman's cap and tossing against a background now of gray cloud, now of gray sea, and then I was aware that I had been asleep.

I looked at my watch. It was one o'clock. I had slept seven hours. And she had been steering seven hours! When I took the steering-oar I had first to unbend her cramped fingers. Her modicum of strength had been exhausted, and she was unable even to move from her position. I was compelled to let go the sheet while I helped her to the nest of blankets and chafed her hands and arms.

"I am so tired," she said, with a quick intake of the breath and a sigh, drooping her head wearily.

But she straightened it the next moment. "Now, don't scold, don't you dare scold," she cried, with mock defiance.

"I hope my face does not appear angry," I answered seriously; "for I assure you I am not in the least angry."

"N-no," she considered. "It looks only reproachful."

"Then it is an honest face, for it looks what I feel. You were not fair to yourself, nor to me. How can I ever trust you again?"

She looked penitent. "I'll be good," she said, as a naughty child might say it. "I promise—"

"To obey as a sailor would obey his captain?"

"Yes," she answered. "It was stupid of me, I know."

"Then you must promise something else," I ventured.

"Readily."

"That you will not say, 'Please, please,' too often; for when you do you are sure to override my authority."

She laughed with amused appreciation. She, too, had noticed the power of the repeated "please."

"It is a good word—" I began.

"But I must not overwork it," she said.

Then she laughed weakly, and her head drooped again. I left the oar long enough to tuck the blankets about her feet and to pull a single fold across her face. Alas! she was not strong. I looked with misgiving toward the southwest and thought of the six hundred miles of hardship before us—aye, if it were no worse than hardship. On this sea a storm might blow up at any moment and destroy us. And yet I was unafraid. I was without confidence in the future, extremely doubtful, and yet I felt no underlying fear. "It must come right, it must come right," I repeated to myself over and over again.

The wind freshened in the afternoon, raising a stiffer sea and trying the boat and me severely. But the supply of food and the nine breakers of water enabled the boat to stand up to the sea and wind, and I held on as long as I dared. Then I removed the sprit, tightly hauling down the peak of the sail, and we raced along under what sailors call a leg-of-mutton.

Late in the afternoon I sighted a steamer's smoke on the horizon to leeward, and I knew it either for a Russian cruiser, or, more likely, the *Macedonia* still seeking the *Ghost*. The sun had not shone all day, and it had been bitter cold. As night drew on,

the clouds darkened and the wind freshened, so that when Maud and I ate supper it was with our mittens on and with me still steering and eating morsels between puffs.

By the time it was dark, wind and sea had become too strong for the boat, and I reluctantly took in the sail and set about making a drag or sea-anchor. I had learned of the device from the talk of the hunters, and it was a simple thing to manufacture. Furling the sail and lashing it securely about the mast, boom, sprit, and two pairs of spare oars, I threw it overboard. A line connected it with the bow, and as it floated low in the water, practically unexposed to the wind, it drifted less rapidly than the boat. In consequence it held the boat bow on to the sea and wind—the safest position in which to escape being swamped when the sea is breaking into whitecaps.

"And now?" Maud asked cheerfully, when the task was accomplished and I pulled on my mittens.

"And now we are no longer traveling toward Japan," I answered. "Our drift is to the southeast, or south-southeast, at the rate of at least two miles an hour."

"That will be only twenty-four miles," she urged, "if the wind remains high all night."

"Yes, and only one hundred and forty miles if it continues for three days and nights."

"But it won't continue," she said, with easy confidence. "It will turn around and blow fair."

"The sea is the great faithless one."

"But the wind!" she retorted. "I have heard you grow eloquent over the brave trade-wind."

"I wish I had thought to bring Wolf Larsen's chronometer and sextant," I said, still gloomily. "Sailing one direction, drifting another direction, to say nothing of the set of the current in some third direction, makes a resultant which dead-reckoning can never calculate. Before long we shall not know where we are by five hundred miles."

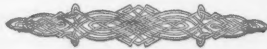
Then I begged her pardon and promised I would not be disheartened any more. At her solicitation, I let her take the watch till midnight—it was then nine o'clock; but I wrapped her in blankets and put an oilskin about her before I lay down. I slept only cat-naps. The boat was leaping

and pounding as it fell over the crests, I could hear the seas rushing past, and spray was continually being thrown aboard. And still, it was not a bad night, I mused—nothing to the nights I had been through on the *Ghost*, nothing, perhaps, to the nights we should go through in this cockle-shell. Its planking was three quarters of an inch thick. Between us and the bottom of the sea was less than an inch of wood.

And yet, I aver it, and I aver it again, I was unafraid. The death which Wolf Larsen and even Thomas Mugridge had made me fear, I no longer feared. The coming of Maud Brewster into my life

seemed to have transformed me. After all, I thought, it is better and finer to love than to be loved, if it makes something in life so worth while that one is not loath to die for it. I forgot my own life in the love of another life; and yet, such is the paradox, I never wanted so much to live as right then when I placed the least value upon my own life. I never had so much reason for living, was my concluding thought; and after that, until I dozed, I contented myself with trying to pierce the darkness to where I knew Maud crouched low in the stern-sheets, watchful of the foaming sea and ready to call me on an instant's notice.

(To be continued)



A NECROLOGICAL ROMANCE

BY MARY AGNES GRIFFIN



"'T'S strange," sighed Mrs. Cobb, "that no one don't ever take any interest in tombstuns, or monuments, as they call 'em these days, till the Lord takes some one in a family, and leaves 'em all flustered and weepin', 'thout no notion what 's suited fer a stun, or what oughter go on it. Yes, as you say, some is afeard as how it would look like a-temptin' God to take some one by death ef they did make plans beforehand. But, Louiza, I say to you p'intedly, don't all of us perfessin' Christians get our souls ready fer heaven as well as our weak naters will let us do it? Well, Louiza, ain't it our solemn duty to plan fer our old, worn-out bodies to have a decent grave, and a neat stun over it? You never thought on it that way? Well, I have, and have made my plans fer to do so."

Mrs. Cobb laid some small strips of pink calico on a square of white cotton, and tried the effect of purple tulips on a black ground with it.

"I can't jest say as I like that with this," she admitted to her visitor, "but Lizzie wore the purple and Jen wore the pink when they boarded here, to go to school,

and it seems kind of onnatural to separate 'em now in a bed-quilt, don't it to you? No, you 're right, Louiza; they never got along no better together than their clothes did. But," here Mrs. Cobb paused impressively, "I figure it out this way, Louiza. The good Lord permitted them two girls, when they was born, to have dispositions as mean as pusley. Not that I mean, Louiza, to *blame* the Lord, fer all Washington County knows how that Mrs. Sims was always real poorly before her children was born, and had tantrum spells which was very hard to get along with.

"I ain't no fault to find with Mrs. Sims, Louiza, and ain't never said this much before; but from a girl up, she was one that always said that she was well—'exceptin'.' Never could bear to have a real healthy feelin' and admit it. But, Louiza, the Lord did *permit* 'em to be born as they was born, and there ain't no one what can say different. Then, Mrs. Sims bought the poor things clothes which was, to say mildly, untasteful, so I ain't never felt it right to jedge harshly, fer they had hard times, and yet grew up to be nice-spoken girls as there be about here."

"Poor Lizzie she did n't do none too

well when she married Ben Cooper and moved to Saratogy to live. Some say livin' near them min'el waters ain't healthy, and she wa'n't never real well after she went there. Ben was a low-sperited kind of man, and Lizzie was awful high-sperited, and the lower he got, the higher she got. She said he was a regular 'shoo pussy' man, with no get-up-and-get to him; and, Louiza, while I don't stand up fer no woman talkin' like that 'bout the man she 's took fer better or worse, there ain't no use sayin' but what he was jest downright shif'less.

"Well, Lizzie got awful sick this winter, and they had two doctors to see her. Ben druv over one mornin' from the Simses', where Lizzie was visitin' when she was took, and told me that Lizzie wanted some of my black-currant jell'. She jest kind of hankered fer it. It 's good fer fever, you know, Louiza." Mrs. Cobb rose hurriedly and opened the oven door, while a delicious aroma of mince-meat floated out into the kitchen.

"Most forgot them pies," she gasped, reseating herself. "Where was I? Oh, yes. I said: 'Ben, Lizzie don't need to ask twice fer Aunt Cobb's jell'. As long as I have it she 's welcome to it. What ails her, anyhow?' I says. Well, Ben said the doctors had considered on the case a spell, and had made up their minds as she had gall-stuns. 'Mercy me! Ben,' I says, 'ain't that awful!' And Ben cried and said that they told Lizzie she must have an operation. Ben said that Lizzie riz right up in bed, sick as she was, and says: 'Ben Cooper, I ain't goin' to have no operation. Ef I have got to die, I 'm a-goin' to die hull.' Mrs. Cobb wiped her eyes sympathetically. "And she did, Louiza; she died before the month was out, and had her wish. I shall always think, Louiza, that them min'el waters was what done it.

"Yes, Jen felt it, Lizzie bein' took that way; but she ain't no hand to show her feelin's, and took right hold to have a lot bought. Fer, havin' no forethought, the Simses had n't no lot to lay Lizzie in. Ben was so low-sperited at the time that he'd no ideas on the subject, so Jen had plenty to do to plan it all out as it oughter be. They got a nice sightly lot, where they laid Lizzie, and then begun to talk about a monument kind of stun fer to put all their names on. When I heard it was a-goin' to cost two hundred dollars, I was 'most par'lyzed.

The Simses was all to have their names on it, and Ben's, and I says to myself then that I hoped I 'd live to see John Daby's name on it, too, fer he 'd been constant in his feelin's to Jen fer years, 'thout her seemin' to care a bit fer him, and I wanted to see him get rewarded fer his pains. You see, Louiza, whoever married Jen would get his name on the stun, same as Ben, and I was real worried 'bout that time as to how 't would come out between 'em.

"Jen come in one day and said she was havin' trouble with her folks about her place on the stun. She said she did n't mind havin' her name on it, but she guessed she 'd like to see any one put the date of her birth on it. You did n't know that they fixed 'em that way? Yes, that 's the way they fix family stuns. They put your name on it, and the year you was born, and ef you ain't dead, there is an empty space 'thout nothin' on it, to be filled out with the proper dates when you be dead. Now, I think, Louiza, that it 's very becomin' to have it that way, as it makes you think more on a future life when you see your own name point-blank on a tombstun; but I can't jest say as I blamed Jen feelin' put out about it. Fer, though it 's her own fault that she ain't married long before this, still, folks do talk ef a girl ain't married early. Jen said ef they knew her age was on that stun, the hull county would be up in two jerks of a lamb's tail to see how old she be. Folks is so cur'us 'bout women's ages, you know, Louiza.

"Jen said she told her father that she jest would n't have her age go on, and he asked her ef she was ashamed of it. And then Jen fired up and left the room.

"Does John Daby know about this?' says I. And then she fired up at me, her nerves bein' kind of upset along of what her father said. 'Ef he does or don't, it don't make no difference to me,' she sputtered. 'I ain't beholden to him fer nothin', am I? Ain't it enough to have to see a bow-legged man pass your house twenty times a day, 'thout mentionin' his name to you between times? I declare,' she says, 'Aunt Cobb, I 'm all tucked out about that man. He jest pesters me to death doin' nothin' but settin' round lookin' miserable. He ain't got spunk enough to say right out honest what he wants, but he jest seems to think that I 'm a-goin' to find out 'thout his tellin' me. Why, I would n't

marry a bow-legged man with no gump-tion—' Then, Louiza, I see that she had gone too fer, and I had to speak.

"Jane Sims,' I says firm and kind to her, 'don't you dare talk like that about John Daby. The Lord made John in his own image, and bow-legs is jest as respectable as any other kind, or not any at all. It's only a matter of taste, and about all legs is fer is to get round on, ain't they? So you don't have to mention 'em one way or 'nother. And when all 's said and done, Jen, he ain't bowed so much but what he's been able to hustle round ever since he wa'n't no size; and now he's got money in bank and owns the best farm about here. It's my idea, Jen,' I says, 'that there ain't so awful many straight-legged or bow-legged men round here that 's a-seekin' night and day fer some girl to love,—I can't name 'em, anyway,—and ef you don't want to make the terriblest mistake of your life, you jest let John set round a spell longer, lookin' miserable, and then some night ask him, kind of mild and interested-like, what 's he lookin' so miserable fer. Then, Jen, ef the Lord will forgive you fer bein' so uppity, mebbe you 'll find out. Men,' I says, 'is brave in spots. They ain't afeard of a dark road, and they don't feel no inclination to crawl under a feather bed in a thunder-storm; but from Adam up to John Daby they don't understand females, and consequent is uncertain of their ways.'

"No, I can't say as she enjoyed my words, Louiza, but she did n't say much, only tossed her head, and I did n't take no notice of that, fer when enough 's been said, it 's a good time to stop. So I kissed her, fer I 'm real fond of Jen, Louiza, and give her a loaf of salt-riz bread to take to her mother. As she was a-goin', I told her that I did n't blame her much ef she did n't have her age on that stun."

Mrs. Cobb fitted several blocks together before she resumed her narrative.

"The pink and purple don't look so bad, now I got 'em with the other blocks," she commented. "It 's jest the same with folks, Louiza. The pinks and purples don't get along very well together in the world, but ef you put 'em with a lot of sober browns and blacks and grays, they get sort of toned down, which, as you know, lots of folks need. And ef they get enough tonin' down, they is jest as nice folks as you want to meet.

"It was awful weather, Louiza, when the Sims monument went up. I jest had to set here patient till I was dug out. Such snow you never see in this valley before. Jen come in late one afternoon, with her cheeks as red as pinies. I did n't show no surprise when I see her, because, you see, she had n't been here since that day, and I did n't want to draw no 'tention to the fact. She warmed her hands and took off her wraps, and then I see that she had on her best dress and was sort of fixed up besides.

"What on earth, Jen,' I says, 'are you a-doin' in the middle of the day, togged out like that?' She fidgeted round some before she spoke, and then, in a meek little voice that in no way belonged to Jen, she says, 'Aunt Cobb, I 'm married.'

"Well, Louiza, you could have laid me flat. 'Did you say married, Jen?' I gasped. Not that I did n't hear her, Louiza, but I was that dumfounded that I could n't think. 'Yes, Aunt Cobb,' Jen spoke jest as soft. 'When,' says I, 'Jane Sims, was you married?' 'This afternoon at North Randall, Aunt Cobb,' says Jen, politely. 'Reverend White married us,' she says. Louiza, I was in that state that I ketched ahold of Jen's arm and says: 'Merciful heavens, Jen, what did you go down there in this storm to be married fer, and who druv you down, and what does it all mean, anyway?' And, would you believe it, Louiza, I was that unsettled by the news that I forgot that she had to be married to some one, and wondered ef she druv alone or took the hired man with her. It was some time before I got calmed down so Jen could tell me about it. I was a lot more upset than she." Here Mrs. Cobb shook with helpless laughter. "Now, Louiza, what do you think was the first words that little hussy said?

"You know, Aunt Cobb, I should n't never have done it ef you had n't pestered me to do it the last time I was here."

"I felt easier when she told me that John Daby druv her over—and married her, too; but it was quite a spell before I got back my right-minded senses, so I could listen to how it happened.

"Jen said she found the family was goin' right along with their plans to put her age on the stun, in spite of her feelin's. John come in one night, and caught her a-cryin' about it. Jen would n't talk to him, so

Mrs. Sims told him about the stun. Then John set round all evenin', Jen said, lookin' miserable as usual, and not offerin' her any comfortin' words about the trouble. But when he come to go he says: 'Is the pesky date on it yet, Jen?' Then Jen told him she did n't know, but as they was goin' to set the stun next mornin' it ought to be on by then. And then Jen said that he dug his toes into the carpet, and seemed to consider a spell, and then declared that he'd have to be goin', and went away.

"It seemed awful strange that John Daby should happen to be in the graveyard on the coldest day in ten years, specially as it was nine o'clock in the mornin', and him with all his work to do. But Jen said he told her he jest thought of some-thin' over that way he wanted to look into, and in passin' he saw the monument was all set and done. So he looked at it, and then took time to walk over and see Jen, 'thout the Simses seein' him. He found her in the woodshed. 'Jen,' he says, 'the stun 's up. I've been to see it. Now you get your shawl, and let 's go over and look at it together. It's a whopper, Jen,' he says. Jen said she could have struck him at first fer hurtin' her so, but when she looked at him she saw a somethin' in his face that kind of made her wonder, so she says very quiet, 'Wait till I get my shawl, and I 'll come.'

"Then they went over in the deep snow to the graveyard. Jen said it did seem to her it never looked so bleak before as it did that day. When they got to the Simses' monument, she said she tried to act as ef it did n't make no difference to her if her age was splattered all over it. But a kind of fierceness come over her, she said, at bein' so mortified in her feelin's, and nobody to care ef she felt bad or not, that it seemed as ef she could yank that old stun right up, and pound it into bits, hefty as it was.

"Louiza, I admit freely that Jen was n't respectful to the dead which laid there, to speak that way in a graveyard; but she 's high-sperited, and her nerves was all unstrung with havin' John see the stun. Jest then she see her name and read it, hard as 't was:

JANE M. SIMS

BORN

"And as sure as I 'm livin', Louiza, there wa'n't nothin' else there, Jen said,

that could be read. Jen said it was jest as ef some one had gouged the date right out of the stun. She said she was so happy that she thought she could hear birds sing. She looked inquiren' at John, and he said it was jest like that when he saw it, and there wa'n't no one else there when he was. He 'lowed, Jen said, that the cold cracked the stun, and this chunk must have fell off. Jen said, when he told her that, she give him one look and then busted right out cryin'. John jest put his arm round Jen and kissed her.

"'Ef you would be willin', Jen,' he said, 'my name could be skeuged up in there right under yours, where the piece fell off. That is, Jen, ef you feel you 're perfectly willin'.' And Jen said she was afeard it would make the names come awful close together, and what would her father say! Then John said as how he 'd like 'em close together, ef she did n't mind, and her father be dummed! And Jen said her tears froze on John's coat, and the wind blew awful.

"John took the notion right then to be married that afternoon. He said ef they was they could see 'bout the stun being fixed sooner, and 'thout its bein' any one's business. Jen was so shook up by different feelin's, she said, that she did n't seem to have no jedgment left. So they was married 'thout so much as her sayin' nothin' to no one.

"So that 's how it was, Louiza, and I 'm makin' this very quilt fer 'em now. They go into their own house this week, that John built much as two years back."

Mrs. Cobb rose slowly from the big kitchen rocker, and piled her blocks neatly in a box on the table.

"I 'm determined, Louiza, to get the best of this rheumatiz, and I will. But as long 's this cold spell holds on, I ain't goin' to be what you might call easy with it, though I ain't complainin' none. There 's many poor critters worse 'an I be.

"No, Louiza, you don't need to ask me nothin' 'bout that there stun. Who be I to say the Lord did n't let it get cracked off, jest as John said? He could do it, and more too, by the turnin' over of one hand. It don't make no difference, anyway: the good Lord *permitted* them two hearts to find each other in a queerish way, and he always knows what he 's a-doin'."



THE NEW CONEY ISLAND

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

WITH PICTURES BY F. C. YOHN



HE most distant dweller from New York city has heard of Coney Island. He may not be able to name a single theater on Broadway, the Metropolitan Art Museum may be to him without form, and void; but the reputation of Coney Island as a garden of gaiety to which the city itself seems more or less an adjunct is firmly established in the remotest hamlet of the farthest frontier.

"Well, how 's Coney Island this year? How about old Coney?" is the question likely to greet the New Yorker in his rural wanderings. Whereupon the dweller on Manhattan Island may suddenly find himself involved in a humiliating confession that he has not been to Coney Island this year, or for half a dozen years; that to him it is a place almost as removed as though it were an island in the South Pacific, instead of a "Land of Heart's Desire" lying close at his harbor gates. And the city man loses prestige with his questioners just in proportion as his lack of intimacy with the world-famed resort is revealed. No matter what else he claims to have seen, he cannot redeem himself. A man who lives within a ten-cent fare of Coney Island and does not go there is likely to be poor authority on any matter of recreative sport.

Returning to town last summer, I made up my mind to visit "old Coney" once more, if for no other reason than to justify my not having done so sooner. Making a few inquiries, I was surprised to learn that Coney Island was no longer "old Coney" but "new Coney," and that not only the eastern end, where the big hotels are located, but the western end, with its Bowery, its merry-go-rounds, its shooting-galleries

and general hurly-burly, had become a place of respectable amusement—so considered by friends upon whose judgment I am wont to rely. They told of new things there, also of new car lines by which the place may be reached from the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge. It being a warm, still day, we concluded to take the steamer, and found, on our arrival at Battery Park, that a good many others had come to a like decision.

"Get your hat-guards! Get your hat-guards!" called a boy with a bunch of black strings in his hand, and we insured our head-gear against the treacherous wind. Then came the crush through the gates. A fat man, borne outward by the squeeze, remarked that he did n't know there were so many people in New York. A thin, philosophic person wondered where they got all their money.

It is a rare trip down the bay in sunny summer weather, with just enough breeze to make everybody happy. Children romped up and down the upper decks, and women in fresh, cool summer wear found comfort in camp-chairs or on the bench along the rail. Big steamers, little tugs, handsome yachts, and white-sailed vessels all were of interest on a day like that, with the special attraction of a great ocean liner sweeping grandly out to sea, leaving its long drifting banner of smoke behind.

Then the Island rose up out of the sea—a horizon of towers, domes, spidery elevations, and huge revolving wheels. There was one gigantic see-saw, with cars at the ends. These moved slowly up and down against the sky.

There was an undercurrent of excitement on the boat. A number of passengers were making their first trip, though these were

inclined to speak in whispers as the wonder of the spectacle, the like of which there is nowhere else on earth, gradually uplifted before them. There came another crush when the boat landed; but presently the passengers were streaming along the pier, little heeding the pail-and-shovel men and the takers of badge tintypes in their haste to reach still greater attractions. The beach was just beyond, with its wide stretch of gray sand, and the blue water that tosses out to the sky-line. Here, on the beach, wading, swimming, leaping, diving, and shouting, was a myriad of human beings of all ages, forgetting the city's heat, forgetting everything but the joy of the riotous water, the battle with the lifting, toppling surf, the wild stimulus of the flying foam.

We expressed considerable surprise at the character of this assembly. In days past most of the bathers at this end of the

Island were of a class interesting enough to the collector of types, no doubt, but to be avoided in the recreations of a summer day. So far as we could see, these were well-mannered and even cultivated people. We agreed that it was no longer old Coney, and that something had happened.

The children were especially attractive. Most of them had laid off their shoes and stockings, and had their pretty holiday clothes rolled or pinned up as far as hooks and buttons would permit. Half wild with the joy of the wet romp, they went racing up and down the sand, taunting and defying the sea—fleeing from it with shrieks of happy terror when suddenly, as in a moment of exasperation, it made a fierce rush inland, with wide, encircling arms. Two handsome dogs were dashing about in the surf, and a boy more daring than the rest seized a piece of drift and ran far



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THEIR HASTE TO REACH STILL GREATER ATTRACTIONS"



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"FROM THE BOAT WE VIEWED THE DIZZY PLUNGE AHEAD"

out, to toss it beyond the break, so that the dogs must swim and struggle hard to bring it in. The wave caught him, but he did not mind, for all the others regarded

led back between lines of pop-corn, hot-waffle, and tintype men. A little farther inland the walk was flanked by a row of small booths, at the doors of which were



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"A CURIOUS SLIPPERY, WINDING TROUGH, . . . WHERE OLD AND YOUNG
SLID, AS ON A CELLAR DOOR"

him with admiration, especially one very fine little lad who stood aloof because his clothes were altogether too newly starched and proper to join in such reckless sport.

We left the sand by a board walk that

large signs stating that celebrated Gipsy countesses and others of the nobility, including one genuine "Princess of the Nile," were just inside, willing to read our palms and review the past and forecast the future

for what seemed a ridiculously small sum. The signs were so conspicuous that intelligent dogs stopped to consider them.

We also paused. Then the artist looked at his hand, perhaps to decide whether it

were likened before we reached the end of the "Avenue of Fate." It would be of no value to them now, and the matter of verification would be difficult. We pursued the path of prophecy and revelation to where



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

LOOPING THE LOOP

was worth reading, and we went in. When the princess began by telling him that his palm was almost exactly like that of George Washington, I quietly withdrew, the artist being a modest man.

I shall not mention the names of the other great dead men to whose palms ours

it joined the "Highway of Happiness"—a broad, busy street that ran the full length of the Island.

Here it is that the cup of gaiety and diversion overflows. The avenue is a mighty succession of merry-go-rounds, shooting-galleries, candy-booths, restau-

rants, scenic railways, and special attractions of every known variety. There are towers to go up in, mines to go down in, and amazing spectacles to be witnessed for a modest fee. We were not surprised at this multitude of entertainments, but at the improved quality of them, and at the general deportment and evident respectability of the pleasure-seeking visitors. We had learned to regard Coney Island as the natural home of those engaged in the trade of petty "graft" and as the resort of their willing victims. By some process the petty grafter seems to have been eliminated, and to have taken his victims and confederates with him. To pay a big price and receive less than nothing in return was the order of old Coney. Now we found that the lemonade was real lemonade in reasonably clean, large glasses, the restaurants were wholesomely kept, while the concert-halls supplied decent, even if not the highest order of, dramatic entertainment, and were patronized by thoroughly respectable men and women.

Remembering that the Bowery used to be the worst section of old Coney, we went over there. But even the Bowery was changed,—laundered, as it were,—and well-dressed, well-mannered women were walking about entirely unprotected, seeing the sights and enjoying the picturesque human panorama of other sight-seers. Of course it was still a whirl of noise and exhibition and refreshment, but the noise was within the limits of law and order, and the exhibition and refreshment were more wholesome. Indeed, kinetoscope shows of a gay but harmless variety seemed to prevail where once painted and bedizened creatures attracted half-besotted audiences with vulgarity and display.

We returned to the main street, with a view to finishing the day in the great new amusement-park which already we had viewed casually from the outside, and where, we were told, art, ingenuity, and respectability had fairly outdone themselves in providing entertainment for old and young. But the "Loop the Loop" was just across the way, and the artist reminded me that it was worth seeing.

"Of course we won't ride," he said; "but it is worth while to see the others."

We entered the inclosure and gazed up at the pair of great steel loops around which cars are carried by the force of

their own momentum. A loaded car was at the brink of a long incline. Suddenly it shot down; then for an instant it was in the circle,—ascending, hanging, descending,—and straight away up another incline, passing beyond our view. We declared strenuously against this appalling amusement. Another car went around, and another, and another. We became silent in the sort of fascination that awaits impending disaster.

Finally I felt the thing fermenting in my blood. Nobody seemed to be getting hurt, and I should like to have the record of that trip. I expected the artist to demur when I announced my intention, but he did not. Perhaps he was hypnotized. We buttoned our coats, as if starting on a cold voyage. I had an impulse to leave some word for the folks at home. Then presently we were seated in a car, slowly ascending the preparatory incline.

During this gradual ascent we had plenty of time to think. I found myself wondering if people ever fainted in making that swift revolution; also, if I had heart-disease, and what would be the consequences to one affected in that way. Suddenly I remembered that the princess of the Nile had warned me against any unnecessary risk of life. It seemed a trivial thing at the moment, but I realized now that her words might have been fraught with a special meaning. I stole a look at the artist. He seemed pale and distraught, perhaps remembering a similar warning. These contrivances always ended in some frightful disaster, and doubtless this was the trip for it to occur. The next day our names would be in the head-lines. I reflected that we were probably as great a pair of fools as walked the earth.

The car had reached the level stretch at the top now, and the brink was near. I recalled the starter's injunctions to keep my head up—probably to avoid losing it, as the result of a sudden jerk. Lifting our eyes, we discovered that we were on the verge. Heavens! I had realized that the incline was steep, but that—why, that was a drop! We were in a wheeled car, perched at the brow of a precipice, with a corkscrew revolution at the end. Oh, to be for a single instant on solid ground! To be—

A fierce upward rush of air, a wild grip at a loosening hat, and an instant later the shock! We were on the loop. We were



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington
ON THE BEACH

shooting upward as a billow that breaks against the cliff; we were curling over as the wave curls backward; we were darting down to inevitable annihilation!

I confess that my mind was confused. I knew only that for what seemed an eternal instant we were hanging in mid-air, that my head was far from being up, that my body was swaying in a well-defined centrifugal impulse to close up like an accordion. Then all at once we had dropped, and were shooting outward, dazed, weak, and wondering at our safety. As for our heads, they were still on, but almost in our laps. An unknown man in the back seat announced that he would not do it again for a thousand dollars. The figures did not seem extravagant.

On the way across to the new park we discussed our escape and the possibilities of disaster. Then suddenly we stopped. We were at the entrance, and the gates and the sight beyond filled us with profound amazement.

First came the chariots where the tickets were sold; then a row of entrance-gates, and beyond them an enchanted, story-book land of trellises, columns, domes, minarets, lagoons, and lofty aerial flights. And everywhere was life—a pageant of happy people; and everywhere was color—a wide harmony of orange and white and gold, under the cloudless blue. It was a world removed—shut away from the sordid clatter and turmoil of the streets. We stood still for a period, looking down the deep chromatic vista.

Presently we noticed, inscribed in large letters, "A Trip to the Moon," and agreed that, having "looped the loop," we were altogether equal to any other sort of aerial voyage. So a few moments later we were "skimming the cream from the Milky Way," as the captain of the air-ship had promised that we should do. The great wings lifted and fell, the aerodrome heaved, the earth dropped down from sight, and we felt that we were soaring far above on our lunar journey. Suddenly there was a darkening, followed by complete blackness. Lightning flashed across the sky. Thunder rolled and crashed, and there was fierce rain on the awning overhead.

"We are passing through a storm," shouted the captain; "we are quite safe."

The rain slackened, the thunder died away, the stars came out; then there was

a pink glow in the sky. It was a rare illusion that rushed up to meet us—morning on the moon. The moon inhabitants, however, did not prove altogether satisfying; and the fact that they were given to vocal music did not add to their interest, especially when they sang "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon." Along winding passages and out through the mouth of the mighty "moon-calf" we hurried back to daylight and the park.

"Ve tell your name! Ve tell your age! Ve do not know you! Ve nevere saw you!"

The crowds of sight-seers paused. It was a booth of Egyptian fortune-tellers, most of them real sons and daughters of the Orient. We began to regret our investments with the "princess" and her associates. These people of the park were likely to be more official in their forecasts, especially if they could tell one's name and age. Not that we had forgotten these facts, but merely as a guaranty of good faith we should like to obtain them here at the price quoted. It required considerable resolution to push by to where a fur-clad and oily Eskimo was announcing, with the assistance of a young man whose language more nearly resembled the English tongue, that the great submarine boat was about to start for the north pole, and that we were just in time.

So we descended to the depths of a curious craft, and presently were gliding through miles of green water, where strange and beautiful shapes abounded—feathery seaweed and finned or tentacled animal species, including one mermaid. These swept by the little windows of plate glass, and the mystifying illusion was well-nigh perfect. At the pole we found open water, cakes of floating ice, real seals and Eskimos, and an aurora borealis which could not be outdone within the limits of the Greater City.

It was good to get back into daylight again after each of these curious and rather weird voyages into the land of the unreal. After all, it was the open-air spectacle, with its shifting panorama of light and color and happy humanity, that was most gratifying and restful in this clean and beautiful garden of delight. Passing through a row of flower-topped columns, we looked down, on the one hand, to a wide-paved plaza where there were benches and a music-

stand, and, on the other, to a lake with islands, upon which acrobatic performances and curious native dances and juggling were in progress. Crowds leaned over an

ing as they reached the water-level, amid the shouts of the affrighted and delighted passengers. We crossed the park and climbed a flight of stairs to an open-air



G. C. YOUNG

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

JAPANESE TEA-GARDEN

ornamented railing to watch these free exhibitions; moved to and fro on the wide promenades, or rested and listened to the music in the esplanade. A silent-footed camel laden with children made his way in and out among the pleasure-seekers. At the farther end of the lake were the chutes, with the boats leaping and plung-

refreshment-balcony, where we might sit at luncheon and look down on the people that passed and repassed and disported themselves in this magic garden of a summer day's dream.

The artist called my attention to the fact that the predominating color was orange, and that the architecture of many lands

had been combined with good results. Then we looked down at the crowds and observed how some of them took their pleasure soberly, while others were fairly reveling in their bliss. One very stout, stylishly dressed man, all alone, seemed to be in a perpetual state of merriment. Everywhere were clean, freshly clad, well-groomed people and gaily decked, bright-faced children. As a whole, it was a crowd as handsome and charming to gaze upon as any to be found at Newport or Long Branch or along the board walk of Atlantic City.

We fell to discussing the old Coney and the new. A man at the next table related a few incidents of bygone days, and told us how once a native of the Orient who owned a trick elephant became mad and, perched on the back of his property, ran amuck through the streets, creating a wild panic among the thimblerriggers and sidewalk grafters of that period. The fearsome pair brought up at last in a disreputable concert-hall, which they raided and emptied more successfully in fifteen seconds than the police had succeeded in doing in as many years. Our friend further informed us concerning a lion that had escaped from the menagerie, there in the park, only a few days before, causing a wild stampede for the higher points of interest. He was a most peaceable lion, however, and seemed surprised at the lack of friendship displayed by those who heretofore had been so anxious to view him at close range. He sauntered off, disgusted, and finding a picket-fence, believed himself once more in his cage, and marched up and down before it until his keeper led him back to his friends.

Our new-found friend further informed us of some of the changes that were to take place before another year. This fine resort was to be greatly enlarged, he said, and there was to be another on a similar scale. High-diving elephants were coming from London; also a reproduction of the great durbar of India; a realistic imitation of a city fire would be given, with the engines, the crowds, and the rescues, all in the most lifelike manner, besides an endless variety of other new and amazing attractions "to interest, to instruct, and to entertain." He added that the new order of things was due chiefly to the reforms wrought by a certain

Captain Dooley—not the hero of the song, nor yet Mr. Dooley the philosopher, but one Captain Robert Emmet Dooley, whose chief idea of conducting a pleasure-resort is to enforce the law, kindly but firmly, and who has the record of having arrested thirty-eight offenders as a forenoon's recreation.

We got a fund of general information from our incidental friend, and our knowledge lent new interest to the afternoon. Perhaps now and then we might unconsciously glance around for a chance lion or a mad and mounted mullah, but we did not allow these things to mar our happiness.

We ascended to the lofty summit of the chutes, from which the whole Island may be viewed as a map. Then from the boat we viewed the dizzy plunge ahead.

Whir! Whizz! Splash! Ladies screamed, children clung wildly to anybody within reach. One great shocking plunge, a leap in the air, a heaving and a tossing, and the boat glided into the waters of the lake, to be brought to a safe landing. The frightened children pleaded to "go again."

We rode on the Lilliputian train of cars, the engineers of which were bigger than their engines, and went dashing through tunnels and dark places and brightly lighted fairy-lands. We took a voyage on the babbling brook that ran not far from the track, as brooks are likely to do, and finally ascended the stairs that led to the free helter-skelter—a curious slippery, winding trough, made of polished bamboo, where old and young slid, as on a cellar door.

We at first decided that we would not make a spectacle of ourselves. Then we concluded to do so just once. Then, suddenly, childhood returned, and we slid and kept on sliding until we were altogether certain that we had lost the respect of any friend or relative who might happen to be in the crowd of spectators below.

Resting on the benches in the esplanade, we noticed the baby-incubator and wondered how it worked. So we went over to see. The babies proved to be very little ones, and very good and clean, and all were asleep in their small crystal houses which are kept at just the proper temperature to make the occupants grow and keep good and healthy. And the boy babies were tied with blue ribbons and the girl

babies with pink, and the audience, mothers for the most part, discussed their relative merits and compared them with other babies of their acquaintance, including vivid memories of their own.

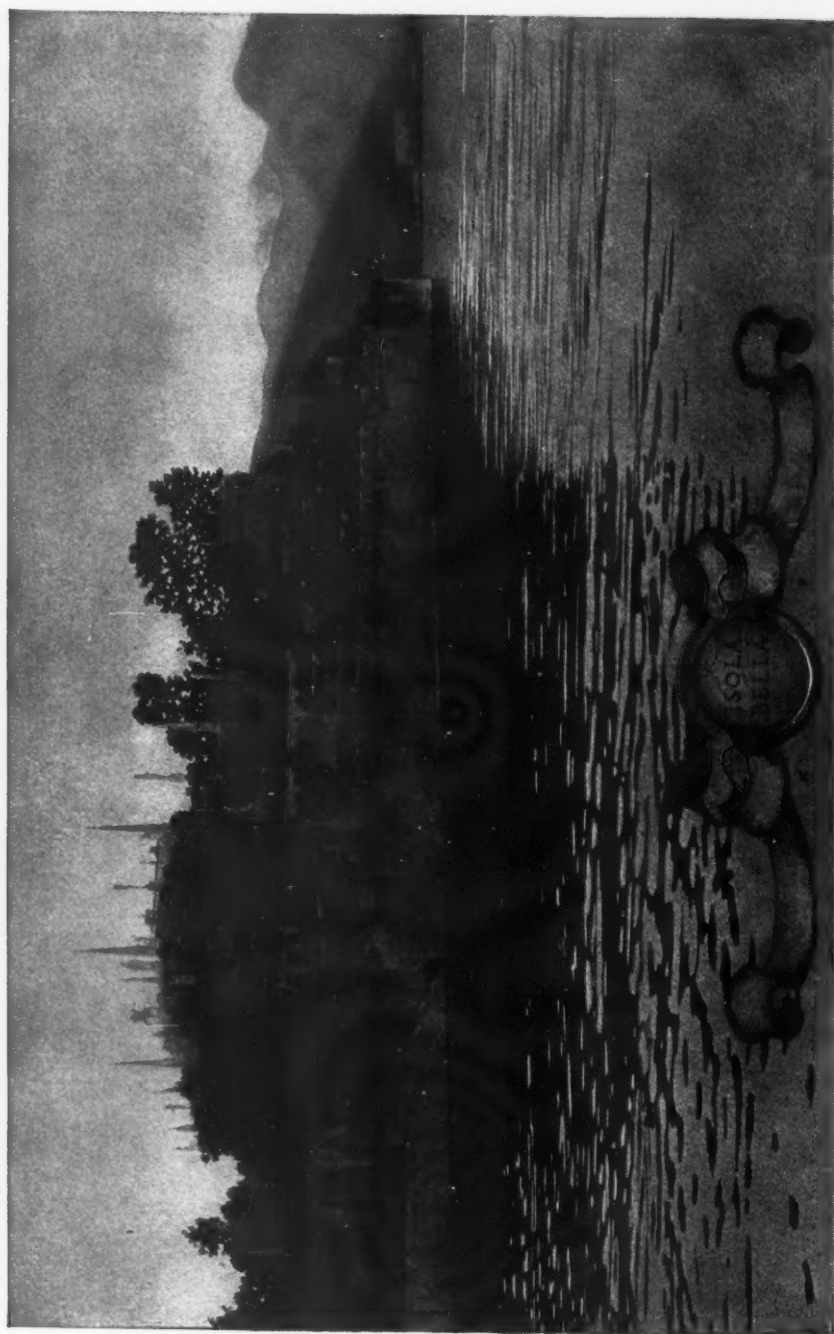
Day was closing in when we decided that we would catch the next boat home. But just as we reached the main entrance and turned for a farewell look, a great miracle happened. A long festoon of electric light leaped from one side of the park to the other, and was followed by a second and a third. Then there was a perfect maze of them. Tall towers that had grown dim suddenly broke forth in electric outlines and gay rosettes of color, as the living spark of light traveled hither and thither, until the place was transformed into an enchanted garden, of such a sort as Aladdin never dreamed. At first we exclaimed, then grew silent, watching it. When at last we were outside, we had missed our boat, and decided to return by electric train.

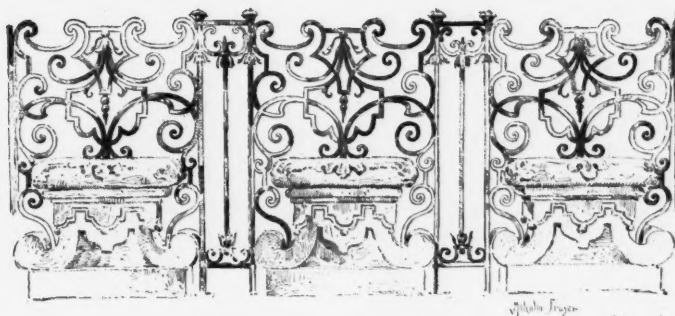
There was a crowd of people waiting when the train backed in; and the fact that in numerous cases the ladies were given seats while the men held to straps was a last evidence that the crowd was not the old Coney crowd, but a crowd that was the result of a new and regenerate order of affairs.

Most of the children occupied laps, and were asleep before the train started. Perhaps they had visions wherein the chutes and the helter-skelter and the merry-go-rounds carried them on trips to the moon and the north pole, where curious performing-beasts leaped through rings of fire into a wonderful electric garden. They did not hear the clatter of the train that swung across Long Island. They did not hear the middle-sized boy who whistled shrilly to the people on the platform at every stop. They had spent a happy, healthful day. Now they were tired, and had found sweet oblivion and dreams.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill





Drawn by Malcolm Fraser from a photograph

RAILING OF THE VILLA ALARIO (NOW VISCONTI DI SALICETO) (SEE PAGE 553)

LOMBARD VILLAS

BY EDITH WHARTON

WITH COLOR DRAWINGS BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

ON the walls of the muniment-room of the old Borromeo palace in Milan, Michelino, a little-known painter of the fifteenth century, has depicted the sports and diversions of that noble family. Here may be seen ladies in peaked hennins and long, drooping sleeves, with their shock-headed gallants in fur-edged tunics and pointed shoes, engaged in curious games and dances, against the background of Lake Maggiore and the Borromeo Islands.

It takes the modern traveler an effort of mental readjustment to recognize in this "clump of peaked isles"—bare Leonardesque rocks thrusting themselves splinterwise above the lake—the smiling groves and terraces of the Isola Bella and the Isola Madre. For in those days the Borromei had not converted their rocky islands into the hanging gardens which to later travelers became one of the most important sights of the "grand tour"; and one may learn from this curious fresco with what seemingly hopeless problems the Italian garden-art dealt, and how, while audaciously remodeling nature, it contrived to keep in harmony with the surroundings amid which it worked.

The Isola Madre, the largest of the Borromeo group, was the first to be built on and planted. The plain Renaissance palace still looks down on a series of walled gar-

dens and a grove of cypress, laurel, and pine; but the greater part of the island has been turned into an English park of no special interest save to the horticulturist, who may study here the immense variety of exotic plants which flourish in the mild climate of the lakes. The Isola Bella, that pyramid of flower-laden terraces rising opposite Stresa, in a lovely bend of the lake, began to take its present shape about 1632, when Count Carlo III built a *casino di delizie* on the rocky pinnacle. His son, Count Vitaliano IV, continued and completed the work. He leveled the pointed rocks, filled their interstices with countless loads of soil from the mainland, and summoned Carlo Fontana and a group of Milanese architects to raise the palace and garden-pavilions above terraces created by Castelli and Crivelli, while the waterworks were intrusted to Mora of Rome, the statuary and other ornamental sculpture to Vismara. The work was completed in 1671, and the island, which had been created a baronial fief, was renamed Isola Isabella, after the count's mother—a name which euphony, and the general admiration the place excited, soon combined to contract to Isola Bella.

The island is built up in ten terraces, narrowing successively toward the top, the lowest resting on great vaulted arcades which project into the lake and are used

as a winter shelter for the lemon-trees of the upper gardens. Each terrace is inclosed in a marble balustrade, richly ornamented with vases, statues, and obelisks, and planted with a profusion of roses, camellias, jasmine, myrtle, and pomegranate, among which groups of cypresses lift their dark shafts. Against the retaining-walls oranges and lemons are espaliered, and flowers border every path and wreath every balustrade and stairway. It seems

design. This architectural composition faces the southern front of the palace, a large and not very interesting building standing to the north of the gardens; while the southern extremity of the island terminates in a beautiful garden-pavilion, hexagonal in shape, with rusticated coigns and a crowning balustrade beset with statues. Even the narrow reef projecting into the lake below this pavilion has been converted into another series of terraces, with con-



From a photograph

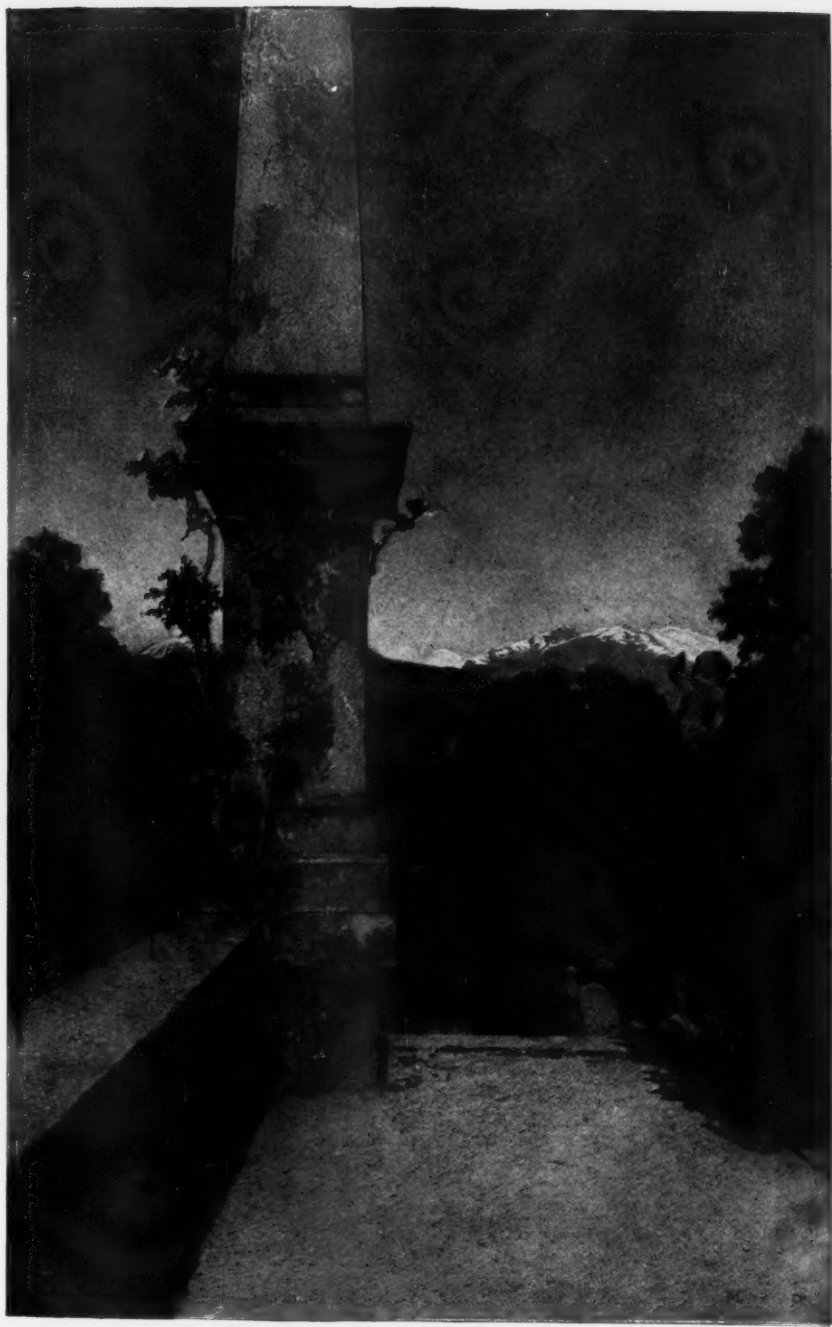
VIEW OF THE VILLA CICOGLA FROM THE TERRACE ABOVE THE HOUSE

probable, from the old descriptions of the Isola Bella, that it was originally planted much as it now appears; in fact, the gardens of the Italian lakes are probably the only old pleasure-grounds of Italy where flowers have always been used in profusion. In the equable lake climate, neither cold in winter, like the Lombard plains, nor parched in summer, like the South, the passion for horticulture seems to have developed early, and the landscape-architect was accustomed to mingle bright colors with his architectural masses, instead of relying on a setting of uniform verdure.

The topmost terrace of the Isola Bella is crowned by a mount against which is built a water theater of excessively baroque

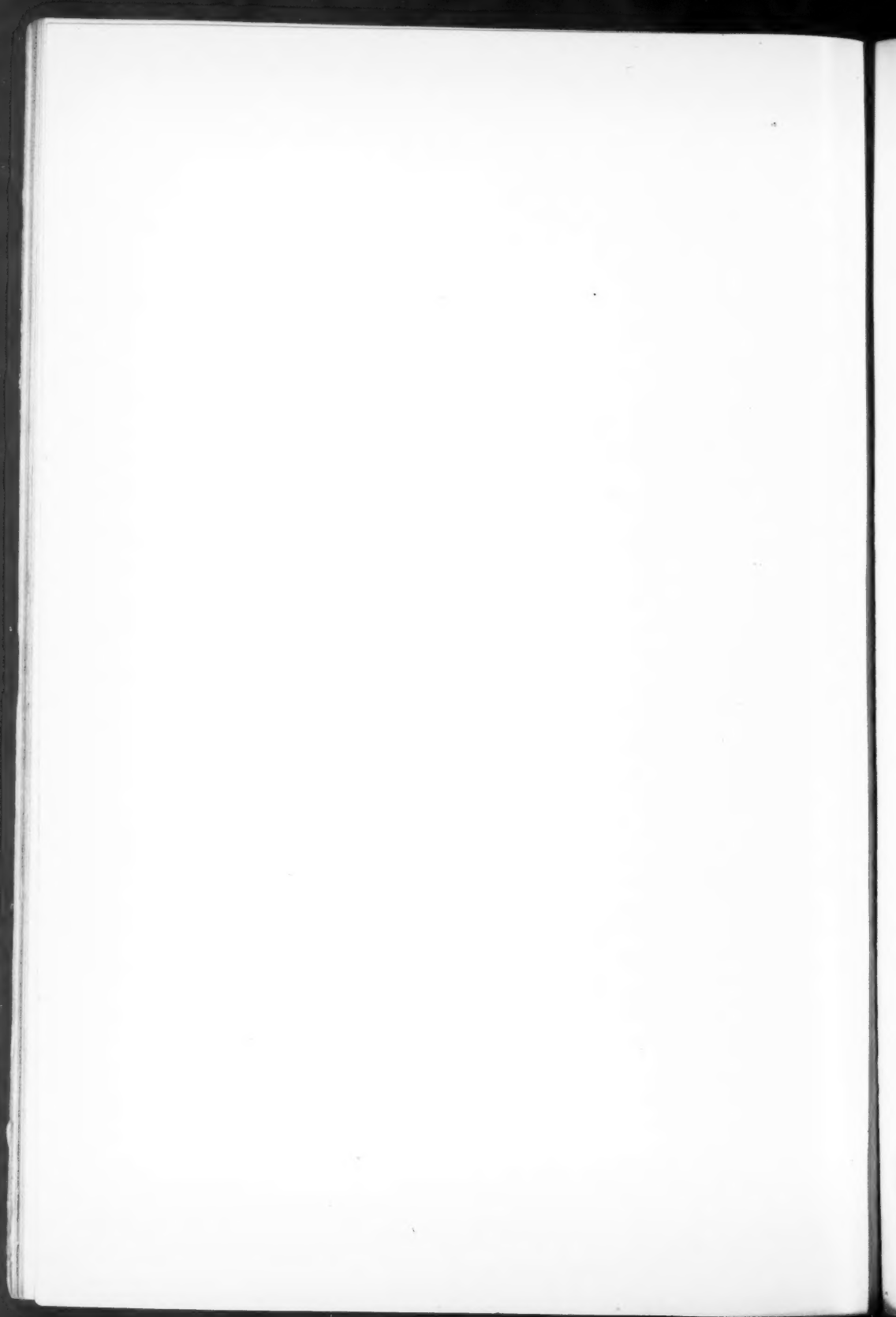
necting flights of steps, which carry down to the water's edge the exuberant verdure of the upper gardens.

The palace is more remarkable for what it contains in the way of furniture and decoration than for any architectural value. Its great bulk and heavy outline are quite disproportionate to the airy elegance of the gardens it overlooks, and house and grounds seem in this case to have been designed without any regard to each other. The palace has, however, one feature of peculiar interest to the student of villa-architecture, namely, the beautiful series of rooms in the south basement, opening on the gardens, and decorated with the most exquisite ornamentation of pebble-



Color drawing by Maxfield Parrish

IN THE GARDENS OF ISOLA BELLA



work and sea-shells, mingled with delicately tinted stucco. These low, vaulted rooms, with marble floors, grotto-like walls, and fountains dripping into fluted conchs, are like a poet's notion of some twilight refuge from summer heats, where the languid green air has the coolness of water; even the fantastic consoles, tables, and benches, in which cool-glimmering mosaics are combined with carved wood and stucco painted in faint greens and rose-tints, might have been made of mother-of-pearl, coral, and seaweed for the adornment of some submarine palace. As examples of the decoration of a garden-house in a hot climate, these rooms are unmatched in Italy, and their treatment offers appropriate suggestions to the modern garden-architect in search of effects of coolness.

To show how little the gardens of the Isola Bella have been changed since they were first laid out, it is worth while to quote the description of Bishop Burnet, that delightful artist in orthography and punctuation, who descended into Italy in the year 1685, with his "portmangles" laden upon "mulletts."

"From *Lugane*," the bishop's breathless periods begin, "I went to the *Lago Maggiore*, which is a great and noble Lake, it is six and fifty Miles long, and in most places six Miles broad, and a hundred Fathoms deep about the middle of it, it makes a great Bay to the Westward, and there lies here two Islands called the *Borromean* Islands, that are certainly the loveliest spots of ground in the World, there is nothing in all Italy that can be compared to them, they have the full view of the Lake, and the ground rises so sweetly in them that nothing can be imagined like the Terraces here, they belong to two Counts of the *Borromean* family. I was only in one of them, which belongs to the head of the Family, who is Nephew to the famous Cardinal known by the name of *St Carlo* . . . The whole Island is a garden . . . and because the figure of the Island was not made regular by Nature, they have built great Vaults and Portica's along the Rock, which are all made Grotesque, and so they have brought it into a regular form by laying earth over those Vaults. There is first a Garden to the East that rises up from the Lake by five rows of Terrasses, on the three sides of the Garden that are watered by the Lake, the Stairs are noble,

the Walls are all covered with Oranges and Citrons, and a more beautiful spot of a Garden cannot be seen: There are two buildings in the two corners of this Garden, the one is only a Mill for fetching up the Water, and the other is a noble Summer-House [the hexagonal pavilion] all Wainscotted, if I may speak so, with Alabaster and Marble of a fine colour inclining to red, from this Garden one goes in a level to all the rest of the Alleys and Parterres, Herb-Gardens and Flower-Gardens, in all which there are Varieties of Fountains and Arbors, but the great Parterre is a surprising thing, for as it is well furnished with Statues and Fountains, and is of a vast extent, and justly scituated to the Palace, so at the further-end of it there is a great Mount, that face of it that looks to the Parterre is made like a Theatre all full of Fountains and Statues, the height rising up in five several rows . . . and round this Mount, answering to the five rows into which the Theatre is divided, there goes as Many Terrasses of noble Walks, the Walls are all as close covered with Oranges and Citrons as any of our Walls in *England* are with Laurel: the top of the Mount is seventy foot long and forty broad, and here is a vast Cestern into which the Mill plays up the water that must furnish all the Fountains . . . The freshness of the Air, it being both in a Lake and near the Mountains, the fragrant smell, the beautiful Prospect, and the delighting Variety that is here makes it such a habitation for Summer that perhaps the whole World hath nothing like it."

Seventeenth-century travelers were unanimous in praise of the Isola Bella, though, as might have been expected, their praise was chiefly for those elaborations and ingenuities of planning and engineering which give least pleasure in the present day. Toward the middle of the eighteenth century a critical reaction set in. Tourists, enamoured of the new "English garden," and of Rousseau's descriptions of the "bosquet de Julie," could see nothing to admire in the ordered architecture of the Borromean Islands. The sentimental sight-seer, sighing for sham Gothic ruins, for glades planted "after Poussin," and for all the labored naturalism of Repton and Capability Brown, shuddered at the frank artifice of the old Italian garden-architecture. The quarrel then begun still goes on,

and sympathies are divided between the artificial-natural and the frankly conventional. The time has come, however, when it is recognized that both these manners *are* manners, the one as artificial as the other, and each to be judged not by any ethical standard of "sincerity," but on its own esthetic merits. This has enabled modern critics to take a fairer view of such avowedly conventional compositions as the Isola Bella, a garden in comparison with which the grounds of the great Roman villas are as naturalistic as the age of Rousseau could have desired.

Thus impartially judged, the Isola Bella still seems to many too complete a negation of nature; nor can it appear otherwise to those who judge of it only from pictures and photographs, who have not seen it in its environment. For the landscape surrounding the Borromean Islands has precisely that quality of artificiality, of exquisitely skilful arrangement and manipulation, which seems to justify, in the garden-architect, almost any excesses of the fancy. The Roman landscape, grandiose and ample, seems an unaltered part of nature; so do the subtly modeled hills and valleys of central Italy: all these scenes have the deficiencies, the repetitions, the meannesses and profusions, with which nature throws her great masses on the canvas of the world; but the lake scenery appears to have been designed by a lingering and fastidious hand, bent on eliminating every crudeness and harshness, and on blending all natural forms, from the bare mountain-peak to the melting curve of the shore, in one harmony of ever-varying and ever-beautiful lines.

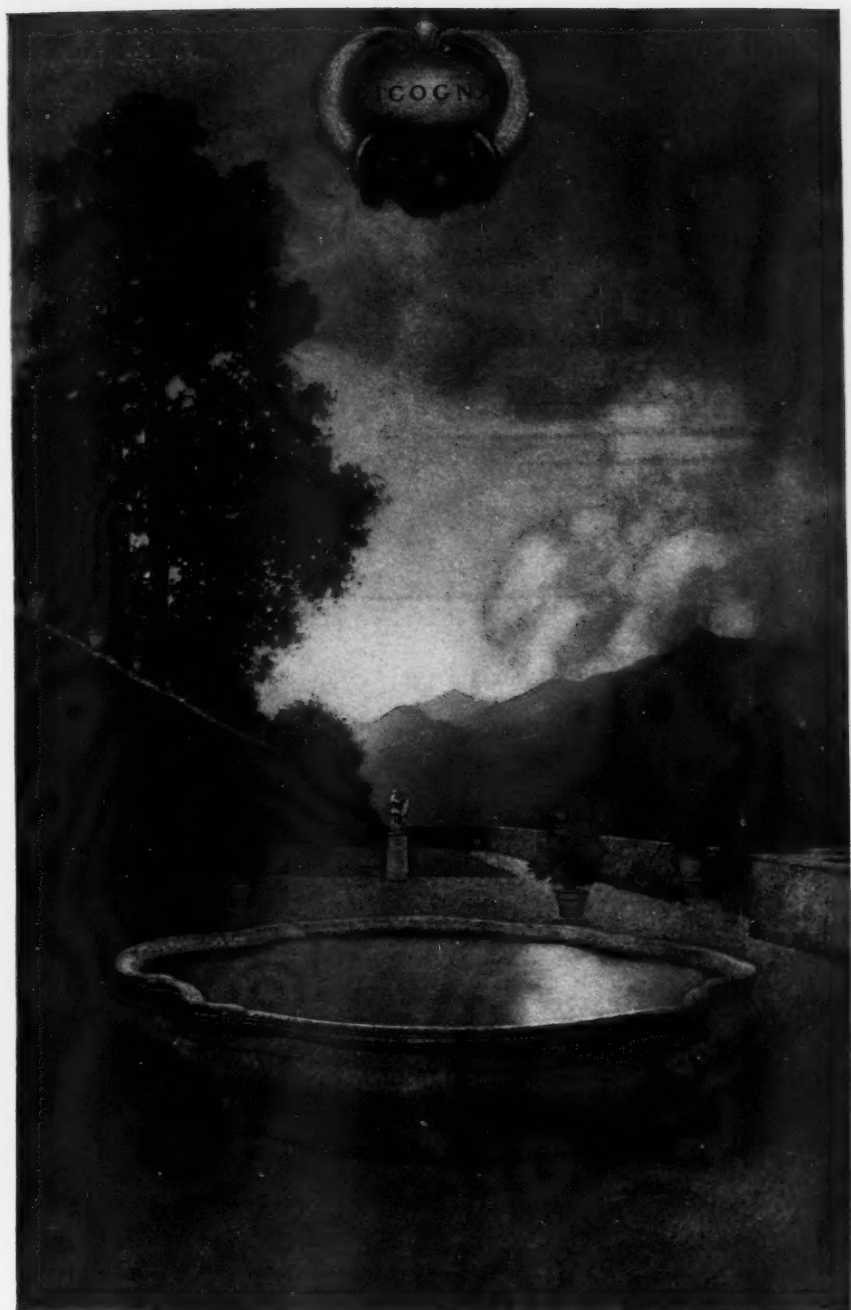
The effect produced is undoubtedly one of artificiality, of a chosen exclusion of certain natural qualities, such as gloom, barrenness, and the frank ugliness into which nature sometimes lapses. There is an almost forced gaiety about the landscape of the lakes, a fixed smile of perennial loveliness. And it is as a complement to this attitude that the Borromean gardens justify themselves. Are they real? No; but neither is the landscape about them. Are they like any other gardens on earth? No; but neither are the mountains and shores about them like earthly shores and mountains. They are Armida's gardens anchored in a lake of dreams, and they should be compared, not with this or that

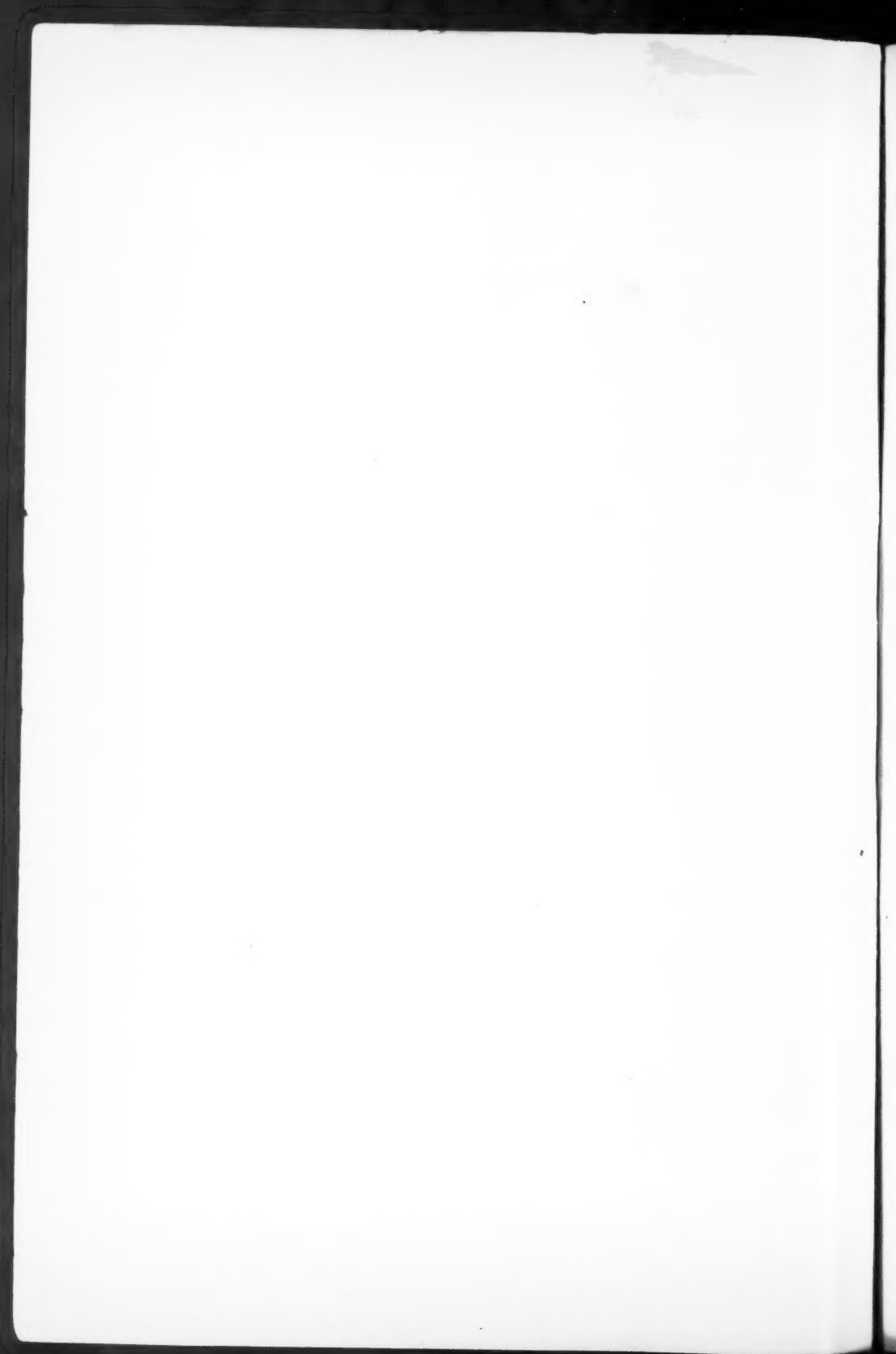
actual piece of planted ground, but with a page of Ariosto or Boiardo.

From the garden-student's point of view, there is nothing in Lombardy as important as the Isola Bella. In these rich Northern provinces, as in the environs of Florence, the old gardens have suffered from the affluence of their owners, and scarcely any have been allowed to retain their original outline. The enthusiasm for the English garden swept over Lombardy like a tidal wave, obliterating terraces and grottoes, substituting winding paths for pleached alleys, and transforming level box-parterres into rolling lawns which turn as brown as doormats under the scorching Lombard sun.

On the lakes, where the garden-architect was often restricted to a narrow ledge of ground between mountains and water, these transformations were less easy, for the new style required a considerable expanse of ground for its development. Along the shores of Como especially, where the ground rises so abruptly from the lake, landscape effects were difficult to produce, nor was it easy to discover a naturalistic substitute for the marble terraces built above the water. Even here, however, the narrow gardens have been as much modified as space permitted, the straight paths have been made to wind, and spotty flowerbeds in grass have replaced the ordered box-gardens with their graveled walks and their lemon-trees in earthen vases.

The only old garden on Como which keeps more than a fragment of its original architecture is that of the Villa d'Este at Cernobbio, a mile or two from the town of Como, at the southern end of the lake. The villa, built in 1527 by Cardinal Gallio (who was born a fisher-lad of Cernobbio), has passed through numerous transformations. In 1816 it was bought by Caroline of Brunswick, who gave it the name of Este, and turned it into a great structure of the Empire style. Here for several years the Princess of Wales held the fantastic court of which Bergami, the courier, was High Chamberlain if not Prince Consort; and, whatever disadvantages may have accrued to herself from this establishment, her residence at the Villa d'Este was a benefit to the village, for she built the road connecting Cernobbio with Moltrasio, the first carriage-drive along the lake, and spent large sums on improvements in the neighborhood of her estate.





Since then the villa has suffered a further change into a large and fashionable hotel; but though Queen Caroline anglicized a part of the grounds, the main lines of the old Renaissance garden still exist.

Behind the Villa d'Este the mountains are sufficiently withdrawn to leave a gentle acclivity, which was once laid out in a series of elaborate gardens. Adjoining the villa is a piece of level ground just above the lake, which evidently formed the "secret garden" with its parterres and fountains. This has been replaced by a lawn and flower-beds, but still keeps its boundary-wall at the back, with a baroque grotto and fountain of pebbles and shell-work. Above this rises a *tapis vert* shaded by cypresses, and leading to the usual Hercules in a temple. The peculiar feature of this ascent is that it is bordered on each side with narrow steps of channeled stone, down which the water rushes under overlapping ferns and roses to the fish-pool below the grotto in the lower garden. Beyond the formal gardens is the bosco, a bit of fine natural woodland climbing the cliff-side, with winding paths which lead to various summer-houses and sylvan temples. The rich leafage of walnut, acacia, and cypress, the glimpses of the blue lake far below, the rush of a mountain torrent through a deep glen spanned by a romantic ivy-clad bridge, make this bosco of the Villa d'Este one of the most enchanting bits of sylvan gardening in Italy. Scarcely less enchanting is the grove of old plane-trees by the water-gate on the lake, where, in a solemn twilight of over-roofing branches, woodland gods keep watch above the broad marble steps descending to the water. In the gardens of the Villa d'Este there is much of the Roman spirit—the breadth of design, the unforced inclusion of natural features, and that sensitiveness to the quality of the surrounding landscape which characterizes the great gardens of the Campagna.

Just across the lake, in the deep shade of the wooded cliffs beneath the Pizzo di Torno, lies another villa still more steeped in the Italian garden-magic. This is the Villa Pliniana, built in 1570 by the Count Anguissola of Piacenza, and now the property of the Trotti family of Milan. The place takes its name from an intermittent spring in the court, which is supposed to be the one described by Pliny in

one of his letters; and it is further celebrated as being the coolest villa on Como. It lies on a small bay on the east side of the lake, and faces due north, so that, while the villas of Cernobbio are bathed in sunlight, a deep green shade envelops it. The house stands on a narrow ledge, its foundations projecting into the lake, and its back built against the almost vertical wooded cliff which protects it from the southern sun. Down this cliff pours a foaming mountain torrent from the Val di Calore, just beneath the peak of Torno; and this torrent the architect of the Villa Pliniana has captured in its descent to the lake and carried through the central apartment of the villa.

The effect produced is unlike anything else, even in the wonderland of Italian gardens. The two wings of the house, a plain and somewhat melancholy-looking structure, are joined by an open arcaded room, against the back wall of which the torrent pours down, over stone-work tremulous with moss and ferns, gushing out again beneath the balustrade of the loggia, where it makes a great semicircle of glittering whiteness in the dark-green waters of the lake. The old house is saturated with the freshness and drenched with the flying spray of the caged torrent. The bare vaulted rooms reverberate with it, the stone floors are green with its dampness, the air quivers with its cool incessant rush. The contrast of this dusky dripping loggia, on its perpetually shaded bay, with the blazing blue waters of the lake and their sun-steeped western shores, is one of the most wonderful effects in *sensation* that the Italian villa-art has ever devised.

The architect, not satisfied with diverting a part of the torrent to cool his house, has led the rest in a fall down the cliff immediately adjoining the villa, and has designed winding paths through the woods from which one may look down on the bright rush of the waters. On the other side of the house lies a long balustraded terrace, between the lake and the hanging woods, and here, on the only bit of open and level ground near the house, are the old formal gardens, now much neglected, but still full of a melancholy charm.

After the Villa Pliniana, the other gardens of Como seem almost commonplace. All along both shores are villas which, amid many alterations, have preserved

traces of their old garden-architecture, such as the Bishop of Como's villa, south of Leno, with its baroque saints and prophets perched along the garden-balustrade, and the more famous Villa Carlotta at Cadenabbia, where the fine gateways and the architectural treatment of the terraces bear witness to the former beauty of the grounds. But almost everywhere the old garden-magic has been driven out by a fury of modern horticulture. The pleached alleys have made way for lawns dotted with palms and bananas, the box-parterres have been replaced by star-shaped beds of begonias and cinerarias, and the groves of laurel and myrtle by thickets of pampas-grass and bamboo. This description applies to all the principal gardens between Como and Bellagio. Here and there, indeed, in almost all of them, some undisturbed corner remains,—a flight of steps wreathed in Banksian roses and descending to a shady water-gate; a fern-lined grotto with a stucco Pan or Syrinx; a clipped laurel-walk set with marble benches, or a classic summer-house above the lake,—but these old bits are so scattered and submerged under the new order of gardening that it requires an effort of the imagination to reconstruct from them an image of what the old lake-gardens must have been before every rich proprietor tried to convert his marble terraces into an English park.

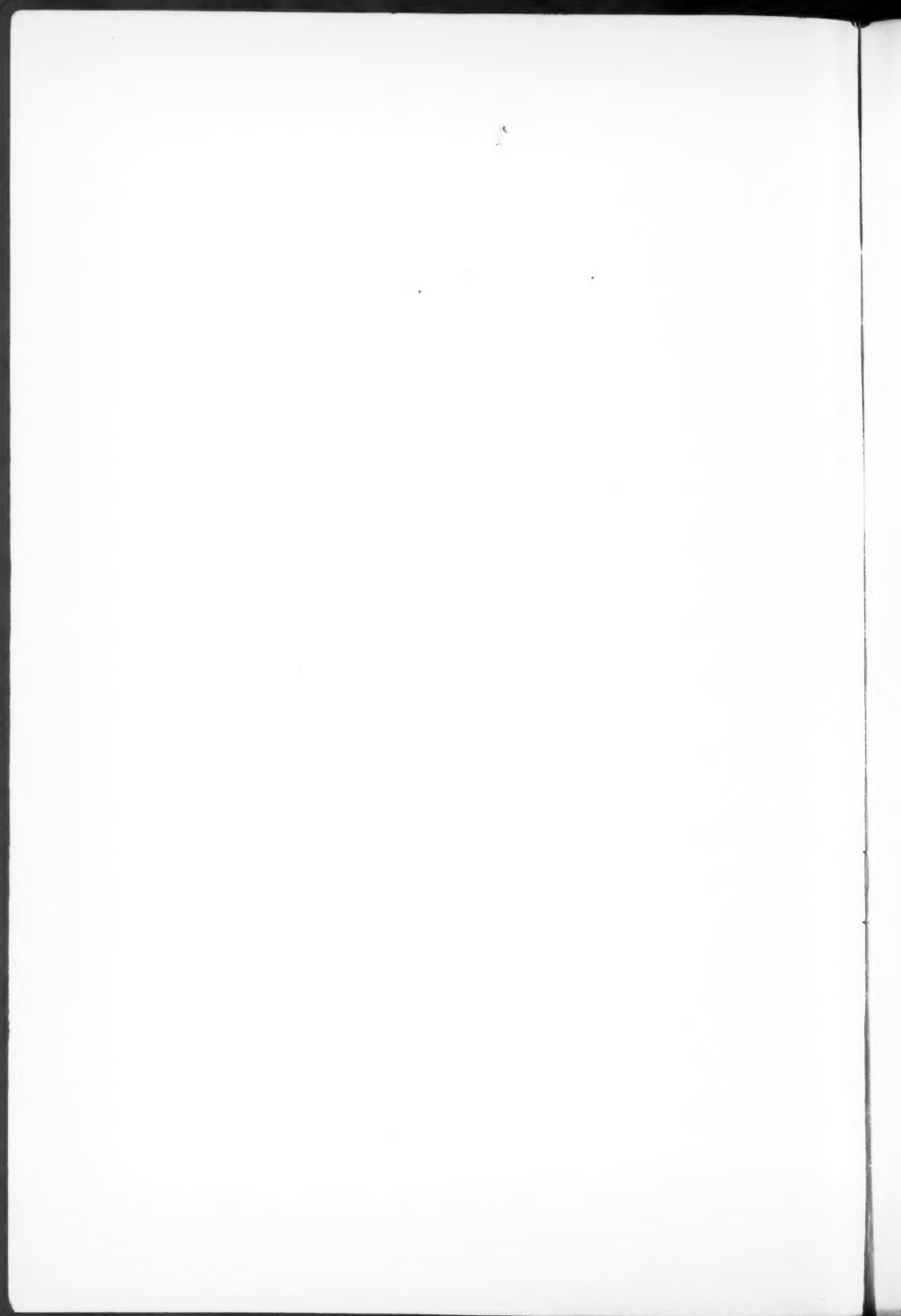
Almost to be included among lake-villas is the beautiful Villa Cicogna at Bisuschio. This charming old place lies in the lovely but little-known hill-country between the Lake of Varese and the southern end of Lugano. The house, of which the history appears to be unknown to the present owners, is an early Renaissance building of great beauty, with a touch of Tuscan austerity in its design. The plain front, with deep projecting eaves and widely spaced windows, might stand on some village square above the Arno; and the interior court, with its two-storied arcade, recalls, in purity and lightness of design, the inheritors of Brunelleschi's tradition. So few country houses of the early sixteenth century are to be found in the Milanese that it would be instructive to learn whether the Villa Cicogna is in fact due to a Tuscan hand, or whether this mid-Italian style was at that time also prevalent in Lombardy.

The villa is built against a hillside, and the interior court forms an oblong, inclosed on three sides by the house, and continued, on the fourth, by a beautiful sunken garden, above which runs a balustraded walk on a level with the upper story. On the other side of the house is another garden, consisting of a long terrace bounded by a high retaining-wall, which is tunneled down its whole length to form a shady arcaded walk lined with ferns and dripping with runnels of water. At the back of the house the ground continues to rise, and a *château d'eau* is built against the hillside; while beyond the terrace-garden already described, a gate leads to a hanging woodland, with shady walks from which, at every turn, there are enchanting views across the southern bay of Lake Lugano.

The house itself is as interesting as the garden. The walls of the court are frescoed in charming cinque-cento designs, and the vaulted ceiling of the loggia is painted in delicate trellis-work, somewhat in the manner of the semicircular arcade at the Villa di Papa Giulio. Several of the rooms also preserve their wall-frescos and much of their Renaissance furniture, while a series of smaller apartments on the ground floor are exquisitely decorated with stucco ornament in the light style of the eighteenth century; so that the Villa Cicogna still gives a vivid idea of what an old Italian country house must have been in its original state.

From the hill-villas of the lakes to the country places of the Milanese rice-fields the descent is somewhat abrupt; but the student of garden-architecture may mitigate the transition by carrying on his researches from the southern end of Como through the smiling landscape of the Brianza. Here there are many old villas, in a lovely setting of vineyard and woodland, with distant views of the Alps and of the sunny Lombard plain; but of old gardens few are to be found. There is one of great beauty, belonging to the Villa Crivelli, near the village of Inverigo; but as it is inaccessible to visitors, only tantalizing glimpses may be obtained of its statues and terraces, its cypress-walks and towering "Gigante." Not far from Inverigo is the Rotonda Cagnola, now the property of the Marchese d'Adda, and built in 1813 by the Marchese Luigi Cagnola in imitation of the Propylæa of the Acropolis. The house is beautifully





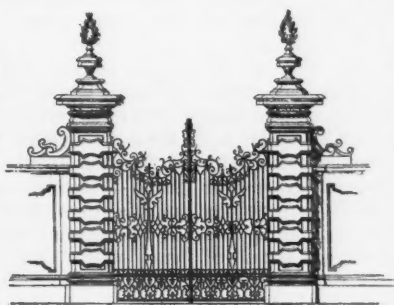
placed on a hilltop, with glorious views over the Alps and Apennines, and is curious to the student as an example of the neo-classicism of the Empire; but it has of course no gardens in the old sense of the term.

The flat environs of Milan were once dotted with country houses, but with the growth of the city and the increased facilities of travel these have been for the most part abandoned for villas in the hills or on the lakes, and to form an idea of their former splendor one must turn to the pages of Alberto del R 's rare volumes. Here one may see in all its detail that elaborate style of gardening which the French landscape-gardeners developed from the "grand manner" acquired by Le N 'tre in his study of the great Roman country-seats. This style, adapted to the flat French landscape, and complicated by the mannerisms and elaborations of the eighteenth century, came back to Italy with the French fashions which Piedmont and Lombardy were so fond of importing. The time had passed when Europe modeled itself on Italy: France was now the glass of fashion, and, in northern Italy especially, French architecture and gardening were eagerly reproduced.

In Lombardy the natural conditions were so similar that the French geometrical gardens did not seem out of place; yet even here a difference is felt, both in the architecture and the gardens. Italy, in spite of Palladio and the Palladian tradition, never freed herself from the baroque. Her artistic tendencies were all toward freedom, improvisation, individual expression, while France was fundamentally classical and instinctively temperate. Just as the French cabinet-makers and bronze-chiselers and modelers in stucco produced more delicate and finished, but less personal, work than the Italian craftsmen, so the French architects designed with greater precision and restraint, and less play of personal invention. To establish a rough

distinction, it might be said that French art has always been intellectual and Italian art emotional; and this distinction is felt even in the treatment of the pleasure-house and its garden. In Italy the architectural detail remained baroque till the end of the eighteenth century, and the architect permitted himself far greater license in the choice of forms and the combination of materials. The old villas of the Milanese have a very strong individuality, and it is to be regretted that so few remain intact to show what a personal style they preserved even under the most obvious French influences.

The Naviglio, the canal which flows through Milan and sends its branches to the Ticino and the Adda, was formerly lined for miles beyond the city with suburban villas. Few remain unaltered, and even of these few the old gardens have disappeared. One of the most interesting houses in Del R 's



Drawn by Ella Denison

IRON GATES OF THE VILLA ALARIO

collection, the Villa Alario (now Visconti di Saliceto), on the Naviglio near Cernusco, is still in perfect preservation without and within; and though its old gardens were replaced by an English park early in the nineteenth century, their general outline is still discoverable. The villa, a stately pile built by Ruggieri in 1736, looks on a court divided from the highway by a fine wall and beautiful iron gates. Low wings containing the chapel and offices, and running at right angles to the main building, connect the latter with the courtyard walls; and arched passages through the center of the wings lead to outlying courts surrounded by stables and other dependencies. The house, toward the forecourt, has a central open loggia or atrium, and the upper windows are framed in baroque architraves and surmounted by square attic lights. The garden elevation is more elaborate. Here there is a central projection, three windows wide, flanked by two-storied open loggias, and crowned by an attic with ornamental pilasters and urns. This central bay is adorned with beautiful wrought-iron bal-

conies, which are repeated in the wings at each end of the building. All the wrought-iron of the Villa Visconti is remarkable for elegance and originality, and as used on the terraces, and in the balustrade of the state staircase, in combination with heavy baroque stone balusters, is an interesting example of a peculiarly Lombard style of decoration.

Between the house and the Naviglio there once lay an elaborate *parterre de broderie*, terminated above the canal by a balustraded retaining-wall adorned with statues, and flanked on each side by pleached walks, arbors, trellis-work, and fish-ponds. Of this complicated pleasance little remains save the long terraces extending from each end of the house, the old flower-garden below one of these, and some bits of decorative sculpture incorporated in the boundary-walls. The long tank or canal shown in Del R 's print has been turned into an irregular pond with grass-banks, and the *parterre de broderie* is now a lawn; even the balustrade has been removed from the wall along the Naviglio. Still, the architectural details of the forecourt and the terraces are worthy of careful study, and the unusual beauty of the old villa, with its undisturbed group of dependencies, partly atones for the loss of its original surroundings.

Many eighteenth-century country houses in the style of the Villa Visconti are scat-

tered through the Milanese, though few have retained so unaltered an outline, or even such faint traces of their formal gardens. The huge villa of the Duke of Modena at Varese—now the Municipio—is a good example of the same architecture, and has a beautiful stone-and-iron balustrade and many wrought-iron balconies in the same style as those at Cernusco; and its gardens, ascending the hillside behind the house, and now used as a public park, must once have been very fine. The Grand H tel of Varese is also an old villa, and its architectural screen and projecting wings form an unusually characteristic fa ade of the same period. Here, again, little remains of the old garden but a charming upper terrace; but the interior decorations of many of the rooms are undisturbed, and are exceptionally interesting examples of the more delicate Italian baroque.

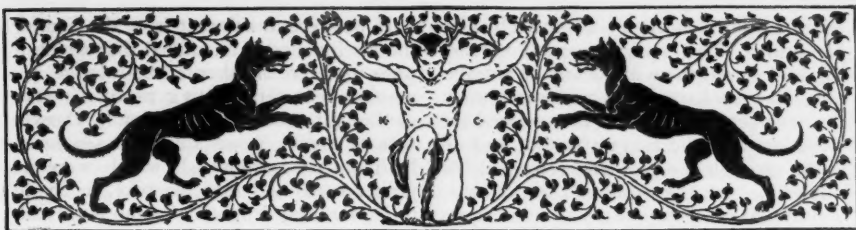
Another famous country house, Castello d'Arconate, at Bollate, is even more palatial than the Duke of Modena's villa at Varese, and, while rather heavy in general outline, has an interesting interior fa ade, with a long arcade resting on coupled columns, and looking out over a stately courtyard with statues. This villa is said to have preserved a part of its old gardens, but it is difficult of access, and could not be visited at the time when the material for these articles was collected.



RAIN IN THE WILDERNESS

BY GRACE S. H. TYTUS

WISTFUL, a spray of honeysuckle bends
 Its tangled sweetness 'neath a weight of rain
 Listening; the while some faint, far-off refrain,
 Dim harmony of drops and leaves, transcends
 Enchantedly the stirring woods; a shower
 Rolls over them, and all the wilderness
 New-born, baptized, stands hushed in vague affright.
 Each fragile blossom bows before a power
 Scarce understood,—then, trusting it to bless,
 Silently lifts its face toward the light.



WHAT DO ANIMALS KNOW?

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.



AFTER the discussion carried on in my two previous articles touching the general subject of animal life and instinct,¹ we are prepared, I think, to ask with more confidence, What do animals know?

The animals unite such ignorance with such apparent knowledge, such stupidity with such cleverness, that in our estimate of them we are apt to rate their wit either too high or too low. With them, knowledge does not fade into ignorance, as it does in man; the contrast is like that between night and day, with no twilight between. So keen one moment, so blind the next!

Think of the ignorance of the horse after all his long association with man; of the trifling things along the street at which he will take fright, till he rushes off in a wild panic of fear, endangering his own neck and the neck of his driver. One would think that if he had a particle of sense he would know that an old hat or a bit of paper was harmless. But fear is deeply implanted in his nature; it has saved the lives of his ancestors countless times, and it is still one of his ruling passions.

I have known a cow to put her head between two trees in the woods—a kind of natural stanchion—and not have wit enough to get it out again, though she could have done so at once by lifting her head to a horizontal position. But the best instance I know of the grotesque ignorance of a cow is given by Hamerton in his "Chapters on Animals." The cow would

not "give down" her milk unless she had her calf before her. But her calf had died, so the herdsman took the skin of the calf, stuffed it with hay, and stood it up before the inconsolable mother. Instantly she proceeded to lick it and to yield her milk. One day, in licking it, she ripped open the seams, and out rolled the hay. This the mother at once proceeded to eat, without any look of surprise or alarm. She liked hay herself, her acquaintance with it was of long standing, and what more natural to her than that her calf should turn out to be made of hay! Yet this very cow that did not know her calf from a bale of hay would defend her calf against the attack of a bear or a wolf in the most skilful and heroic manner; and the horse that was nearly frightened out of its skin by a white stone or by the flutter of a piece of newspaper by the roadside would find its way back home over a long stretch of country, or find its way to water in the desert with a certainty you or I could not approach.

The hen-hawk that the farm-boy finds it so difficult to approach with his gun will yet alight upon his steel trap fastened to the top of a pole in the fields. The rabbit that can be so easily caught in a snare or in a box-trap will yet conceal its nest and young in the most ingenious manner. Where instinct or inherited knowledge can come into play, the animals are very wise, but new conditions, new problems, bring out their ignorance.

A college girl told me an incident of a red squirrel she had observed at her home in Iowa that illustrates how shallow the

¹ See THE CENTURY for February and March.

wit of a squirrel is when confronted by new conditions. This squirrel carried nuts all day and stored them in the end of a drain-pipe that discharged the rain-water upon the pavement below. The nuts obeyed the same law that the rain-water did, and all rolled through the pipe and fell upon the sidewalk. In the squirrel's experience, and in that of his forebears, all holes upon the ground were stopped at the far end, or they were like pockets, and if nuts were put in them they stayed there. A hollow tube open at both ends, that would not hold nuts—this was too much for the wit of the squirrel. But how wise he is about the nuts themselves!

Among the lower animals the ignorance of one is the ignorance of all, and the knowledge of one is the knowledge of all, in a sense in which the same is not true among men. Of course some are more stupid than others of the same species, but probably, on the one hand, there are no idiots among them, and, on the other, none is preëminent in wit.

Animals take the first step in knowledge—they perceive things and discriminate between them; but they do not take the second step—combine them, analyze them, and form concepts and judgments.

So that, whether animals know much or little, I think we are safe in saying that what they know in the human way, that is, from a process of reasoning, is very slight.

The animals all have in varying degrees perceptive intelligence. They know what they see, hear, smell, feel, so far as it concerns them to know it. They know their kind, their mates, their enemies, their food, heat from cold, hard from soft, and a thousand other things that it is important that they should know, and they know these things just as we know them, through their perceptive powers.

We may ascribe intelligence to the animals in the same sense in which we ascribe it to a child, as the perception of the differences or of the likenesses and the relations of things—that is, perceptive intelligence, but not reasoning intelligence. When the child begins to "notice things," to know its mother, to fear strangers, to be attracted by certain objects, we say it begins to show intelligence. Development in this direction goes on for a long time before it can form any proper judgment about things or take the step of reason.

If we were to subtract from the sum of the intelligence of an animal that which it owes to nature or inherited knowledge, the amount left, representing its own power of thought, would be very small. Darwin tells of a pike in an aquarium separated by plate-glass from fish which were its proper food, and that the pike, in trying to capture the fish, would often dash with such violence against the glass as to be completely stunned. This the pike did for three months before it learned caution. After the glass was removed, the pike would not attack those particular fishes, but would devour others that were introduced. It did not yet understand the situation, but merely associated the punishment it had received with a particular kind of fish.

During the mating season the males of some of our birds may often be seen dashing themselves against a window, and pecking and fluttering against the pane for hours at a time, day after day. They take their own images reflected in the glass to be rival birds, and are bent upon demolishing them. They never comprehend the mystery of the glass, because glass is not found in nature, and neither they nor their ancestors have had any experience with it.

Contrast these incidents with those of the American monkeys which Darwin relates. When the monkeys had cut themselves once with any sharp tool, they would not touch it again, or else would handle it with the greatest caution. They evinced the simpler forms of reason, of which monkeys are no doubt capable.

Animals are wise as nature is wise; they partake, each in its own measure, of that universal intelligence, or mind-stuff, that is operative in all things—in the vegetable as well as in the animal world. Does the body, or the life that fills it, reason when it tries to get rid of, or to neutralize the effects of, a foreign substance, like a bullet, by encysting it? or when it thickens the skin on the hand or on any other part of the body, even forming special pads called callosities, as a result of the increased wear or friction? This may be called physiological intelligence.

But how blind it is at times or how wanting in judgment may be seen when it tries to develop a callosity upon the foot as a result of the friction of the shoe, and

overdoes the matter and produces the corn. The corn is a physiological blunder. Or see an unexpected manifestation of this intelligence when we cut off the central and leading shoot of a spruce or of a pine-tree, and straightway one of the lateral and horizontal branches rises up, takes the place of the lost leader, and carries the tree upward; or in the roots of a tree working their way through the ground much like molten metal, parting and uniting, taking the form of whatever object they touch, shaping themselves to the rock, flowing into its seams, the better to get a grip upon the earth and thus maintain an upright position.

In the animal world this becomes psychic intelligence, developing in man the highest form of all, reasoned intelligence. When an animal solves a new problem or meets a new condition as effectually as the tree or the body does in the cases I have just cited, we are apt to ascribe to it powers of reason. Reason we may call it, but it is reason not its own.

This universal or cosmic intelligence makes up by far the greater part of what animals know. The domestic animals, such as the dog, that have long been under the tutelage of man, of course show more independent power of thought than the uneducated beasts of the fields and woods.

The plant is wise in all ways to reproduce and perpetuate itself; see the many ingenious devices for scattering seed. In the animal world this intelligence is most keen and active in the same direction. The wit of the animal comes out most clearly in looking out for its food and safety. We are often ready to ascribe reason to it in feats shown in these directions.

In man alone does this universal intelligence or mind-stuff reach out beyond these primary needs and become aware of itself. What the plant or the animal does without thought or rule, man takes thought about. He considers his ways. I noticed that the scallops in the shallow water on the beach had the power to anchor themselves to stones or to some other object, by putting out a little tough but elastic cable from near the hinge, and that they did so when the water was rough; but I could not look upon it as an act of conscious or individual intelligence on the part of the bivalve. It was as much an act of the general intelligence to which I refer as was its hinge

or its form. But when the sailor anchors his ship, that is another matter. He thinks about it, he reasons from cause to effect, he sees the storm coming, he has a fund of experience, and his act is a special individual act.

The muskrat builds its house instinctively, and all muskrats build alike. But man builds his house from reason and forethought. Savages build as nearly alike as the animals, but civilized man shows an endless variety. The higher the intelligence, the greater the diversity.

The sitting bird that is so solicitous to keep its eggs warm, or to feed and defend its young, probably shows no more independent and individual intelligence than the plant that strives so hard to mature and scatter its seed. A plant will grow toward the light; a tree will try to get from under another tree that overshadows it; a willow will run its roots toward the water; but these acts are the results of external stimuli alone. When I go to pass the winter in a warmer climate, the act is the result of calculation and of weighing pros and cons. I can go, or I can refrain from going.

Not so with the migrating birds. Nature plans and thinks for them; it is not an individual act on the part of each; it is a race instinct: they must go; the life of the race demands it. Or when the old goose covers up her nest, or the rabbit covers her young with a blanket of hair and grass of her own weaving, I do not look upon these things as independent acts of intelligence: it is the cunning of nature; it is a race instinct.

Animals, on the whole, know what is necessary for them to know—what the conditions of life have taught their ancestors through countless generations. It is very important, for instance, that amphibians shall have some sense that shall guide them to the water; and they have such a sense. Young turtles and crocodiles put down anywhere will turn instantly toward the nearest water. It is certain that the beasts of the field have such a sense much more fully developed than has man. It is of vital importance that birds should know how to fly, how to build their nests, how to find their proper food, and when and where to migrate, without instruction or example, otherwise the race might become extinct.

Richard Jefferies thinks that most birds'

nests need a structure around them like a cage to keep the young from falling out or from leaving the nest prematurely. Now, if such a structure were needed, either the race of birds would have failed, or the structure would have been added. Since neither has happened, we are safe in concluding it is not needed.

We are not warranted in attributing to any wild, untrained animal a degree of intelligence that its forebears could not have possessed. The animals for the most part act upon inherited knowledge, that is, knowledge that does not depend upon instruction or experience. For instance, the red squirrels near me seem to know that chestnut-burs will open if cut from the tree and allowed to lie upon the ground. At least, they act upon this theory. I do not suppose this fact or knowledge lies in the squirrel's mind as it would in that of a man—as a deduction from facts of experience or of observation. The squirrel cuts off the chestnuts because he is hungry for them and because his ancestors for long generations have cut them off in the same way. That the air or sun will cause the burs to open is a bit of knowledge that I do not suppose he possesses in the sense in which we possess it: he is in a hurry for the nuts, and does not by any means always wait for the burs to open; he frequently chips them up and eats the pale nuts. That is enough: nature does the rest.

The same squirrel will bite into the limbs of a maple-tree in spring and suck the sap. What does he know about maple-trees and the spring flow of sap? Nothing as a mental concept, as a bit of concrete knowledge. He often finds the sap flowing from a crack or other wound in the limbs of a maple, and he sips it and likes it. Then he sinks his teeth into the limb, as his forebears undoubtedly did.

When I was a boy and saw, as I often did on my way to school, where a squirrel had stopped on his course through the woods and dug down through two or three feet of snow, bringing up a beech-nut or an acorn, I used to wonder how he knew the nut was there. I am now convinced that he smelled it.

Why should he not? It stands the squirrel in hand to smell nuts; they are his life. He knows a false nut from a good one without biting into it. Try the experiment upon your tame chipmunk or caged

gray squirrel, and see if this is not so. The false or dead nut is lighter, and most persons think this fact guides the squirrel. But this, it seems to me, implies an association of ideas beyond the reach of instinct. A young squirrel will reject a worthless nut as promptly as an old one will. Again the sense of smell is the guide; the sound-meated nut has an odor which the other has not. All animals are keen and wise in relation to their food and to their natural enemies. A red squirrel will chip up green apples and pears for the seeds at the core; can he know, on general principles, that these fruits contain seeds? Does not some clue to them reach his senses?

I have known gray squirrels to go many hundred yards in winter across fields to a barn that contained grain in the sheaf. They could have had no other guide to the grain than the sense of smell. Watch a chipmunk or any squirrel near at hand: as a friend of mine observed, he seems to be smelling with his whole body; his abdomen fairly palpitates with the effort.

The coon knows when the corn is in the milk, gaining that knowledge, no doubt, through his nose. He knows enough, too, at times to cut off his foot when caught in a trap, especially if the foot becomes frozen; but if you tell me he will treat his wound by smearing it with pitch or anything else, or in any way except by licking it, I shall discredit you. The practice of the art of healing by the application of external or foreign substances is a conception entirely beyond the capacity of any mere animal. If such a practice had been necessary for the continuance of the species, it would probably have been used. The knowledge it implies could not be inherited; it must needs come by experience. When a fowl eats gravel or sand, is it probable that the fowl knows what the practice is for, or has any notion at all about the matter? It has a craving for the gravel, that is all. Nature is wise for it.

The ostrich is described by those who know it intimately as the most stupid and witless of birds, and yet before leaving its eggs exposed to the hot African sun, the parent bird knows enough to put a large pinch of sand on the top of each of them, in order, it is said, to shade and protect the germ, which always rises to the highest point of the egg. This act certainly cannot

be the result of knowledge, as we use the term; the young ostrich does it as well as the old. It is the inherited wisdom of the race, or instinct.

A sitting bird or fowl turns its eggs at regular intervals, which has the effect to keep the yolk from sticking to the shell. Is this act the result of knowledge or of experience? It is again the result of that untaught knowledge called instinct. Some kinds of eggs hatch in two weeks, some in three, others in four. The mother bird has no knowledge of this period. It is not important that she should have. If the eggs are addled or barren, she will often continue to sit long beyond the normal period. If the continuance of the species depended upon her knowing the exact time required to hatch her eggs, as it depends upon her having the incubating fever, of course she would know exactly, and would never sit beyond the required period.

But what shall we say of Mrs. Anna Martin's story, in her "Home Life on an Ostrich Farm," of the white-necked African crow that, in order to feast upon the eggs of the ostrich, carries a stone high in the air above them and breaks them by letting it fall? This looks like reason, a knowledge of the relation of cause and effect. Mrs. Martin says the crows break tortoise-shells in the same way, and have I not heard of our own crows and gulls carrying clams and crabs into the air and dropping them upon the rocks?

If Mrs. Martin's statements are literally true,—if she has not the failing, so common among women observers, of letting her feeling and her fancies color her observations,—then her story shows how the pressure of hunger will develop the wit of a crow.

But the story goes one step beyond my credence. It virtually makes the crow a tool-using animal, and Darwin knew of but two animals, the man-like ape and the elephant, that used anything like a tool or weapon to attain their end. How could the crow gain the knowledge or the experience which this trick implies? What could induce it to make the first experiment of breaking an egg with a falling stone but an acquaintance with physical laws such as man alone possesses? The first step in this chain of causation it is easy to conceive of any animal taking—namely, the direct application of its own

powers or weapons to the breaking of the shell. But the second step,—the making use of a foreign substance or object in the way described,—that is what staggers one.

Our own crow has great cunning, but it is only cunning. He is suspicious of everything that looks like design, that suggests a trap, even a harmless string stretched around a corn-field. As a natural philosopher he makes a poor show, and the egg or the shell that he cannot open with his own beak he leaves behind. Yet even his alleged method of dropping clams upon the rocks to break the shells does not seem incredible. He might easily drop a clam by accident, and then, finding the shell broken, repeat the experiment. He is still only taking the first step in the sequence of causations.

A recent English nature-writer, on the whole, I think, a good observer and truthful reporter, Mr. Richard Kearton, tells of an osprey that did this incredible thing: to prevent its eggs from being harmed by an enforced exposure to the sun, the bird plunged into the lake, then rose, and shook its dripping plumage over the nest. The writer apparently reports this story at second-hand. It is incredible to me, because it implies a knowledge that the hawk could not possibly possess.

Such an emergency could hardly arise once in a lifetime to it or its forebears. Hence the act could not have been the result of inherited habit, or instinct, and as an original act on the part of the osprey it is not credible. The bird probably plunged into the lake for a fish, and then by accident shook itself above the eggs. In any case, the amount of water that would fall upon the eggs under such circumstances would be too slight to temper appreciably the heat.

There is little doubt that among certain of our common birds the male, during periods of excessive heat, has been known to shade the female with his outstretched wings, and the mother bird to shade her young in the same way. But this is a different matter. This emergency must have occurred for ages, and it, again, called only for the first step from cause to effect, and called for the use of no intermediate agent. If the robin were to hold a leaf or a branch above his mate at such times, that would imply reflection.

It is said that elephants in India will

besmear themselves with mud as a protection against insects, and that they will break branches from the trees and use them to brush away the flies. If this is true, it shows, I think, something beyond instinct in the elephant; it shows reflection.

All birds are secretive about their nests and show great cunning in hiding them; but whether they know the value of neutral material, such as moss, lichens, and dried grass, in helping to conceal them, admits of doubt, because they so often use the results of our own arts, as paper, rags, strings, tinsel, in such a reckless way. In a perfectly wild state they use neutral material because it is the handiest and there is really no other. The phoebe uses the moss on or near the rocks where she builds; the sparrows, the bobolinks, and the meadow-larks use the dry grass of the bank or of the meadow bottom where the nest is placed.

The English writer to whom I have referred says that the wren builds the outside of its nest of old hay straws when placing it in the side of a rick, of green moss when situated in a mossy bank, and of dead leaves when in a hedge-row or a bramble-bush, in each case thus rendering the nest very difficult of detection because it harmonizes so perfectly with its surroundings, and the writer wonders if this harmony is the result of accident or of design. He is inclined to think that it is unpremeditated, as I myself do. The bird uses the material nearest to hand.

Another case, which this same writer gives at second-hand, of a bird recognizing the value of protective coloration, is not credible. A friend of his told him that he had once visited a colony of terns "on an island where the natural breeding accommodation was so limited that many of them had conveyed patches of pebbles on to the grass and laid their eggs thereon."

Here is the same difficulty we have encountered before—one more step of reasoning than the bird is capable of. As a deduction from observed facts, a bird, of course, knows nothing about protective coloring; its wisdom in this respect is the wisdom of nature, and nature in animal life never acts with this kind of foresight. A bird may exercise some choice about the background of its nest, but it will not make both nest and background.

Nature learns by endless experiment.

Through a long and expensive process of natural selection she seems to have brought the color of certain animals and the color of their environment pretty close together, the better to hide the animals from their enemies and from their prey, as we are told; but the animals themselves do not know this, though they may act as if they did. Young terns and gulls instinctively squat upon the beach, where their colors so harmonize with the sand and pebbles that the birds are virtually invisible. Young partridges do the same in the woods, where the eye cannot tell the reddish tuft of down from the dry leaves. How many gulls and terns and partridges were sacrificed before nature learned this trick!

I regard the lower animals as incapable of taking the step from the fact to the principle. They have perceptions, but not conceptions. They may recognize a certain fact, but any deduction from that fact to be applied to a different case, or to meet new conditions, is beyond them. Wolves and foxes soon learn to be afraid of poisoned meat: just what gives them the hint it would be hard to say, as the survivors could not know the poison's deadly effect from experience; their fear of it probably comes from seeing their fellows suffer and die after eating it, or maybe through that mysterious means of communication between animals to which I have referred in a previous article. The poison probably changes the odor of the meat, and this strange smell would naturally put them on their guard.

But are they capable of availing themselves of this knowledge for purposes of their own? Will they take this poisoned meat and give it to an enemy, or to one of their captive young to end its sufferings in captivity? I do not think them capable of this conception. How can any mere animal have a knowledge of the nature and use of poison, or of the nature of death?

We do not expect rats to succeed in putting a bell on the cat, but if they were capable of conceiving such a thing, that would establish their claim to be regarded as reasonable beings. I should as soon expect a fox or a wolf to make use of a trap to capture its prey as to make use of poison in any way. Why does not the fox take a stick and spring the trap he is so afraid of? Simply because the act would

involve a mental process beyond him. He has not yet learned to use even the simplest implement to attain his end. Then he would probably be just as afraid of the trap after it was sprung as before. He in some way associates it with his arch-enemy, man.

Some of the domestic animals—a dog, a cat, a cow, a horse—may open a door or a gate, through imitation, of course, but they will not close it again unless trained to do so. The closing of it has no relation to their needs, while the opening of it has.

Such stories, too, as a chained fox or a coyote getting possession of corn or other grain and baiting the chickens with it,—feigning sleep till the chicken gets within reach, and then seizing it,—are of the same class, incredible because transcending the inherited knowledge of those animals. I can believe that a fox might walk in a shallow creek to elude the hound, because he may inherit this kind of cunning, and in his own experience he may have come to associate loss of scent with water. Animals stalk their prey, or lie in wait for it, instinctively, not from a process of calculation, as man does. If a fox would bait poultry with corn, why should he not, in his wild state, bait mice and squirrels with nuts and seeds? Has a cat ever been known to bait a rat with a piece of cheese?

Animals seem to have a certain association of ideas; one thing suggests another to them, as with us. This fact is made use of by animal-trainers. I can easily believe the story Charles St. John tells of the fox he saw waylaying some hares, and which, to screen himself the more completely from his quarry, scraped a small hollow in the ground and threw up the sand about it. But if St. John had said that the fox brought weeds or brush to make himself a blind, as the hunter often does, I should have discredited him, just as I discredit the observation of a man quoted by Romanes, who says that jackals, ambushing deer at the latter's watering-place, deliberately wait till the deer have filled themselves with water, knowing that in that state they are more easily run down and captured!

President Roosevelt, in "The Wilderness Hunter,"—a book, by the way, of even deeper interest to the naturalist than to the sportsman,—says that the moose

has to the hunter the "very provoking habit of making a half or three-quarters circle before lying down, and then crouching with its head so turned that it can surely perceive any pursuer who may follow its trail." This is the cunning of the moose developed through long generations of its hunted and wolf-pursued ancestors,—a cunning that does not differ from that of a man under the same circumstances, though, of course, it is not the result of the same process of reasoning.

I know a chipping sparrow that built her nest on a grape-vine just beneath a bunch of small green grapes. Soon the bunch grew and lengthened and filled the nest, crowding out the bird. If the bird could have foreseen the danger, she would have shown something like human reason.

Birds that nest along streams, such as the water-thrush and the water-ouzel, I suppose are rarely ever brought to grief by high water. They have learned through many generations to keep at a safe distance. I have never known a woodpecker to drill its nesting-cavity in a branch or limb that was ready to fall. Not that woodpeckers look the branch or tree over with a view to its stability, but that they will cut into a tree only of a certain hardness; it is a family instinct. Birds sometimes make the mistake of building their nests on slender branches that a summer tempest will turn over, thus causing the eggs or the young to spill upon the ground. Even instinct cannot always get ahead of the weather.

It is almost impossible for us not to interpret the lives of the lower animals in the terms of our own experience and our own psychology. I entirely agree with Lloyd Morgan that we err when we do so, when we attribute to them what we call sentiments or any of the emotions that spring from our moral and esthetic natures,—the sentiments of justice, truth, beauty, altruism, goodness, duty, and the like,—because these sentiments are the products of concepts and ideas to which the brute natures are strangers. But all the emotions of our animal nature—fear, anger, curiosity, local attachment, jealousy, or rivalry—are undoubtedly the same in the lower orders.

Though almost anything may be affirmed of dogs, for they are nearly half human, yet I doubt if even dogs experience the feeling of shame or guilt or revenge that

we so often ascribe to them. These feelings are all complex and have a deep root. When I was a youth my father had a big churn-dog that appeared one morning with a small bullet-hole in his hip. Day after day the old dog treated his wound with his tongue, after the manner of dogs, until it healed, and the incident was nearly forgotten. One day a man was going by on horseback, when the old dog rushed out, sprang at the man, and came near pulling him from the horse. It turned out that this was the person who had shot the dog, and the dog recognized him.

This looks like revenge, and it would have been such in you or me, but in the dog it was probably simple anger at the sight of the man who had hurt him. The incident shows memory and the association of impressions, but the complex feeling of vengeance, as we know it, is another matter.

If animals do not share our higher intellectual nature, we have no warrant for attributing to them anything like our higher and more complex emotional nature. Musical strains seem to give them pain rather than pleasure, and it is quite evident that perfumes have no attraction for them.

The stories, which seem to be well authenticated, of sheep-killing dogs that have slipped their collars in the night and indulged their passion for live mutton, and then returned and thrust their necks into their collars before their absence was discovered, do not, to my mind, prove that the dogs were trying to deceive their masters and conceal their guilt, but rather show how obedient to the chain and collar the dogs had become. They had long been subject to such control and discipline, and they returned to them again from the mere force of habit.

I do not believe even the dog to be capable of a sense of guilt. Such a sense implies a sense of duty, and this is a complex ethical sense that the animals do not experience. What the dog fears, and what makes him put on his look of guilt and shame, is his master's anger. A harsh word or a severe look will make him assume the air of a culprit whether he is one or not, and, on the other hand, a kind word and a reassuring smile will transform him into a happy beast, no matter if the blood of his victim is fresh upon him.

A dog is to be broken of a bad habit, if

at all, not by an appeal to his conscience or to his sense of duty, for he has neither, but by an appeal to his susceptibility to pain.

Both Pliny and Plutarch tell the story of an elephant which, having been beaten by its trainer for its poor dancing, was afterward found all by itself practising its steps by the light of the moon. This is just as credible as many of the animal stories one hears.

Many of the actions of the lower animals are as automatic as those of the tin rooster that serves as a weather-vane. See how intelligently the rooster acts, always pointing the direction of the wind without a moment's hesitation. Or behold the vessel anchored in the harbor, how intelligently it adjusts itself to the winds and the tides! I have seen a log, caught in an eddy in a flooded stream, apparently make such struggles to escape that the thing became almost uncanny in its semblance to life. Man himself often obeys just such unseen currents of race or history when he thinks he is acting upon his own initiative.

When I was in Alaska I saw precipices down which hundreds of horses had dashed themselves in their mad and desperate efforts to escape from the toil and suffering they underwent on the White Pass trail. Shall we say these horses deliberately committed suicide? Suicide it certainly was in effect, but of course not in intention. What does or can a horse know about death or about self-destruction? These animals were maddened by their hardships, and blindly plunged down the rocks.

The tendency to humanize the animals is more and more marked in all recent nature books that aim at popularity. A recent British book on animal life has a chapter entitled "Animal Materia Medica." The writer, to make out his case, is forced to treat as medicine the salt which the herbivorous animals eat, and the sand and gravel which grain- and nut-eating birds take into their gizzards to act as millstones to grind their grist. He might as well treat their food as medicine and be done with it. So far as I know, animals have no remedies whatever for their ailments. Even savages have, for the most part, only "fake" medicines.

A Frenchman has published a book,

which has been translated into English, on the "Industries of Animals." Some of these Frenchmen could give points even to our "Modern School of Nature Study." It may be remembered that Michelet said the bird floated, and that it could puff itself up so that it was lighter than the air! Not a little contemporary natural science can beat the bird in this respect.

The serious student of nature can have no interest in belittling or in exaggerating the intelligence of animals. What he wants is the truth about them, and this he will not get from our natural-history romancers, nor from the casual, untrained

observers who are sure to interpret the lives of the wood folk in terms of their own motives and experiences, nor from Indians, trappers, or backwoodsmen, who give such free rein to their fancies and superstitions.

Not to Romanes or Jesse or Michelet must we go for the truth about animals, but to the patient, honest Darwin, to such calm, keen, and philosophical investigators as Lloyd Morgan, and to the book of such sportsmen as Charles St. John, or to our own candid, intelligent, and wide-awake Theodore Roosevelt—men capable of disinterested observation, with no theories about animals to uphold.



THE VOYAGEUR-BOAT

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

CAMP—when the sun has barely set?
 Who wants the shore and camp-fire yet!
 Let your paddles swing once more;
 The clearing lies not far before,
 Our own home-clearing down the river,
 Where fields are bright, where birch-trees shiver.
 Like a birch-tree, slim and white,
 There Marie stands and waits to-night;
 I hear her voice, like a sweet bird's note,
 That seems to call our lagging boat.

Camp—when the moon is rising bright,
 And rock and rapid plain to sight!
 Do forest creatures lag and wait
 When they hear a calling mate?
 See that heron sweeping by;
 He has heard his mate's far cry:
 Hear that red buck leaping go;
 He seeks hushed places and his doe.

On, men! drive your paddles through!
 You have sweethearts calling you.
 These river waters rush for the sake
 Of her who waits them, the fair wood-lake;
 And shall we be more dull than they?
 Go, claim your kiss by break of day!



A LEAVE-TAKING

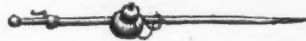
BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS

FORGIVE me, but I cannot rest;
My feet grow eager for the street;
The God of roads and stars knew best,
And wanted we should meet:—

But not to tarry, else why made,
Good friend, the endless road so fair;
Chequered his days with light and shade,
And cast them everywhere?

Why on each other's faces pore,
And die but midway of our kind;
While yet so much lies spread before,
So little, friend, behind?

Farewell! One pleasant halt is o'er;
One spell more hast thou on me cast:
I must go knock at every door
To find mine own at last!



SUSAN CLEGG'S COUSIN MARION

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "The Marrying of Susan Clegg" and "Susan Clegg's Adopted"

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN



AS a general rule people who do not need to go out stay in when it rains, and so Mrs. Lathrop was unfeignedly astonished when she saw Miss Clegg returning from town upon the afternoon of a certain more than ordinarily "April" day.

Susan perceived her neighbor regarding her from the window; but as her intentions were already disposed toward a friendly visit, the mixture of curiosity and contemplativeness which beamed from behind her friend's spectacles in no wise altered her course.

"I've been down-town to post a letter to Cousin Marion," she called out, as she turned in at the gate. Her tone suggested exclamation-points and nitroglycerin, and its effect on Mrs. Lathrop was soul-satisfying, to say the least.

"Cousin Marion!" that lady cried, in a tone born of a shriek and a gasp; and then, the window-frame appearing to cramp her

astonishment unduly, she hastened to the door and added, with uplifted hands: "Why, Susan Clegg, I did n't know you had a livin' relation to your name!"

Susan smiled. She enjoyed the sensation which she had provoked in her usually placid neighbor. She came up the steps, scraped her shoes, closed her umbrella, and entered the kitchen before giving forth another syllable. Then she said:

"You know, I set out to clean my garret this mornin', 'n' that's where I found her."

"In the garret?" cried Mrs. Lathrop.

Miss Clegg sat down.

"Mrs. Lathrop, you c'n believe me or not, jus' 's you please, but when I turned down the trunk-flap 'n' see that old mousy letter, I never had no more idea o' findin' a cousin 'n' I had o' findin' a moth—'n' you know how scarce moths are with me: I ain't so much 's seen one, except on the side o' the house towards you, for twenty years. I was n't a bit pleased at first,

either, for I supposed, o' course, it was a mere every-day letter, or maybe a bill, 'n' I was kind o' put out, anyway. I persume you saw the minister this mornin'?"

"Yes, I see him. Whatever—"

"Wanted to name the baby after me; 'n' I call it a pretty time to come about namin' a baby when a woman 's got one leg on a ladder 'n' her head tied up for bats. I thought he was the tin-peddler from Meadville, 'n' I run for the rag-bag, 'n' then there it was the minister! Well, I was n't pleased a-tall, 'n' I did n't ask him in, either. I stood in the doorway, 'n' if he

put out with the minister! He 's gettin' as bad 's his wife. He sets out to say suthin', 'n' then he roams all over kingdom come 'n' don't never get it out, 'n' me mad to be up garret all the time. Seems Felicia Hemans is jus' got to the silly readin' age, 'n' she 's wantin' to name the baby 'Brunhilde.' Seems it 's between me 'n' Brunhilde. I never hear of no Brunhilde, 'n' I up 'n' told the minister so to his face. 'Who is she, anyhow?' I says flat 'n' plain, for, Lord knows, if he 'd found a rich relation, I want my old flannels for cleanin' cloths from now on. But he explained that



"I NEVER HAD NO MORE IDEA O' FINDIN' A COUSIN 'N I HAD O' FINDIN' A MOTH"

was expectin' me to look happy 't havin' a compliment, it was one more time he did n't get what he expected. That was what he called it—'payin' me a compliment'; 'n' it struck me 's pretty high-flown language f'r wantin' to name a thirteenth baby after the richest woman in the c'm-munity. Seems to me thirteen was a good many to wait afore thinkin' o' me. 'N' I ain't sure I want a thirteenth baby named after me, anyhow. I never was foolish, like some people, 'n' you know that 's well 's I do, Mrs. Lathrop; but still you know 's well 's I do, too, 't it never was nothin' but safe to keep away from under ladders 'n' the number thirteen. 'N' then I do get so

Felicia Hemans got Brunhilde out of a book—the Nibble suthin' or other. 'Oh, well,' I says, 'f you c'n be suited with namin' your family after rats 'n' mice, I guess you c'n leave me out,' I says; 'n' I kind o' backed off so 's to make him go. But he stood still, 'n' o' course no Christian c'n shut the door in her minister's face, even if she is stark crazy to get to cleanin' her garret. 'Why don't you name her Minnie—after yourself?' I says. 'Minister,' you know. But I c'd see he did n't take to that a-tall. 'Oh, well,' I says then, feelin' 't I must get rid of him somehow, 'name her after me, if you want to, 'n' I'll give her'—'n' I was jus' goin' to say 'my

blessin', 'n' such a look come over him, 'n'—well, Mrs. Lathrop, maybe I 'm too tender-hearted for my own good, but I jus' had the feelin' 't I c'd 's easy pull the legs off of a live fly 's to disapp'int that face—'n' so I says 'a dollar,' right off before I really thought. 'N' what *do* you think—what *do* you think? 'F you 'll believe me, he did n't look overly pleased. 'N' *then* I *did* warm up a little. You don't expect much of a minister, 'n' I think 's a general rule we 're pretty patient with ours; but you *do* expect gratitude, 'n' a dollar 's a dollar, 'n' considerin' the garret into the bargain, I felt my temper comin' up pretty high, 'n' I jus' out with what I 'd been thinkin' all along, 'n' I spoke the truth flat 'n' plain to his face. 'I d'n' know,' I says, 'why I should be expected to give your baby more 'n a dollar. She ain't my baby, 'n' you know 's well 's I do where the blame for *that* lies.' 'N' then I banged the door in his face. Maybe it was n't jus' the proper thing to do, but if ever a woman had no need for a minister, it was *me* this mornin'."

"'N' about your Cousin Marion?" Mrs. Lathrop interposed.

Susan's eyes lighted.

"I was jus' comin' to 'er," she said quickly. "You see, when I get to thinkin' o' the minister, I do get so aggravated, 'n' I would n't be no woman nohow 'f I did n't show some feelin' over the way he 's been goin' about town tellin' every one how nice them stockin's o' mine fit him since they shrunk too small f'r me to be able to wear them. Mr. Kimball 's sayin' right 'n' left it 's 'cause I bought the wool o' Shores, 'n' if I 'd bought it o' him I 'd be wearin' all four pair to-day. He told Mrs. Fisher 't seein' it was 's it was, he looked to see them stockin's keep right on shrinkin' down through the minister's whole family, till they ended up socks on the new baby. A joke 's a joke, 'n' I c'n see the p'int of one 's well 's anybody, but I fail to see any p'int to that one. 'S far 's my observation 's extended, there ain't nothin' ladylike in the minister's wearin' my stockin's, nor yet in Mr. Kimball's entertainin' the c'mmunity with 'em. A woman 'at 'll give away four pair o' brand-new hand-knit stockin's for no better reason 'n 't the heels shrunk down under her instep, I call doin' a deed o' Christian charity 'n' not layin' herself open to no species o' fun-makin'. 'N' I ain't

the only one 't views the thing so serious, neither. Mr. Shores feels jus' as bad 's I do about it. Not 's I thank him any for his interest. He come runnin' to catch me the other day, 'n' asked me 'f I used cold water to wash 'em the first time. Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I was jus' so plumb petrified 't I stood stock-still starin' for a good minute afore I c'd get voice to ask him who give *him* authority to teach me how to wash my own stockin's. I told him I 'd take it as a great kindness if he 'n' the rest of the town would shut their mouths right up tight on my stockin's. I says to him, I says: 'Mr. Shores, when your wife eloped, I was one o' the very few 's blamed *her*, 'n' I beg 'n' pray 't the quality of your wool won't force me to change my mind. Your clerk 't she eloped with,' I says, 'once give me a nickel three-cent piece for a dime,' I says, 'n' up to the first washin' o' them stockin's I never so much 's breathed a suspicion of your mebbe dividin' that seven cents with him. But I ain't so sure now,' I says; 'n' then I walked off, leavin' him good 'n' meek, I c'n assure you. 'N' the end o' the whole is 't my trade, as ranges from ten to fifty cents a week,—'n' *always* cash,—is lost to *every one*, f'r I shall buy in the city after this."

Miss Clegg paused again. Mrs. Lathrop panted with impatience.

"'N' your cousin?" she reminded her friend.

"Yes," said Susan; "I was thinkin' that 't was about time 't you was showin' *some* interest in what I come to tell you, 'n' me here the best part of a full half-hour now. Well, 'n' my cousin. She come out of a letter, Mrs. Lathrop, a' old, torn letter 't you or any other ordinary person would 'a' probably torn up without even readin'. But *you* know 't I was never one to do things slipshod, 'n' I read every scrap I find everywhere; 'n' it 's good I do, f'r if I did n't, Cousin Marion would 'a' burnt with the other scraps, 'n' I 'd 'a' missed about the happiest moments I 've knowed since father died; for you c'n believe me or not, jus' 's you please, Mrs. Lathrop, but I cried over the letter, 'n' 'f some of it was the dust in my nose, anyhow the rest was real affection; for, Lord knows, when you 're rootin' out mice 'n' cobwebs, you ain't lookin' to find a relative. But, anyhow, there she was, 'n' if she ain't died in the meantime—for the letter 's dated fifty

years ago—I may know suthin' o' family life yet. It was the beautifulest letter 't I ever read. You c'u'd n't imagine nothin' more beautiful. I 'm afraid mother 'n' me misjudged father, owin' to the everlastin' up 'n' down stairs, 'n' mother used to say right out 't it was a race which he stuck closest to, his bed or his money. But he was n't always like that, 'n' this letter shows it, f'r Lord knows what he must 'a' give Cousin Marion to lead her to write him a letter like that. Not to deceive you,

tinued shortly, "'n' she writ it from Knoxville fifty-one years ago come last October. Did you *never* hear anythin' of her?'"

Mrs. Lathrop screwed her face up thoughtfully, but was forced to screw it into a negation, after all.

"Seems funny 't father never spoke of her after mother was past bein' jealous 'n' buried. He c'd 'a' said anythin' about anybody to me them years, 'n' 'f I had time to listen I 'd 'a' been bound to hear; but I never hear him say one word o' family



"'FELICIA HEMANS IS JUS' GOT TO THE SILLY READIN' AGE'"

Mrs. Lathrop, the letter was that grateful that I ain't altogether sure 't I ain't a little bit troubled over it. It ain't a' altogether agreeable thing to suddenly find out 't your own father 's got distant relations callin' down daily blessin's on him for his 'overwhelmin' generosity.' That 's what she said, 'n' I can't deny that the words sent a cold chill over me as I read 'em. The whole letter was writ in the same style, 'n' it did n't take me long to hatch more 'n a suspicion 't the reason 't I never hear o' Cousin Marion was 'cause she was head over heels in love with father once upon a time. It was sort o' touchin', too, to think how near her letter come to bein' one o' mother's, 'n' I cried till I sneezed; f'r, if I do say it to my shame, Mrs. Lathrop, the dust was knee-high to a' ant—'n' more, too—in my own garret this mornin'."

Susan paused to use her pocket-handkerchief over her souvenirs in general.

"Marion Prim was her name," she con-

tinued shortly, "except that he thanked the Lord Almighty that he had n't got none, 'n' I naturally took them words as signifyin' 't he was speakin' the truth. But this letter 't I 've just found shows 't it was n't so, after all; 'n', what 's more, it shows a woman like me, as has had four men wantin' to marry her in one week, suthin' else. I c'n read pretty plain between the lines o' that writin', Mrs. Lathrop, 'n' there 's a shakiness about it 's lets me see 't suthin' pretty close to love-makin' had passed between her as writ that letter 'n' him who kept it carefully hid away till long after he was dead. I 'd be willin' to venture a guess 't Cousin Marion c'd get money out o' father with less pain 'n mother could, 'n' under them circumstances I don't blame mother for showin' feelin'. The more I think about it, Mrs. Lathrop, the plainer I c'n see 't Cousin Marion was a sore thorn in father's 'n' mother's life. Perhaps that was what gave him the paralysis. The doctor said 't it

was suthin' obscure, 'n' if a thing 't ain't found out till years after you 're dead ain't obscure, I d'n' know what is, I 'm sure. Anyway, I 've took my stand, 'n' it was the only sensible one to take. This is the only chance I 've ever had to find a place where I c'd have a change without payin' board, 'n' so I jus' sat down 'n' wrote to Cousin Marion 't if it 's convenient to her, I 'll come to Knoxville 'n' spend Sunday with her. She 's bound to be pleased 't

get to go there, the Lord knows I certainly shall rejoice to have some of my own to talk to; for blood is thicker 'n water, an', although I don't want to hurt your feelin's, Mrs. Lathrop, you could n't in truth deny yourself that you ain't no conversationalist. I 've been thinkin' 't I 'll take Cousin Marion father's cane for a present; if she 's alive a-tall, it 'd surely come very handy to her, 'n' since I bought a carpet-beater it ain't no manner o' service to me. I



Florence Southwick Allen

"HE HAD THE IMPUDENCE TO STOP ME DOWN-TOWN
'N' ASK ME 'F I WOULD N'T LEND HIM TEN
CENTS ON A ROOSTER!"

bein' remembered after fifty years, 'n' I 've got father's nose, 'n' that 'll help a good deal, of course. She can't be worse 'n dead, 'n' if she 's dead 'n' don't answer, I sha'n't never give the subjec' another thought, for I naturally ain't got very fond of her jus' from findin' her musty old letter stuffed in the flap of a trunk 't I 've been achin' to hack to pieces for twenty years. I never went up in the garret without I skinned myself somewhere on that trunk, 'n' you know how often I go up garret, Mrs. Lathrop; so it goes without sayin' 't I 've been considerably skinned first 'n' last. But if she *should* be alive, 'n' I *should*

did n't get my trunk down, 'cause I 'll have Friday to pack anyhow, 'n' any one c'n slide a trunk down a ladder, but nobody can't slide nothin' up nowhere. Besides, I sh'd look like a fool puttin' back a trunk 't I 'd hauled out to visit a cousin 't nine times out o' ten 's been dead 'n' buried for years; 'n' I ain't no fool—never was, 'n' never will be."

A short pause ensued, in which Susan took in a fresh supply of breath.

"The difficulty o' all things in this world," she continued presently, "is 't if you have any brains a-tall you 're bound to have so much work for 'em. Now this



"MRS. LATHROP HASTENED TO FORTIFY HER WITH TEA AND GINGERBREAD"

findin' o' Cousin Marion looks simple enough at first, but the more I turn her upside down 'n' round 'n' round, the more new lights I get. When you come to consider 't I only found the letter this mornin', 'n' 'at it ain't supper-time yet, you c'n easy see 't my day's been more 'n full o' brain-work. Comin' up the street jus' now, the question o' the possibility o' Cousin Marion's bein' poor come up in my mind, 'n' I c'n speak out freely to you, Mrs. Lathrop, so I will remark 't I c'n guarantee 't father never give her nothin' o' late years. 'F she 's poor, I know jus' what 's goin' to happen when she gets my letter, 'n' 'f the letter had n't been posted afore I thought o' this view of the matter, I 'm free to confess I never would 'a' posted it a-tall; f'r I know beyond a shadow of a doubt 't if my visit to Cousin Marion is goin' to lead to her askin' to borrow so much 's a quarter, I sh'll bitterly regret havin' ever clawed her out from back o' that trunk-flap. There ain't no possible good in lendin' money to any one 's can't pay it back, 'n' I learned that lesson to my bitter cost when I had that little business with Sam Duruy. That took all the likin' to lend out o' me once 'n' f'r all time. I

thought I was so safe; I looked in all four of his hoofs, 'n' swished my handkerchief in each eye, 'n' he was certainly lively, 'n' so I planked down my five dollars, 'n' we both signed the paper about payin' in a month, 'n' Sam was to keep on drivin' the horse. Well, Mrs. Lathrop, you know 's well 's I do what happened, 'n' the skin brought seventy-five cents. Sam sued the railroad, 'n' the railroad asked him why he did n't observe the 'Look out for the locomotive.' I told him to go into court 'n' swear he could n't read, 'n' he would n't do it, 'cause he said 't Judge Fitch used to be his school-teacher 'n' knowed 't he could. 'N' then I offered to go to court myself 'n' swear on the Bible 't the whole town looked on him 's more 'n half a' idiot, 'n' his father did n't take to the idea a-tall. So they did n't even pay his lawyer, 'n' it goes without sayin' 't o' course he could n't pay me. 'N' then, do you know, Mrs. Lathrop, this very afternoon he had the impudence to stop me down-town 'n' ask me 'f I would n't lend him ten cents on a rooster! I was pretty nigh to put out, I c'n assure you. 'Not while I have the breath o' life in my body,' I says, 'n' it shook when I said it. 'What 's to guaran-

tee me 't your rooster won't take it into *his* head to go a-promenadin' on the railroad-track?' I says. He began to say 't even dead the rooster was worth more 'n ten cents. 'I d'n' know about that,' I says. 'It don't strike me 's nowadays likely 't when he suddenly observes the engine 'most on top of him he 's goin' to take the time to lay his head square 'n' even across the rail, 'n' you know 's well 's I do 't no rooster killed cornerways ain't goin' to bring no nickel apiece for his corners. No, Mr. Samuel Duruy,' I says; 'your lively horse has taught me a lesson,' I says, 'n' hereafter I don't lend money on so much 's a' egg without I see a good curb-bit bought 'n' put in its mouth first,' I says. 'N' then I walked off, 'n' the end of all is 't if Cousin Marion 's poor, I certainly ain't very wild to have her find out 's I 'm rich. But then, I ain't very anxious for her to be rich either, I must say. For it don't take no blind man to figger out 't if she 's rich, the money 'd ought to 'a' been mine, 'n' that 's a' awful feelin', Mrs. Lathrop—the feelin' 't other folks 's rich on your money. 'N' another thing is 't if she *is* rich, 'n' I 'm goin' to visit her, I 'll *have* to buy a new bonnet. 'F she 's rich, I want her to see right off 't I 'm rich, too. 'F she talks about her money, I sh'll come out square 'n' solid 'n' talk about mine, 'n' I guess I c'n talk her down. I 'll try good 'n' hard—I know that. 'N' if she puts me beyond all patience, I sh'll get right up 'n' smash her flat with her own letter o' fifty years ago. I don't believe nobody c'd put on airs in the face of their own name signed to bein' saved from want by the kind, graspin' hand of my dead-'n'-gone father. But I must say, Mrs. Lathrop, 't I don't want to buy a new bonnet. Bonnets is a' awful waste o' money, 'n' I 've nothin' in me 't cries out to fling money away in extravagances. 'N' speakin' o' waste reminds me 't I ain't got no more time to throw away here. So, 's I 'm always frank 'n' open with you, Mrs. Lathrop, I 'll mention the fact 'n' jus' go now."

THE letter which Susan Clegg addressed to her cousin, "Marion Prim, Knoxville," did actually reach the hands of the person for whom it was intended, and the return mail brought an answer which the two friends studied in a mutual intellectual darkness.

"Says she 's lived for fifty years on the

motto 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' 'n' now my letter 's come." (It was Susan who thus voiced her understanding of the letter.) "Says I c'n come 'f I want to, an' mebbe it 'll be some satisfaction. I don't call that by no means cordial, but I 'm bound to consider 't if Cousin Marion 's father's flesh 'n' blood she could n't naturally be very open-hearted, 'n' I must overlook her in consequence. I think I sh'll go anyhow, but I won't take no trunk, nor yet buy no bonnet. I sh'll take the early train 'n' come back 't night; 'n' God help me while I 'm gone, Mrs. Lathrop, for I have a goose-flesh kind o' sensation 't I 'm goin' to get a surprise."

MISS CLEGG's presentiment came true. She did get a surprise—a great one.

She took the early train, and she returned about six that evening, a pitiable object that appeared to have barely survived some hitherto unknown species of catastrophe. Mrs. Lathrop was truly alarmed over her guise and garb.

"Come right over," she cried at the top of her voice. "I 've got the kettle a-bilin', an'—"

"I was comin' anyway," Susan called feebly back, and then she wearily entered her neighbor's gate, wearily climbed her neighbor's steps, and sank exhausted in one of her neighbor's chairs.

Mrs. Lathrop hastened to fortify her with tea and gingerbread. Susan ate and drank freely.

"I ain't had a bite since I left home," she volunteered as she swallowed the third cup of tea.

"Was n't your cousin to home, after all?" Mrs. Lathrop inquired eagerly.

"My cousin!" said the traveler, with a tone of voice that suggested revelations as yet unrevealed. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Lathrop, my cousin was to home!"

Mrs. Lathrop felt herself to be silenced, and spoke no more. Miss Clegg drank all the tea and ate all the gingerbread. When she was all through, she opened her mouth suddenly and fired a bomb.

"I wish I 'd never gone!" she said, with a vigor that supported the truth of her statement in full. "I wish I 'd never gone! 'N' f'r the future, Mrs. Lathrop, I 'll thank you to never say 'relation' to me, f'r I 've had enough family to-day to last me till I die, 'n' so help me God 'f I ever forget it."



"SUSAN CLEGG," HE SCREAMED—"SUSAN CLEGG!"

She paused, and Mrs. Lathrop dared not respond.

"In the first place, I started out wrong. Knoxville ain't on this line a-tall. It's on the A. & B., and only its junction is on this line. Mrs. Lathrop, don't you never trust yourself to a junction, whatever else you may see fit to do. My experience c'n jus' as well be a warnin' to you too, f'r they put me off three miles from where there ain't no omnibus, 'n' I had to walk over a road laid out with three hills to the mile. I tell you, by the time I'd clum the fourth hill I had n't no family feelin's left in me, 'n' when I got into the town at last, 'n' then found 's Cousin Marion was two hills out the other way, I had a good mind to take the next train home 'n' leave her there. For I give you my word of honor, Mrs. Lathrop, 't I was 'most dead, 'n' Lord only knows what made me keep on; f'r what come after was enough to shake my faith in the Lord forever, 'f I really believed 's any one but Cousin Marion had one word to say in the matter. I was all used up when I got there, 'n' nothin' 't I see revived me any, either. The *awfulest* old tumble-down house 't ever I see—pigs in the yard, 'n' 'Prim' on the gate-post. 'N' to think 't I was related to 'em all!

There was a ' old man sittin' on a chair on the porch in one boot 'n' one slipper 'n' a cane. He looked at me 's if he 'd like to eat me up alive 'n' then just revel to gnaw on the bones, 'n' you c'n mebbe realize, Mrs. Lathrop, 't I was n't noways happy when I said to him 't I wanted to see my cousin Marion Prim. He jus' give a nod, 'n' I took it 't she was somewhere aroun', 'n' I was so nigh to give out 't I jus' sank right down on the steps, 'n'—oh, my soul 'n' body, Mrs. Lathrop, you 'd ought to 'a' heard him yell!

"'Not on my steps!' he screamed, poundin' with his cane 'n' shakin' with his fist. 'Not on my steps!' he jus' howled. 'Not while I 'm alive! Not while I c'n pervent! Not while I c'n help it! No Clegg sits afore me,' he shrieks,—'not now 'n' not never!' 'You c'n imagine, Mrs. Lathrop, that I did n't do no sittin' down under them circumstances. I shook all over instead, 'n' I backed off quite a ways. 'N' he sat there, chokin', 'n' gaspin', 'n' purple, 'n' swallowin', 'n' finally I got up courage enough to ask him where Cousin Marion was. 'N' then—oh, Mrs. Lathrop, I honestly thought he would bust! 'I 'm Cousin Marion!' he yelled right in my face; 'n' you c'd 'a' clubbed me with a

straw 'n' gagged me with a wisp o' hay that minute, I do assure you. I'm free to confess 't I never was so near to fallin' over backward in all my life before. 'N' then you 'd ought to 'a' heard him! I tell you, I was scared—I was good 'n' scared. I d'n' know 's I was ever scared in my life before; but my very knees grew clammy. I c'u'd n't say one livin' word; I c'u'd n't do one livin' thing but jus' stand 'n' shake 'n' listen to him yell 'n' pound.

"Susan Clegg, he screamed—'Susan Clegg!'—'N' he kept poundin' harder 'n' gettin' redder 'n' redder every minute.—'Susan Clegg, I'm glad you 've come. I wanted you to come. I've wanted you to come f'r a long time. I did n't know who it 'u'd be, but I've been wantin' somebody to come, 'n' been waitin' for 'em to come f'r fifty years, 'n' more, too. I've been holdin' in f'r fifty years! I've been thinkin' what I wanted to say f'r fifty years! Now I c'n say it! Now I c'n be happy sayin' it! I wish it was your father, but you 'll do!'

"My heavens alive, Mrs. Lathrop, you 'd ought to 'a' seen him! He went from red to purple 'n' from purple to 'most black, 'n' his eyes stood right out, 'n' he shook his cane right in my face, 'n' screamed loud enough to wake the dead: 'Susan Clegg, your father was a shark! Susan Clegg, your father was a skinkflint! Susan Clegg, your father was a miser! Susan Clegg, your father was a thief!'—'N' all this with me where I could n't but hear, 'n' he knew it!—'Susan Clegg, I was a young man in difficulties,' he says, 'n' I wanted a hunderd dollars bad,' he says, 'n' 'f I 'd had it I c'd 'a' bought into a nice business 'n' married a girl with a nice property, 'n' made this place blossom like a wilderness, 'n' seen the fig-trees o' my fig-trees sittin' in my shade; 'n' I went to your father,' he says, 'n' told him all the inmost recesses of my heart o' hearts,' he says, 'n' explained to him how the business could n't but pay, 'n' interduced him to the girl, 'n' then hired a livery horse 'n' drove him home to think about it. 'N' what come next, Susan Clegg?'—'N' oh, Mrs. Lathrop,

I thought he was goin' to come at me with his cane or else bust right then 'n' there!—'N' what come next? After keepin' me hoppin' on red-hot needles for one long solid week, he writ me to say as he could n't possibly, 'n' it wa'n't no use to never ask him again!

"Susan Clegg, I smashed a window,' he says, 'right then 'n' there,' he says, 'n' I vowed a vow 'n' I writ a letter, 'n' it must 'a' been that letter 's you found, f'r, s' help me Heaven, I never writ him one afore or after! 'N' then I went West to make a fortune, 'n' I did n't make no fortune, but I got my hands on a hunderd dollars, 'n' I come home lickety-split to buy that business 'n' marry that girl. I went to see about the business first, Susan Clegg, 'n' what did I find? What did I find, Susan Clegg?'—Mrs. Lathrop, I thought he 'd yell my head off.—'I found your father 'd bought the business—my business—'n' I was left out in the cold!

"Susan Clegg, I smashed a table,' he says, 'n' two chairs,' he says, 'n' I went to see the girl to ask her to wait a little longer, 'n' fire 'n' brimstone 'n' saltpeter, 'f your father had n't gone 'n' married my girl!

"'N' there was all below to pay,' he says, 'n' I vowed bloody murder,' he says, 'n' they bound me over to keep the peace, 'n' then they moved away,' he says, 'n' I sit down to wait for my vengeance,' he says, 'n' it 's come at last,' he says, 'n'—

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I did n't wait to hear no more. I did n't feel like I had strength to. I run! 'N', heavens, *how* I run! I clum them hills jus' 's fast on the up 's the down, 'n' boarded the first train 's went by. It took me down to Meadville, 'n' I could n't get one back till the five-o'clock, 'n' I ain't quit shakin' yet. Lord knows, I never had no relations afore, 'n' I never want none again. I feel like from now on I 'd never want anythin' but you, Mrs. Lathrop, 'n' I can't say nothin' stronger for what I 've just lived through."

Mrs. Lathrop's eyes filled with gratitude over the compliment; but she said nothing.





Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. See "Open Letters"

THE BELLE OF THE COLONY
FROM THE PAINTING BY DOUGLAS VOLK
THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES



From a photograph

THE SUMMER PALACE AS SEEN ACROSS THE LAKE

SUMMER SPLENDOR OF THE CHINESE COURT

A RECEPTION BY THE EMPRESS DOWAGER AT
THE SUMMER PALACE¹

BY MINNIE NORTON WOOD

IN most countries where royalty holds sway, an imperial audience does not suggest unusually early rising: when one of these functions occurs in the "Flowery Kingdom" while the court is at the summer palace, foreign guests are received at 10 A.M., which, according to Chinese etiquette, is late. As the summer palace is twelve miles from Peking, we had to rise at half-past five, make an elaborate toilet (in reception, not court, gowns), breakfast, and start at half-past seven. But what cared we for early hours! Were we not to behold the gorgeous Chinese court, and the great Manchu empress, upon whom the eyes of the world are focused to-day?

On this glorious October day of 1903 our party consisted of Mrs. Conger, the wife of our minister to China, her interpreter Miss P——, a friend, and myself. As the streets of Peking are execrable, we went in an army ambulance drawn by a pair of American mules and driven by a United States soldier,—courteously fur-

nished by the commanding officer of the legation guard,—thus securing to us partial immunity from the ruts and irregularities of the road. Our escort consisted of one Chinese soldier and several mounted *mafoos* (grooms) riding ahead and behind. Surely an unpretentious cavalcade to go to court.

In the Orient, where strength, social status, in fact everything that counts in favor of a man or a country, is estimated by exterior show, it is certainly shortsighted of our government not to provide adequate display for its representatives. A few American soldiers suitably mounted and equipped as a special legation escort would go far to impress American prestige upon the minds of these Orientals. This may be avowedly opposed to Jeffersonian simplicity and our democratic ideas, but it is an established fact which other countries quickly recognize and act upon, thus securing favors for their representatives that are hesitatingly granted to people less well provided for.

The morning was keen and bright. Our

¹ For the description of a reception at the winter residence, see the article by Miss Belle Vinnege Drake in *THE CENTURY* for September, 1902.

way lay through miles of city streets teeming with shrieking, gaudy, squalid, inscrutable Oriental life. On every street corner soldiers wearing dilapidated straw hats and purple cotton uniforms splashed with red ideographs, and carrying a short sword or stick, shared authority with policemen in red-and-gray uniforms, mushroom-shaped hats with scarlet tassels, and long black cloth boots. Everywhere peddlers hawked their wares: luscious golden persimmons, apples, vegetables, dried fish, eels, and innumerable Chinese delicacies. Mangy dogs slept in sunny corners; black pigs wallowed and children played in and about the same stagnant pools. Droves of stately camels, loaded with brick-tea and silks, rested by the roadside or were starting on their long journey over the mountains to Manchuria and Mongolia. Men, women, and children in silks or rags emerged from the same dirty alleys or stood about little shops. Manchu girls in gay clothes and showy head-dresses of artificial flowers walked proudly erect on their natural feet, consciously superior to their Chinese sisters hobbling along on their deformed stumps. High officials passed, borne in sedan-chairs, preceded and followed by retainers in liv-

ery; whole families drove in Pekingese carts drawn by one sturdy mule; big men rode on small donkeys and on horseback; thousands went afoot—scholars, priests, merchants, eunuchs, and the great unwashed, making bedlam of the streets through which we passed. And all these were but a tithe of the vast numbers lining the road, gazing wonderingly and no doubt derisively on the "foreign devils" going to court.

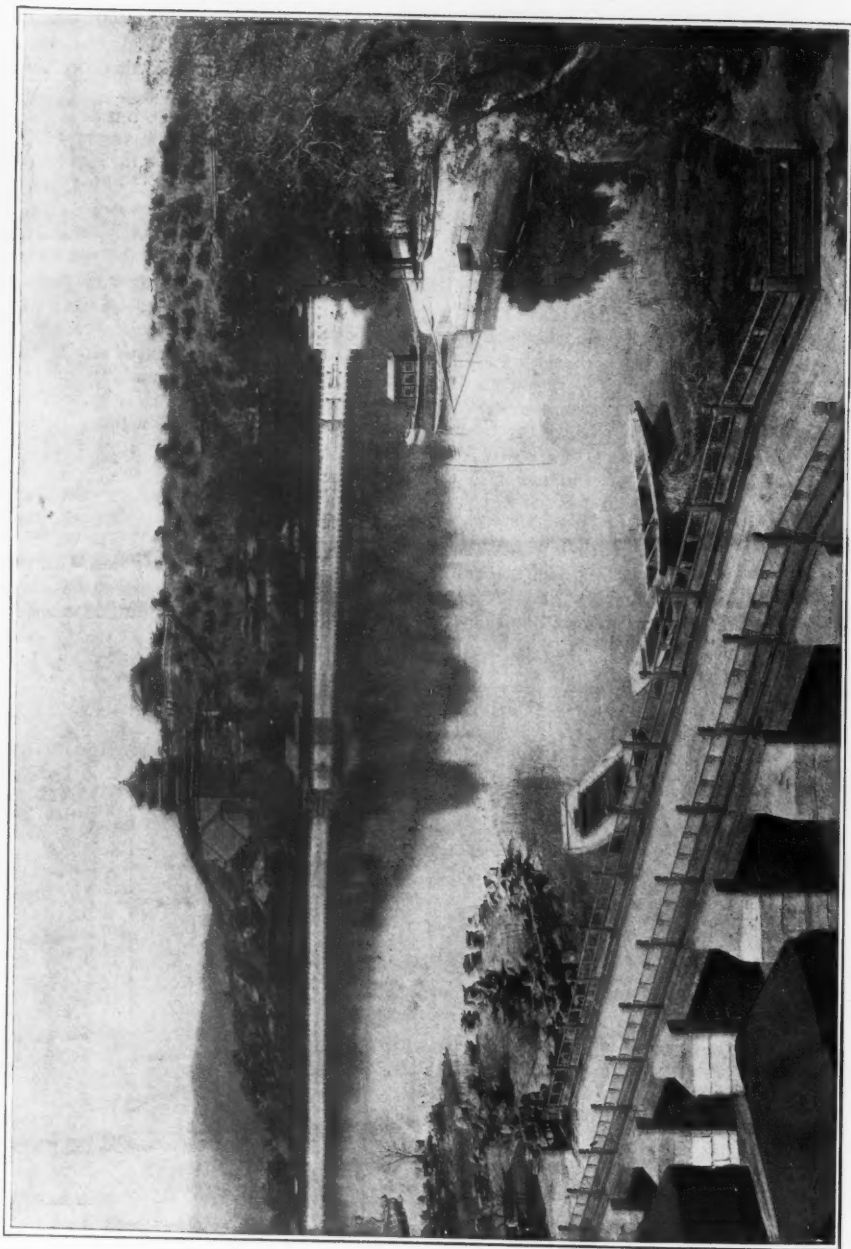
Once outside the northwestern gate of the Tatar City, we left its abominable streets for a level stone road built in 1894, on the occasion of the Dowager Empress's sixtieth birthday, and the rest of the drive was in comparative comfort. The vast level country was most picturesque under the brilliant autumn sunshine, making one forget the squalor and filth of the city. Groves of live-oaks, poplars, and willows dotted the landscape. Farmers were harvesting great fields of millet, that grows from eight to twelve feet high and furnishes food for millions of Chinese. Our attention was suddenly called to small piles of fresh earth at short intervals along both sides of the road—indicating that royalty was to pass, and must tread unprofaned soil. We learned afterward that after we went by the



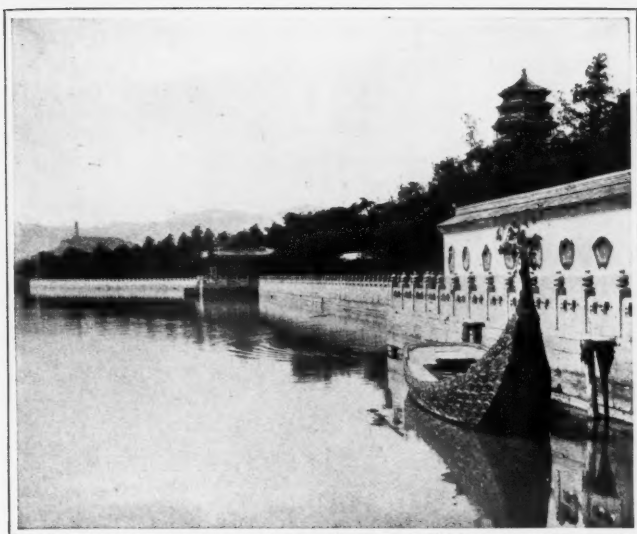
Sydney Adamson

Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

A PAVILION PIER BUILT IN THE FORM OF A MARBLE BOAT



From a photograph by Captain C. F. O'Keefe, U. S. V., China Relief Expedition
VIEW OF THE SUMMER PALACE FROM THE SOUTHEAST



From a photograph, copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS'S GONDOLA

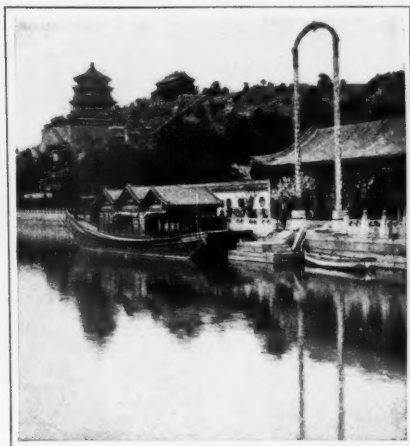
earth was spread over the road for three new concubines of the Emperor, to whom we were presented later. We passed a procession of seven pretentious sedan-chairs occupied by lady guests of Sir Robert Hart, each carried by four bearers. Relays of eighty-four coolies followed in seven carts, the whole escorted by mounted mafoos. The ladies from the Japanese, German, Spanish, Italian, and other legations were in close carriages, each attended by a detachment of mounted troops. The yellow roofs of the summer palace and temples, gleaming on the hillside, showed that we were nearing our destination, and every faculty was keenly alert. Again vast crowds of lookers-on lined the road and made way for us.

Thus we reached the palace gate. We were shown into a dressing-room, and

after a hasty touch to our toilets were met by Wang Wen, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and others of the highest dignitaries, who with much ceremony welcomed Mrs. Conger, the *doyenne*, and her party in behalf of their Majesties. We were then escorted through several courts, under a great pavilion blazing with the costumes of a vast concourse of people, to the audience-

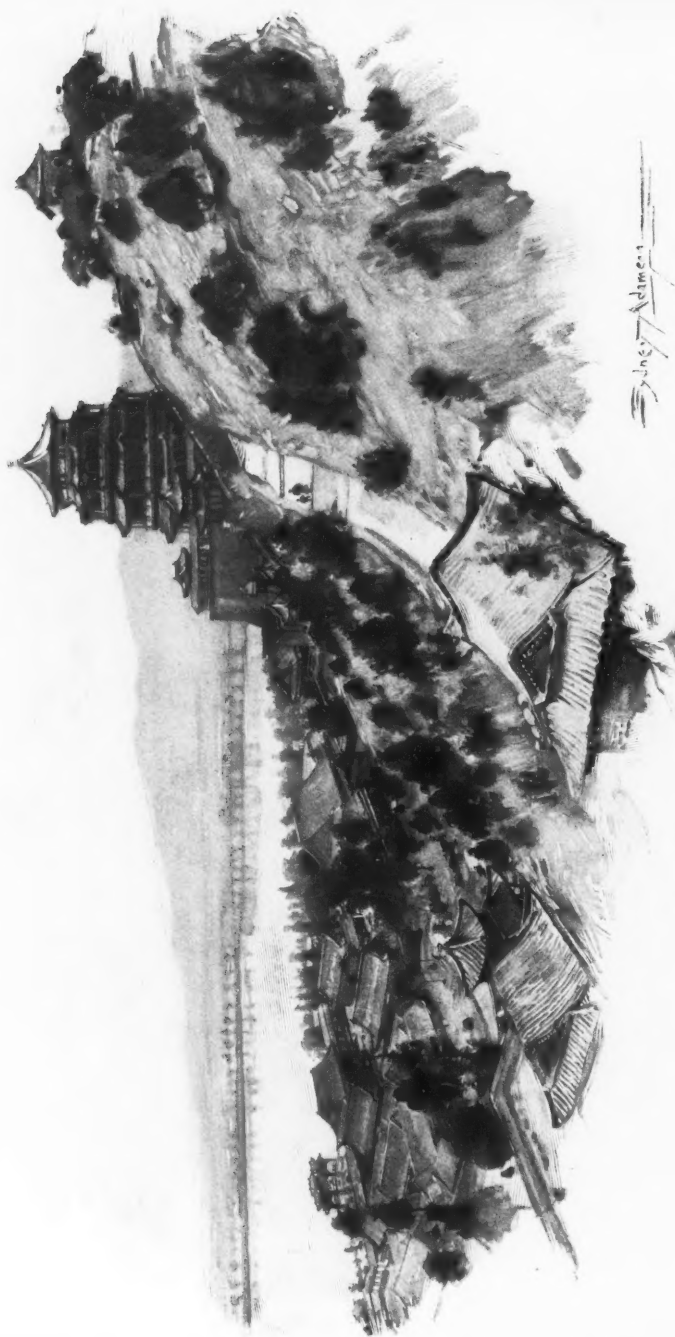
chamber. We entered the door and stood in the presence of the Empress Dowager. We made three reverences, and raised our eyes to behold the wonderful scene before us.

Under a canopy of yellow satin and gold, surmounting the imperial throne, sat the most despotic female ruler that, probably, the world has ever known. She was in robes of cloth of gold, with a towering head-dress of priceless jewels. At



From a photograph, copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

THE EMPEROR'S HOUSE-BOAT



Sydney Adamson

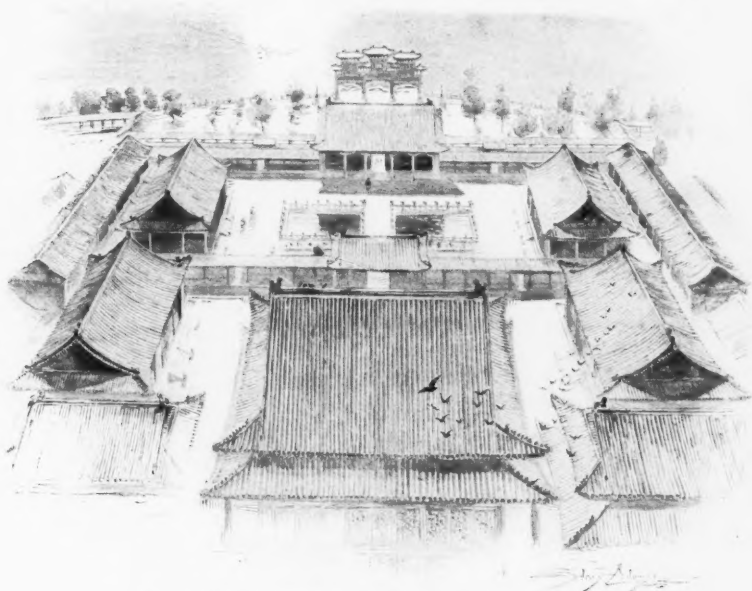
Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Halfstone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

VIEW ACROSS THE LAKE TO THE WESTERN HILLS, FROM THE HILLSIDE EAST OF THE CENTRAL PAGODA

her left, a trifle below, sat the puny, impotent Emperor, looking like a boy of eighteen. On either side the throne were tall gold standards holding peacock-feather fans. On the narrow table in front of the Empress Dowager rested a crystal case inclosing a scepter of carved jade and coral. Her Majesty acknowledged our presence by a gracious bow. Mrs. Conger proceeded with a formal greeting, passed up the steps

Chinese mother and an American father, and reared in Boston, where she married Mr. Yu, returning with him to China. He was minister to Japan and later to France, and with his family returned recently to Peking. His wife and daughters speak French and English, and in Parisian costumes were striking figures in the midst of this gorgeous barbaric court.

Another figure of much importance at



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

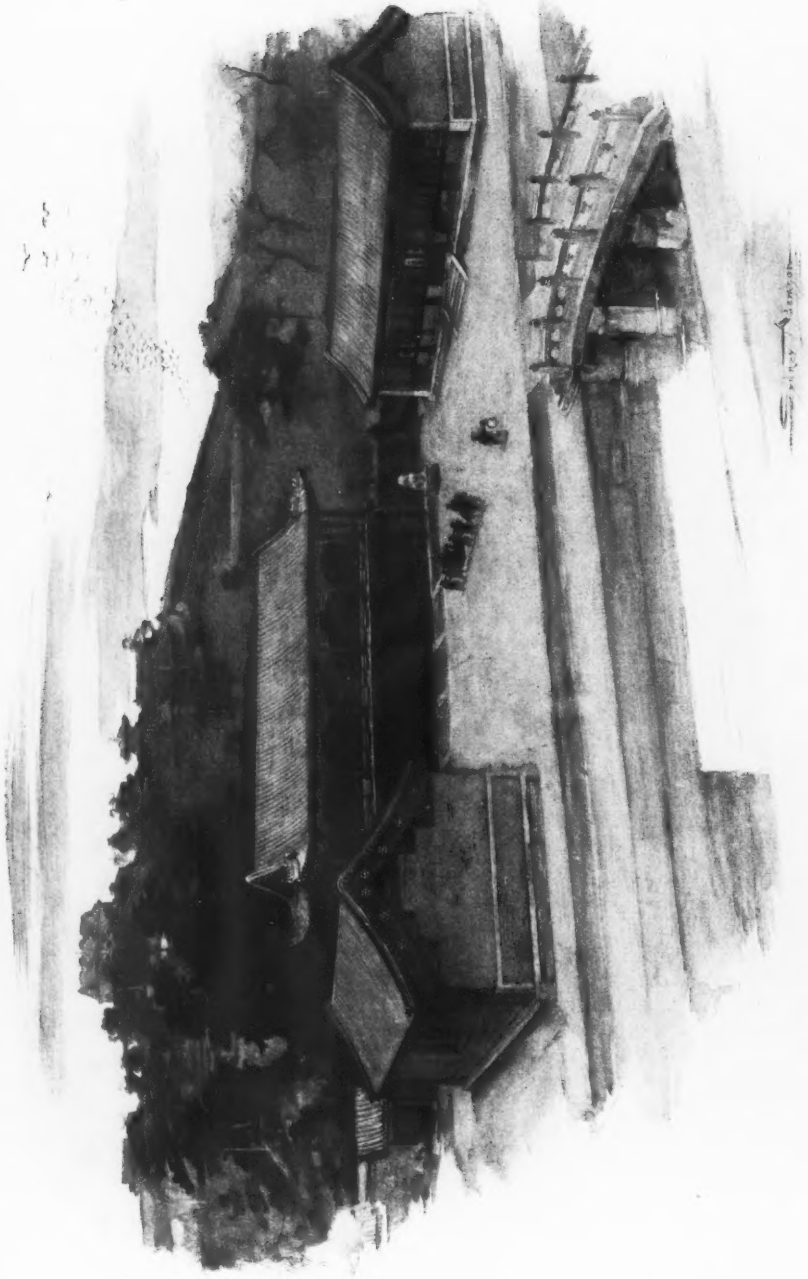
THE OLD PALACE COMPOUND AS SEEN FROM THE CENTRAL PAGODA

For the location, observe the roofs directly between the pagoda and the arch, in the picture on the opposite page

to the left, presented herself at the throne with the usual obeisance, shook hands with her Majesty, exchanged a few words through Miss Yu, a lady in waiting and interpreter, shook hands with and bent the knee to his Majesty the Emperor, and resumed her place on the floor. Each guest did the same. As Mrs. Conger and Mme. Uchida alone preceded me, I had a favorable opportunity for observation, which both these friends furthered in every way. We were presented in turn to Empress No. 1, Empress No. 2, half a dozen concubines, twelve imperial princesses, and many ladies in waiting, noticeably Lady Yu. This lady was born in Shanghai, of a

present was Miss Carl, the American artist who is painting the portraits of the Empress Dowager for the palace and the St. Louis Exposition. At the time with which this sketch deals she lived at the summer palace, where she was an honored guest, indulged by her Majesty and the entire court.

A multitude of eunuchs, wearing flowing blue robes with plastrons of brilliant embroidery on breast and back, and mushroom-shaped hats with scarlet tassels, ushered us from one court and treasure-house to another. The head eunuch, Li Lien Ying, is special attendant to her Majesty, and wears a huge pearl in the



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Halfstone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

A TYPICAL PALACE COMPOUND, UNDER THE HILL ON WHICH STAND THE CENTRAL PAGODA AND GRAND TEMPLE

brim of his hat. He is a wily person, bent with years. There are three thousand of these guardians of the harem at the Chinese court. Under the escort of a few hundred of them we were ushered into the banquet-hall without ceremony. The room and peaked roof glowed with tawdry decoration; beautiful fabrics, mirrors, gorgeous silken hangings, texts in golden ideographs, covered the walls. The moving kaleidoscope of human figures baffled description. Tall, conical piles of red-cheeked apples—emblematic of peace—stood about the room, while at that very hour the Russians were reoccupying Mukden, having formally evacuated it the day before. Amid the jolliest confusion we were finally seated at two very long tables laden with fruits and condiments of many kinds, and the great feast which lasted three hours began.

Princess Shün, niece of the Empress Dowager, presided at one table, with Mrs. Conger and Mme. Uchida on her right and left; and Princess Chan, sister-in-law of the Emperor, at the other, with the wife of a French general on her left and me on her right.

The menu that confronted us consisted of bird's-nest soup, sharks' fins, pigeons' eggs, wood-fungus, seaweed soup, stewed fish, stewed mushrooms, lotus-seeds (hot),



From a photograph, copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

HINDU SHEPHERDS AT A PAVILION BY THE LAKE

stewed chicken, bamboo shoots, stewed mutton, meat-cakes, roast pig, almond-cream baskets, dough-cakes, jellies, nuts, dates, figs, apples, pears, persimmons, tea, coffee, wines. Very little of it tempted other than a Chinese palate.

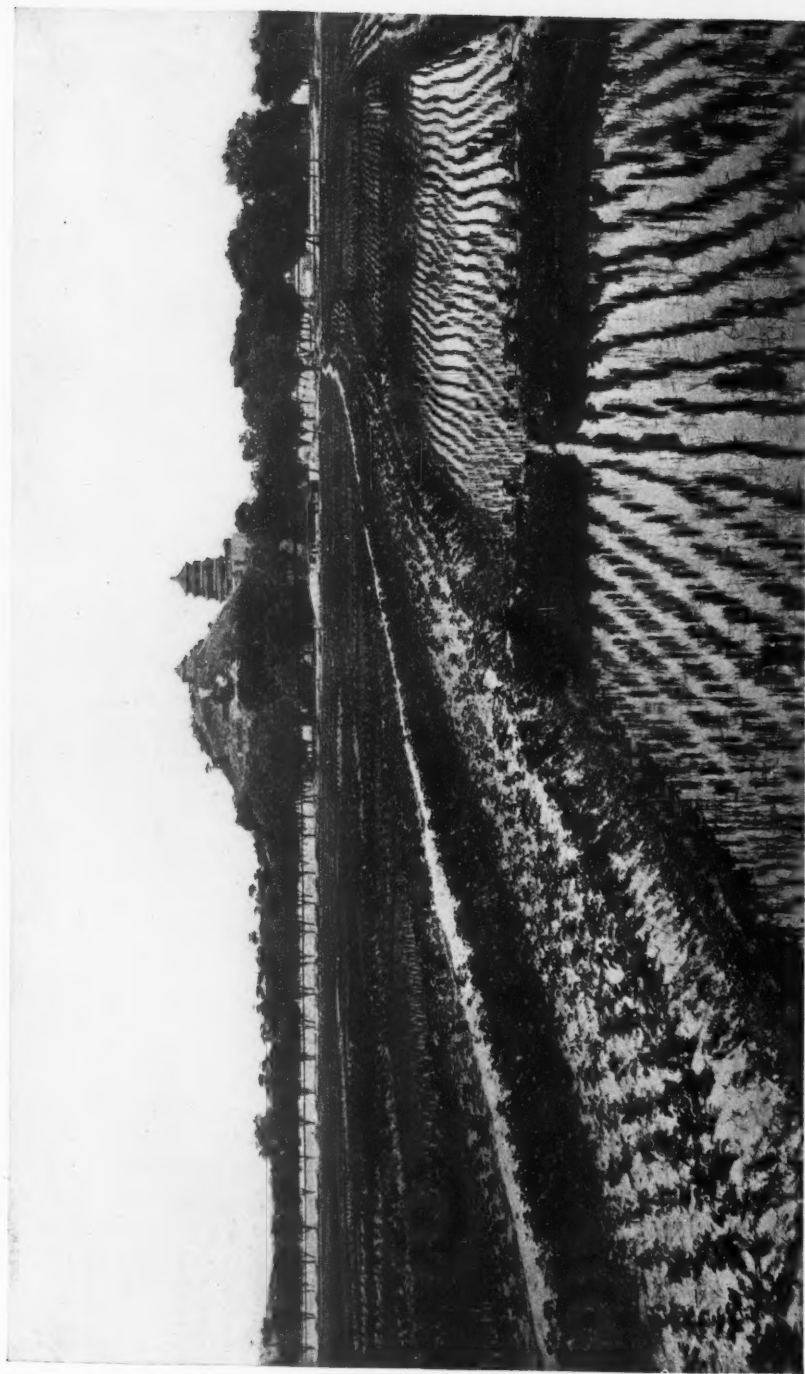
The eunuchs ran noisily about, directed the waiters, jested with the court ladies, and paid special attentions to the guests. I was most happily situated, with Lady Yu on my right. She scarcely tasted a mouthful, and when I asked her why, she replied: "Oh, I cannot enjoy Chinese food; I had my good beefsteak and coffee just before coming." She wore a gown of heliotrope panne velvet, a large white lace hat with plumes, and diamonds on her hands and at her throat. The ensemble was perfect; she might have stood for a Parisian model, save for the touches of vermilion at the base of her finger-nails and on her lower lip and cheeks. One of her daughters wore a brilliant cardinal costume, and, with her mother, was in striking contrast to the gorgeous Oriental dress of this most conservative court, which has not changed the width of a hem since the founding of the Manchu dynasty.

When the feast was over and we were about to be shown other and more beauti-



From a photograph, copyright, 1901, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

COVERED PATHWAY WITHIN THE PALACE GROUNDS



From a photograph

VIEW OF THE SUMMER PALACE FROM THE WEST, ACROSS RICE-FIELDS

ful scenes, it was announced that her Majesty would "visit with the guests," an unprecedented royal favor which caused a flutter of excitement. She entered, closely attended by Li Lien Ying, and followed by the Emperor, empresses, and suite, heralded by a host of eunuchs. She took her seat on a kang, or broad lounge of carved wood, cushioned with imperial yellow satin, ordered chairs for her guests,

herself on Mrs. Conger and Mme. Uchida. Now and then she said a word to the Emperor, seated by himself on her right, who did not speak a word to the guests during the audience, leaving his royal aunt to fulfil the rôle of hostess, which she did to perfection.

When the time came for adieu, her Majesty mingled with her guests, the Emperor following closely; and as Mrs. Conger got



From a photograph lent by the Rev. Arthur Judson Brown

CAMEL-BACK BRIDGE WITHIN THE INCLOSURE OF THE SUMMER PALACE

and proceeded to put all very much at their ease. From time to time she enjoyed a few whiffs from a cloisonné water-pipe brought by a eunuch, chatting constantly with Mrs. Conger, for whom she shows marked preference, and upon whom she showers many favors. She had her pet dogs brought in, and fondled them in her cloth-of-gold lap, inquiring particularly for the little Pekingese pugs from the royal kennels, Hsia and La-hoo, which she had given Mrs. Conger, and for one given to Mme. Uchida, who is also a prime favorite with her Majesty. She several times ordered the eunuchs to distribute flowers among her guests, bestowing them

beyond me I stepped aside for royalty. Imagine my astonishment when the Empress Dowager turned, took me by both hands, stroked my arm, and inquired how I liked China and how long I would remain, concluding by asking me to come and see her again when I returned to visit Mrs. Conger! I did not lose my equanimity, but studied this most remarkable woman at closest range.

Could she of dignified mien, deep-set unflinching eyes, rare smile, and melodious voice be the most despotic female sovereign in the history of the world? Has she two distinctly opposite natures? Is this the secret of her marvelous power?

Born in obscurity, the daughter of a minor officer, a favorite concubine of the harem, young and inexperienced, she reached the pinnacle of authority by incredible ability, shrewdness, and daring. Through all the intrigue of the Chinese court since she first usurped the throne, she has borne a charmed life, and her enemies have arisen only to disappear with terrible swiftness, while her autocracy remains unchallenged. With relentless will she has stripped the Emperor of the last vestige of the legitimate authority which for a brief period he had exercised under the wise guidance of Kang Yu Wei, absolutely controlling his every word and act, as well as the earthly destiny of four hundred millions of subjects.

And this most fascinating hostess, urging us to "stay longer" and "come again," annihilating conventionality and precedent, was Tsi An the Great, woman ruler

in this land of Confucius, where to be a woman, according to the philosophy of the Great Sage, is to be despised among men!

The memorable day closed with a sail on the placid lake encompassed by wooded heights, through which gleamed the yellow roofs of imperial palaces and temples. Beyond rose the mountains. At the pavilion pier called "the marble boat," used as a place of entertainment, another sumptuous luncheon was spread, and the eunuchs laughingly dispensed fruits and cakes to the guests. To the left the white marble camel-back bridge glistened in the sunshine, while the imperial barges filled with "barbarians" floated over the lake. After visiting more treasure-houses, and the mystical island where refreshments were again offered, we landed, and were carried in gaudy red chairs, amid uproarious merriment, to our carriages.



DOWN THE WAYS OF DREAM

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

W^HITHER down the ways of dream
Went my starry-eyed—
Wayward laughter at her lips
And longing at her side?

Went the joy of day with her
From the golden lands,
All the wonder of the night
In her unheeding hands.

Wind o' June has gone with her
From the tossing tree,
Dove-neck marvel from the mists
Of the morning sea.

Flowers she forgot to take
Smell no longer sweet;
Earth has no more pleasantness
Save where fell her feet.

So I seek that place of dream
Where waits my starry-eyed,
All the happy things of earth
A-crowding at her side.



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"NO, I WILL NOT BRING LITTLE EDITH TO COMMON SENSE AND—BAUMGARTEN"

THE REIGN OF SENTIMENT

A "SEXTON MAGINNIS" STORY

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



HE bishop looked at the heap of opened letters near the plate of his secretary, Father Dudley, and remarked that coffee might freeze in a dining-room without a fire even in early autumn weather. His secretary was about to say this was an exaggeration, but he merely opened his last letter with one of the steel table-knives, and read it carefully.

"I can never eat, bishop," he said, "with much on my mind."

"It is different with me," answered the bishop, gravely: "I can never eat with much in my stomach."

Father Dudley ignored this. It was frivolous.

"Ah-a!" he murmured, "Mrs. Westbro—Edith—Baumgarten—ah-a!"

The bishop, looking at him, smiled; and, as the bishop smiled, his eyes caught a mellow light such as one sees when the sunshine illuminates a great brown grape.

"By the way," he said, "the 'Star' gives a long account of a theatrical performance at Bracton last evening."

"Oh, yes," answered Father Dudley, feeling that he was on the defensive; "just a trifle of a play acted by the young people of St. Rose's Sodality in the new parish hall. I went over to make the opening address. After the preaching of the mission, which lasted a week, the people needed a bit of relaxation, and, with the whole place in a state of grace and everybody afraid of hell, there could be no harm in a little amusement. Maginnis was the chief usher, and a more polished manner in a poor man I never saw."

The bishop shook his head.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE HELD HIS ANCIENT TALL HAT IN A MANNER WHICH SYMBOLIZED BOTH DUTY AND PLEASURE"

"The theater," he began doubtfully, "I almost fear—"

"T was a classical play," said Father Dudley, with impatience, "and never an objectionable word against faith or morals in it. 'T was 'The Lady of Lyons,' and little Ellen Reilly, whose father is one of the honestest Kerry boys living, made a pretty picture, I can tell you. Faith, the play's all innocent sentiment from beginning to end. Is it putting young people in cages, like black Puritans, you 'd be?"

The bishop's eyes twinkled.

"Well, well," he said, "you know more about these things than I do. I have no time for light literature."

Father Dudley raised his head quickly; the bishop's air was so dovelike that he felt it was time to come to the point.

"Oh, by the way," he said carelessly,

"I've a letter from Mrs. Westbro. She writes that her niece—"

"Which niece?" asked the bishop.

"Edith Evelyn. Well, Edith wants to marry—or, at least, her aunt thinks so— young Lieutenant Curtice, and she begs me to ask you to use your influence to bring Edith to common sense. Martin Baumgarten is much interested in her."

"What, that middle-aged brewer?"

"A prosperous man," answered Father Dudley, nailing the bishop with his eyes, "and he attends to his religious duties scrupulously."

"But," said the bishop, putting his napkin into its ring, "he weighs more than you and I together, and he is over fifty. No, I will not bring little Edith to common sense and—Baumgarten. Besides, I don't believe in match-making. Why are

priests and nuns such match-makers? There's Mother Gonzaga at the convent; she's ninety, but she'll move heaven to assist a marriage at any time. Even St. Teresa liked that sort of management. I must say I am surprised that you should be so sentimental."

"Sentimental!" repeated Father Dudley, reddening. "Is it because I want to save a young girl from a matrimonial union with a penniless minion of a political party which is doing its best to undermine the faith and morals of the Filipinos?"

The bishop hid his mouth with his hand.

"If," he said in a severe voice, "I can be convinced that Willie Curtice really intends to undermine the faith and morals of the Sultan of Zulu, I—" but he paused in the face of a lengthy political discussion. "The rich Baumgarten will have to

brew his own beer. Tell Mrs. Westbro so; and give my compliments to Edith."

The bishop rose, and his secretary saw him leave the room before he could find words to reply. What prudent man could doubt the future happiness of Edith Evelyn united to the worthy Martin Baumgarten, whose filial devotion was crystallized in the shape of two Munich windows in the Lady chapel dedicated to the memory of Conrad and Kunigunde Baumgarten? Father Dudley gathered up his letters, and went to his room to begin the reading of his breviary.

Edith Evelyn was an orphan heiress, the only daughter of Campbell Evelyn, of Evelyn, Bond & Co., in morocco leather, Baltimore and Calcutta. The name is enough, if you know anything about Bradstreet. Edith had recently come back from a three years' stay at a convent called Les Oiseaux



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"IF YOU SHOULD WANT A MARRIAGE LICENSE, I'M THE MAN THAT CAN GET IT FOR YOU"

in Paris. Mrs. Westbro, her maternal aunt, who came of so great a family, with so many "signers" in it, that at colonial balls she had to do several lightning-change acts to appear in the costumes of all her ancestresses, had been so poor since the war that she considered Edith's long Maryland pedigree as of small consequence compared with the union of millions with

by the way, I believe that he is really entitled to write *von* before his name, his parents when they came to this country having, with strange modesty, dropped the particle,—I have sent her to Miss White at the Lodge, for, though we of the younger branch cannot boast of country houses at Lakewood and Newport, like the elder branch, which has never hesitated to enter into the vulgar Yankee scramble for money, we have one little manor,



Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"I WONDHER MYSELF WHETHER WE HAVE N'T A LUNATIC AMONGST US"

millions. Willie Curtice was also very great, from the ancestral point of view, several of his forebears being actually mentioned by Horace Walpole and Lady Sarah Lennox as having ruined themselves, before their emigration, at White's; but he had no income except his pay as a first lieutenant in the army of the United States.

When Father Dudley had read the necessary part of his office and carefully marked the place with a card announcing a coming concert of the Kerry Men's Association, he took up Mrs. Westbro's letter again.

It was written in a fine Italian hand and ran thus:

As Edith persists in her foolish refusal to think over the proposal of Mr. Baumgarten,—

at least, left. You know the Lodge and you know Miss White. A sojourn among the mountains in the lonely fall—I have always hated the Lodge in the fall—will bring Edith to her senses. She will see, too, Mr. Curtice's horrible little estate of Brierly, his only patrimony, though no doubt, under Yankee rule in the Philippines, he will be enabled to increase his possessions at the expense of the assimilated natives. A vastly fine home it is to bring a well-bred girl to. The pride of those Curtices! His father used to talk as if he were a Virginian or a North Carolinian, and you know how *they* boast, as if *they* really did much for the Confederacy, after all! As to Edith, she—I really cannot deny—it is a problem—she is what they call a modern girl, I suppose. Old Judge Waldegrave stopped in the other day for a cup of tea, and I was just telling him that,

after all, sweetness and gentleness and female tact were to be found only in *our* part of the South, where poverty—which we have all known since the war—softened the natural haughtiness of culture and blood, when he asked which school she had attended. "I'm a Bird," she answered, with an indescribable accent on the phrase, which is a shocking pun on the name of her convent, "Les Oiseaux." It was *almost* a sacrilege; I prevented the judge from showing his amazement by insisting on a few extra drops of Santa Cruz in his tea. Married to that Curtice, she would be in the frivolous circles of the federal army,—where, I hear, some of the *women* smoke,—encouraged in these *modern* ways. Do persuade the dear bishop to help us. With all her faults, Edith has a genuine respect for him.

Father Dudley admired himself as one who was not the little brother of the rich and fashionable. He sniffed at the violet perfume of the letter with disapprobation. He looked on Mrs. Westbro as an aged and glittering social butterfly, valuable principally as a patroness for church fairs and other functions when the evil disposition of mankind made an appeal to the worldly necessary. As far apart as the poles on most subjects, he and she were united in politics: she saw the hand of the devil in every movement of the government in the Philippines. On other questions he held that she was a trifter; but his interest in Martin Baumgarten forced him to weigh every line of her letter.

"Nefarious!" he said, taking a pinch of snuff, and then dusting his cassock with a bandana handkerchief. "Nefarious!" And he meant Willie Curtice and the government.

No Marylander could have been more in love than Willie Curtice, and the Marylanders have a talent for love second only to the Virginians. He knew that he was not specially clever, but he thought that Edith did not really care for clever persons, and it consoled him. He was a year older than Edith; brown, with an air of well-balanced strength, both mental and physical; a man who seemed to have all those interesting capabilities that help in the learning of the soldier's trade. Edith was neither blonde nor brown, and she was not so tall and slender as the other women of her family—and for this Mrs. Westbro blamed a Yankee grandmother; she was graceful, alert, and her violet eyes, heavily lashed, enraptured the susceptible and

caused the dispassionate to regard her as a girl who could appreciate them.

For two long weeks Mrs. Westbro had not permitted Curtice to speak a word to Edith. He had followed her into a street-car, and hung by a strap near her; but her aunt had the opposite seat. He had sauntered into the library where Mrs. Westbro sometimes read, and one day, while she was deep in a volume of "Godey's Lady's Book" for 1852, he had begun to pour out his soul to Edith; but the learned attendant said, "Silentium!" in a hollow tone, and the aunt, raising her lorgnette just at the wrong time, had taken the adored one off with her.

It was now the 10th of the month, and he must sail from San Francisco on the 26th. Baumgarten was clever; he had made so much money, *she* might learn to doubt the only heart that could ever love her, and accept Baumgarten. But that was impossible, for Baumgarten was fat and bald, Baumgarten could not dance; and yet, what if, deeming him—Willie used the word "deeming" in his thoughts for the first time—irresponsive, she should take Baumgarten! Oh for a word with her! If he could only get her assurance that she would wait a little while, or, best of all, if he could only induce her to go off with him to the Philippines! Other ladies were going with their husbands by the transport. He knew that Edith was of age and her own mistress; Mrs. Westbro, who was strewing the path of the ponderous Baumgarten with roses, was only her aunt. Hours seemed days; his fever grew. Chaucer's young squire—he of the love-locks—was more master of his heart than this lieutenant. When he heard—many tips to a sympathetic butler were the price of knowledge—that Edith had gone to the Lodge in the mountains, near his own little place, Brierly, he was almost equally divided between hope and despair. His symptoms were the usual ones appropriate to the occasion, but they were made more piquant by the knowledge that Miss Charlotte White, who lived at the Lodge, was a dragon. She had been governess to generations of Westbros and Evelyns, and had earned a nimbus and an aureole, together with free food and lodging for life, by the strictness of her principles and her devotion to the memory of the Calvert families and the lost cause.

She spoke with measured doubt of the pretensions of Virginia as a State of heroes, as she was a North Carolinian by nature. By way of protest against all governments not founded on the principles of romance, she had joined the White Rose Society. She often spoke of the Young Pretender as if he lived down the road. Mrs. Westbrook kept away from Miss White, because their opinions were as much alike as their temperaments were unlike. Miss White's favorite dependent was Sexton Maginnis, whose mother-in-law was intrusted with the "doing up" of certain precious articles. Maginnis, who stepped in to make a respectful call occasionally on the way from Bracton, was not only a good listener, but he was the first man who had told Miss White that she possessed both beauty and the art of brilliant conversation. He did this with many apologies and an artless hesitation which gave her a high opinion of his truthfulness.

The Lodge was a square house, with a dozen columns in front, built, Miss White said, after a plan suggested by the Count de Beaujolais to Great-grandfather Evelyn. It was supposed to be after the manner of Louis Seize; at present it was very well painted. A mile and a half away, by a mountainous road, was Willie Curtice's place, Brierly. It, like the Lodge, was surrounded by clumps of great oaks, and, like the Lodge, it was approached by one of the stoniest and most uneven lanes that ever vexed the temper of a coachman. It was in the center of about thirty acres of neglected fields and orchards. The gal-

leries sagged under the shadowed damp of many seasons and the weight of untrameled vines. Willie Curtice's father had no money for fresh paint. After Willie went to West Point he nursed the wound received at Bull Run, and read the eighteenth-century essayists and his son's letters, until he died. The place had been "worked on shares," but there never seemed to be more than one share.



BAUMGARTEN

FATHER DUDLEY was so busy during the days following his conversation with the bishop that it was not until after he had arranged his five-minute sermon for the next Sunday that the importance of Martin Baumgarten was again forced on his mind.

"Dear me!" he said, chuckling, "I believe the bishop's half right: I've a real sentimental spot in me somewhere. Sure, we've got to take the world as we find it, and, admitting that the female sex is what it is, I believe that all Martin Baumgarten needs is a touch of romance. He's a fine figure of a man, and all young Curtice has is the sentiment.

Thank Heaven, the only novel I've ever read is Carleton's 'Willy Reilly,' which has no offense to pious ears in it; but if I were Martin, in this degenerate age when every colleen is wasting her time on fictitious recitals, I'd see that she'd find as much sentiment as would be edifying about myself. Dear, dear! how the bishop would laugh if he knew the sentiment that's really in me!"

On the impulse of the moment, Father Dudley wrote, all in the glow of romance, to Martin Baumgarten. As it happened,

Baumgarten was not in Baltimore, but at Lakewood, so the letter, received by his chief bookkeeper, was kept for two weeks, Baumgarten having ordered that only important business communications should be forwarded to him. The letter said:

Mrs. Westbro's niece will be at the Lodge for a week or two, and you can run down on Sunday in your automobile. There is nothing, except a murdering soldier's uniform, that strikes the female fancy like an automobile. Mind that, Martin! It's the romance of your sudden appearance in that lonely place, where you've had no rivals for a fortnight other than the Young Pretender and Stonewall Jackson, that will do the job. There is nothing that will make the sentimental female turn to a live man so much as a sojourn with dead ones, no matter how illustrious the corpses are. Don't waste words—as Horatius Flaccus says:

"Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulius curo."

Miss White's principles are with you; but, remember, only the automobile—no other sign of luxury!

It happened that, as the astute secretary was thinking of Sexton Maginnis as a possible acolyte at the shrine of sentiment, a knock sounded at the door; and Maginnis, having been told three times to enter, came just beyond the threshold.

"I thought I'd give you time to put on your Roman collar, father," said Maginnis, as one who knew the ways of the clergy. "I came over to vespers, and to see if I could be in the way of servin' your reverence."

Father Dudley saw with satisfaction that Maginnis's broadcloth frock-coat was neatly brushed and that he wore a pink carnation in his buttonhole. He held his ancient tall hat in a manner which symbolized both duty and pleasure.

"How are they all at home?" asked Father Dudley, in a tone in which dignity and sympathy were judiciously mingled.

"They're two pounds heavier than any childer in Bracton," said Maginnis, eagerly, "and I'm countin' the O'Keefe twins, too, though they're a year and a half older. We're all well, barrin' my mother-in-law, Mrs. Magee."

"Dear me! Sit down, my good man. What's the matter?"

Maginnis's face became woeful. "Herself's the finest washerwoman in Bracton; but, father, religion has done its worst for

her, and me and Mary Ann have n't the life of Christians with her goings-on."

"Is it blasphemy you're at?" asked Father Dudley, in amazement.

"Beggin' your reverence's pardon, 't was the mission that did it. The Redemptioner fathers preached in the church twice a day for a week; since they left, Bracton's been as dhry as a stick fit for the firin'. There is n't a shebeen-house open—except the wine-shop for the Dagos, who look on drinkin' as the breath of life—where a decent man would be seen takin' a drop too much. The sermon on hell was the most elegant thing I've heard since I listened to you, sir,—you could hear your hair frizzle,—but, instead of feelin' the effect of it for a week or two, Mrs. Magee has kept it up, and it's a real tombstone Herself is in the house. And, worst of all, your reverence, she wants to change the names of the twins from Finn and Finola—she says they're heathen names—to Alphonsus and Philomena!" Maginnis made a noise in his throat, to intimate the degradation which this statement involved. "And for cheerfulness, there's as little about the place as if the curse of Cromwell was on us."

"Indeed?" said Father Dudley. There was a pause, during which Maginnis's eyes were turned anxiously toward the only man who, he believed, could help him out of this gloomy spot in life. "Your mother-in-law is a valiant woman, but no doubt she aims too immoderately at perfection. By the way, Maginnis, if you should be required to be of service to a former parishioner of mine, who is paying attentions, with a view to matrimony, to a young lady visiting the Lodge, do so. I will give him your address. He may need an honest man. Bracton's only three miles from the Lodge, you know."

"Thanks, your reverence," said Maginnis, pocketing the usual dollar. There was a shade on his face. He hesitated as he stood up. "If you would n't mind," he said at last, "I wish you'd lighten up hell a little for Herself. The fear of it is ruinin' her entirely; and it's not only for her own soul she's afeard, but for mine and Mary Ann's and the childer. She was almost for sprinklin' me with holy wather because I went the other night to the little piece of play-actin' in the hall beyant. 'If the clargy take to play-actin',' says she, ob-

servin' you there, 'the church will suffer more nor it has suffered since the death of Charles Stewart Parnell.'"

Father Dudley frowned.

"You have a certain intuition of right on your side, Maginnis; the preaching of some of us is, I fear, at times tinctured with rigorism, and the effect on the delicate female mind, which has not been trained to distinguish, is to produce scruples of conscience. I'll think the matter over, Maginnis."

Maginnis, very red under the sandy stubble which even the Sunday's shave could not entirely destroy, held the door open, to make another appeal.

"I've been forced to threaten Herself," he said in a low and awful voice. "I've been driven to the extremity of sayin' I'd take away the childer, especially the twins, and of presumin' I've a place to go."

"Don't—exaggerate, Maginnis," said Father Dudley, severely. "You will not be obliged to leave your house; we shall see what can be done."

And Maginnis went away, disconsolate.

WILLIE CURTICE had rushed down to Brierly as soon as he discovered from Mrs. Westbro's butler that Edith Evelyn had gone to the Lodge; and on the old pike road, which runs past both the Lodge and Brierly, Maginnis saw him standing among the wild asters, early on one of the crispest Thursdays of the month of October. He stood at the end of Brierly Lane, his kit-bag in his hand, looking helplessly up and down the road.

Maginnis was sad as he sauntered homeward with his empty basket, having delivered some of Mrs. Magee's laundry work at the Lodge. He had tried to read a much-thumbed copy of "The Lady of Lyons," but his attention was distracted, and his eyes were lusterless.

"Pagan names!" he muttered. "Pagan names! And Herself dared to say it! With Finn and Finola Christian names in Ireland long before St. Patrick discovered the distressful country!"

His groans were checked by the sight of the anxious Curtice.

"'T is Father Dudley's young man," he thought; "and it's a fine presence he has."

"Ho, I say!" Curtice called out, "I find that the boy who took care of this place

has left without giving me warning. I reckon that you might come in and give me a hand, if you're not in a hurry. I've just come from the train, and I want shaving-water and other things."

"Is it to the Lodge you're goin'?"

Maginnis allowed one of his eyebrows to drop. Curtice looked at him keenly; but Maginnis's eyes disarmed him.

"Faith, I know all about it," said Maginnis, with unction, "and I'm your man with a heart and a half. I'll fix you up so that the lady beyant will think you're Claude Melnotty himself; and, by the same token, I've been valet to the most particular gentleman hereabouts; and whisper, if you should want a marriage license, I'm the wan that can get it for you."

Again the right eye of Maginnis drooped; again Curtice frowned, and again was disarmed.

"HE went away," said Maginnis, later, "like a flower o' the May, and he came back like a weepin'-willow. It did me good to see him go off whistlin' a chune, for all the world as if there was n't a sorrow in life; but it did n't last."

Mary Ann sighed; she took "The Lady of Lyons" from beneath the brilliant patchwork quilt under which, in a double cradle, Finn and Finola reposed.

"Is Herself comin'?" she asked abruptly, throwing the paper-covered play-book under her chair.

"No, 't was the wind," answered Maginnis, after a pause. He resumed the play and carefully marked a place. "I opened the old house for the lad, as his reverence would have had me do, and I got hot wather for his shavin' and his bath. He made quick work, but the room was like an earthquake with collars and neckties,—he was afther tryin' them all on,—and he came down as rosy as the twins afther their dip in brown soap and wather. There was a look in his eyes—"

"'T was the sentiment that did it," sighed Mary Ann. "Do you remember the play where Claude Melnotte goes away to the war?"

"I mind it well," said Maginnis. "And it's sintiment that makes me stand up for the names of my own childer against Herself; for, Mary Ann, what's the differ between us and the Dagos? 'T is sintiment."

"And education," said Mary Ann.

"And edication," said Maginnis. "Is *she* comin'?" he asked anxiously.

Mary Ann hastily threw her apron over the obnoxious drama. The twins turned as one child, and Mary Ann moved the lamp farther from them.

"It's no life at all; she has locked up the few drops of poteen sent me by my own cousin the last time he sent the sham-rock, and she won't let me whistle to the childer o' Sundays; as to the novel-readin', she's no better than an Ulster Protestant."

"It's a home of our own we need, Maginnis," said Mary Ann, with a sigh; "I could have stood anything but her changing the names of my own children, though she's been a good mother to me."

"Pagan names!" Maginnis breathed fiercely. "Sure, they were ours long before the curse o' Cromwell came. 'T is a home of our own we'll have, Mary Ann." He added with portentous gravity: "I've a bit of a letter in my pocket, for it has been a hard and joyful day. I've pleased his reverence, and I've had my reward. A home we'll have before this day week, Mary Ann." He thrust his hand through his bristling hair, and seized the book of the play.

"Is it mad you are, Maginnis?" asked Mary Ann, looking at his open mouth with astonishment.

He wrinkled his forehead, and read in a hoarse whisper, the play-book half concealed under the quilt:

"Nay, dearest, nay, if—thou wouldst have me paint—the home to which, could—love fulfil its intercessions,—this hand would lead thee, listen: a deep vale shut out by Alpean hills—"

"You're all sentiment, Maginnis," said Mary Ann.

"Sure, I am," said Maginnis, reading with difficulty. "'A gra-nd castle, liftin' to eternal—summers its marble walls—from out—a glossy bower—'"

The door opened suddenly, and Mrs. Magee, in a black shawl and gown, her head crowned with a brown velvet hat ornamented with a wilted red plume, entered.

"Is it play-actin' I hear?" she asked in cold tones, contrasting with her energetic and not uncheerful face. "And to think of my own flesh and blood countenancin' it: Maginnis, with a rose in his buttonhole, usherin' Christian souls to destruction, and my own Mary Ann in a front seat with

white kid gloves. Saints above! And after the mission, too! You'll never have a day's luck, Maginnis! The Lord be between us and ha-arm; but is it over the blessed cradle of Philomena and Alphonsus that there's such goings-on?"

Maginnis's arm, which had relaxed when Mrs. Magee entered, straightened furiously at the mention of the objectionable names. He fixed his eyes on the book, which now he exposed boldly.

"'T is no play-actin', ma'am," he said, while Mary Ann watched as one fascinated, with no motion, except that of her lips as she silently followed his words. "I am, ma'am, about to lead my family to a mansion where we'll wondher—Mary Ann and me—" he dropped his eyes to the book again, "why earth could be unhappy when the heavens left us youth and love—"

Said Mrs. Magee, with a stately wave of her umbrella:

"I wondher myself whether we have n't a lunatic amongst us."

"Ah-a," pursued Maginnis, still reading. "'We'll read no books'—"

"You'd be right there," said Herself, "for they're turnin' your head."

"Where was I? You ruthless disthroyer!" exclaimed Maginnis, losing his place.

"You're mighty offensive!" cried Mrs. Magee, removing her hat aggressively. "And to *me*—to the woman that made you, you omadhaun! If I was n't in a state of grace, I'd teach you a thing or two!"

"I'm afeard of no man, and," he added, with a slight tremolo, "of no woman either. To-morrow I shall be free to call my own childer by their names."

"The man's ravin', Mary Ann," said Herself, with an imperious air of proprietorship, smoothing the pillow of the twins. "If I had n't locked up the whisky with my own hands, I'd think even worse of him."

Mrs. Magee cast her shawl over the twins. "You've been neglectin' Alphonsus, Mary Ann; 't is sneezin' he is."

For the first time Mary Ann's eyes shone with the light of revolt.

"Woman," said Maginnis (Mrs. Magee turned her back to him), "to-day, airly, I met a young lad who was as full of sintiment as your heart is distitute of it. Cruel crathures had siperated him from her he loved." (Mrs. Magee laughed unfeelingly.) "He went to the Lodge; he was refused admittance. As I said, he was like a

weepin'-willow. 'Put all the sintiment you can into a note,' says I, 'and I 'll take it to the colleen at the risk of my life,' says I. 'Done,' says he. And then he promised that if things came right Mary Ann and me should have his house rent free. Mary Ann, I felt my heart go out to the young man, and I took his note, written as much in his heart's blood as in ink; but, first, knowin' what his reverence and a lady would expect under the circumstances, I got the names right, and went by trolley to Bracton for a marriage license."

Maginnis's flight was so audacious that Mrs. Magee uttered another scornful laugh.

"Miss White did n't mind *me*, and I gave the note to the young lady, and told her that the marriage license was ready, and that I 'd be one of the witnesses, and that Father Dudley had put the poor weepin'-willow of a lad in my care, and I made a movin' picture, until she was dyin' to go. So she just made an excuse about seein' Father Blodgett, and off she came with me. I 'm informed that a telegram to the bishop did the rest; for Father Blodgett married them, with me and the Dago housekeeper as witnesses, and the happy lad he was, and she as pretty as Finola there."

"I 'll not have the child paganized in my house!" cried Mrs. Magee.

"In *your* house, ma'am; I go to my house to-morrow, ma'am!"

"Oh, Maginnis!" exclaimed Mary Ann, "you're going too far; we have no house."

"*Well* he knows it," said Mrs. Magee, regally; "I pay no more attention to his romancin' than to the idle wind. I shall take care of Alphonsus and Philomena, poor lambs! You can make play-actors of the rest, if you like; but *them* I shall keep!" And she rocked the cradle with the air of one who ruled.

"In this letter," said Maginnis, in a solemn voice, taking a sheet of paper from an envelop and laying it open under the lamp, "Leftenant Curtice makes me and my little family curathors and caretakers of his place called Briery. And there it is, ma'am!"

Mrs. Magee snorted contemptuously, but she put on her glasses to read the paper.

"'T is true!" she exclaimed, turning to Mary Ann, as one utterly desolate. "Sure, I thought Maginnis was lyin'."

"Did I ever lie, ma'am," asked Maginnis,

with dignity, "except in the interest of truth? To-morrow we go hence!"

"But you 'll leave the twins," said Herself, with sudden humility. "I 'd never have said what I did if I had n't thought you were lyin', Maginnis. I must keep the twins; 't is my last request!"

Maginnis was only a man, and for a moment he relented; then he remembered that he was a son-in-law.

"Never!" he muttered, "and I 'll cross my heart to it."

"Maginnis," Mrs. Magee continued solemnly, "I say no more. I saw a pagan Chineese openin' the shutters of the shop beyant this mornin', and I felt 't was a warnin'. The pagan and the foreigners will drive us to the dure yet, thanks to the likes of you!"

She left the room slowly.

"At least," said Maginnis, somewhat shaken, "I 'm all right with you, Mary Ann, and with his reverence. I feel, Mary Ann, though she 's been a good mother to you, as if I was Erin rid of the bloody Saxon."

"You *did* indulge in sentiment, after all," remarked the bishop to Father Dudley, on the morning after his secretary's return from a short sojourn in New York, where he had gone to arrange for the publication of his first volume of sermons. "I had a telegram from Father Blodgett. Maginnis, it seems, had the license ready; it 's an easy matter in our State. As you were too far away to consult, I did what I could."

"Well, well, well!" said Father Dudley, smiling. "I told Martin Baumgarten that a little romance would settle things; I believe that I *have* a touch of sentiment."

"There 's a telegram for you, too, under your plate," said the bishop, fixing his eyes on the editorial page of the "Star."

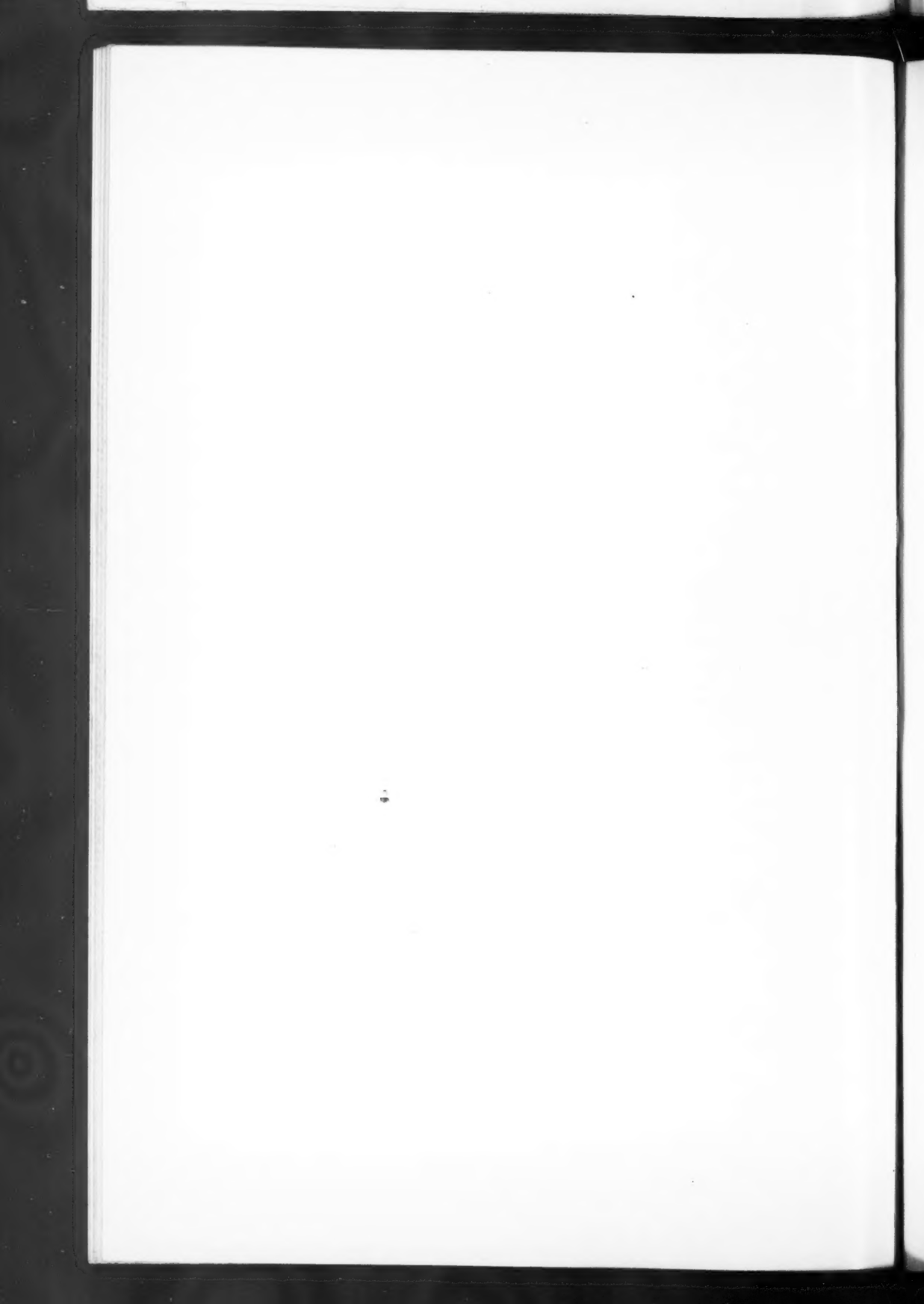
The secretary's face assumed a look of tolerance for the defects of the whole human race. He looked at the yellow slip jocosely, and began to read it aloud, but he checked himself. Without an unkind word to the bishop, he laid the paper down and peeled his orange, metaphorically turning his face to the wall. He no longer smiled, for Willie Curtice had said:

Maginnis told me of your interest. Do not deserve it. Have helped to make Edith happy, as well as me. Soon as have seen Mrs. Westbrook and explained your goodness, will start for 'Frisco.



Color drawing by Charles R. Knight. See "Color Notes on Bermuda Waters" in "Open Letters"

ANGEL-FISH IN BERMUDA WATERS



RUSSIA IN WAR-TIME

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN
LEGATION DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

Late United States Ambassador to Germany

SECOND PAPER



HE spring of 1855 was made interesting by the arrival of the blockading fleet before the mouth of the Neva, and shortly afterward I went down to look at it. It was a most imposing sight—long lines of mighty three-deckers of the old pattern, British and French, one hundred in all, stretched across the Gulf of Finland in front of the fortresses of Kronstadt. Under cover of the fortifications lay the Russian fleet, helpless and abject; and yet, as events showed during our own Civil War, half a dozen years later, a very slight degree of inventive ability would have enabled the Russians to annihilate the enemy and to gain the most prodigious naval victory of modern times. Had they simply taken one or two of their own great ships to the Baird Iron Works, hard by, and plated them with railway iron, of which there was plenty, they could have paralleled, on a vastly greater scale, the destruction of our old wooden frigates at Norfolk by the *Merrimac*. Yet this simple expedient occurred to no one, and the allied fleet under Sir Richard Dundas bade defiance to the Russian power during the whole summer.

The Russians looked more philosophically upon the blockade than upon their reverses in the Crimea; but they acted much like the small boy who takes revenge on the big boy by making faces at him.

Some of their caricatures on their enemies were very clever. Fortunately for such artistic efforts, the British had given them a fine opportunity during the previous year, when Sir Charles Napier, the commander of the Baltic fleet, having made a boastful speech at a public dinner in London, and invited his hearers to dine with him at St. Petersburg, had returned to England after a summer before Kronstadt without even a sight of the Russian capital.

Near the close of my stay, in company with Mr. Erving, first secretary of the legation, I made a visit to Moscow, the journey, which now requires only twelve hours, then consuming twenty-four; and a trying journey it was, since there was no provision for sleeping.

The old Russian capital, and, above all, the Kremlin, interested me greatly; but of all the vast collections in the Kremlin two things especially arrested my attention. The first was a statue,—the only statue in all those vast halls,—and there seemed a strange poetic justice in the fact that it represented the first Napoleon. The other thing was an evidence of the feeling of the Emperor Nicholas toward Poland. In one of the large rooms was a full-length portrait of Nicholas's elder brother and immediate predecessor, Alexander I; flung on the floor at his feet was the constitution of Poland, which he had given, and which Nicholas, after fearful bloodshed, had taken away; and lying near was the Polish scepter broken in the middle.

A visit to the Sparrow Hills, from which Napoleon first saw Moscow and the Kremlin, was also interesting; but the city itself, though picturesque, disappointed me. Everywhere were filth, squalor, beggary, and fetishism. Evidences of official stupidity were many. In one of the Kremlin towers, on the occasion of the Emperor's funeral, a day or two before our arrival, had occurred a catastrophe: some thirty men were ringing one of the enormous bells, when it broke loose from its rotten fastenings and crashed down into the midst of the ringers, killing several. Sad reminders of this slaughter were shown us. It was clearly the result of gross neglect.

Another revelation of Russian officialism was there vouchsafed us. Wishing to send a very simple message to our minister at St. Petersburg, we went to the telegraph office and handed it to the clerk in charge. Putting on an air of great importance, he began a long inquisitorial process, insisting on knowing our full names, whence we had come, where we were going, how long we were staying, why we were sending the message, etc.; and when he had evidently asked all the questions he could think of, he gravely informed us that our message could not be sent until the head of the office had given his approval. On our asking where the head of the office was, he pointed out a stout gentleman in military uniform seated near the stove, in the farther corner of the room, reading a newspaper; and on our requesting him to notify this superior being, he answered that he could not thus interrupt him, that we could see that he was busy. At this Erving lost his temper, caught up the paper, tore it in pieces, threw them into the face of the underling with a loud exclamation more vigorous than pious, and we marched out defiantly. Looking back as we drove off in our droshky, we saw that we had aroused the whole establishment: at the door stood the entire personnel of the office, the military commander at the head, all gazing at us in a sort of stupefaction. We expected to hear from them afterward, but on reflection they evidently thought it best not to stir up the matter.

In reviewing this first of my sojourns in Russia, my thoughts naturally dwell upon the two sovereigns—Nicholas I and Alexander II. The first of these was a great

man scared out of greatness by the ever-recurring specter of the French Revolution. There had been much to make him a stern reactionary. He could not but remember that two czars, his father and grandfather, had both been murdered in obedience to family necessities. At his proclamation as Emperor he had been welcomed by a revolt which had forced him

“To wade through slaughter to a throne”—

a revolt which had deluged the great parade-ground of St. Petersburg with the blood of his best soldiers, which had sent many of the nobility to Siberia, and which had obliged him to see the bodies of several men who might have made his reign illustrious dangling from the fortress walls opposite the winter palace. He had been obliged to grapple with a fearful insurrection in Poland, caused partly by the brutality of his satraps, but mainly by religious hatreds, to suppress it with enormous carnage, and to substitute a cruel despotism for the moderate constitutional liberty which his brother had granted. He had thus become the fanatical apostle of reaction throughout Europe, and as such was everywhere the implacable enemy of any evolution of liberty. The despots of Europe adored him. As symbols of his ideals, he had given to the King of Prussia and to the Neapolitan Bourbon copies of two of the statues which adorned his Nevsky bridge—statues representing restive horses restrained by strong men; and the Berlin populace, with unerring instinct, had given to one of these the name of “Progress Checked” and to the other the name “Retgression Encouraged.” To this day one sees everywhere in the palaces of Continental rulers, whether great or petty, his columns of Siberian porphyry, bowls of jasper, or vases of malachite—signs of his approval of reaction. But, in justice to him, it should be said that there was one crime he did not commit—a crime, indeed, which he did not *dare* commit: he did not violate his oath to maintain the liberties of Finland. *That* was reserved for the second Nicholas, now on the Russian throne.

Whether at the great assemblages of the winter palace, or at the reviews, or simply driving in his sledge, or walking in the

street, he overawed all men by his presence: whenever I saw him, and never more cogently than during that last drive of his just before his death, there was forced to my lips the thought, "You are the most majestic being ever created." Colossal in stature, with a face such as one finds on a Greek coin, but overcast with a shadow of Muscovite melancholy, with a bearing dignified, but with a manner not unkind, he bore himself like a god. And yet no man could be more simple or affable, whether in his palace or in the street. Those were the days when a Russian czar could drive or walk alone in every part of every city in his empire. He frequently took his exercise in walking along the Neva quay, and enjoyed talking with any friends he met, especially with members of the diplomatic corps. The published letters of the American minister, Mr. Dallas, give accounts of many discussions thus held with him.

There seemed a most characteristic mingling of his better and worse qualities in the two promises which, according to tradition, he exacted on his death-bed from his son—namely, that he would free the serfs, and that he would never give a constitution to Poland.

The accession of this son, Alexander II, brought a change at once; we all felt it. While he had the big Romanoff frame and beauty and dignity, he had less of the majesty and none of the implacable sternness of his father. At the reception of the diplomatic corps on his accession, already described, he showed this abundantly; for despite the strong declarations in his speech, his tears betrayed him. Reforms began at once, halting indeed, but all tending in the right direction. How they were developed and how so largely brought to naught the world knows by heart. Of all the ghastly miscalculations ever made, of all the crimes which have cost the earth most dear, his murder was the worst. The murders of William of Orange, of Lincoln, of Garfield, of Carnot, of King Humbert, did not stop the course of a beneficent evolution; but the murder of Alexander II threw Russia back into the hands of a reaction worse than any ever before known, which has now lasted nearly fifty years and which bids fair to continue for generations. To me, looking back upon those days, it is hard to imagine even

the craziest of nihilists or anarchists wild enough to commit such a crime against so kindly a man fully embarked on so blessed a career.

He, too, in the days of my stay, was wont to mingle freely with his people; he even went to their places of public amusement, and was frequently to be seen walking among them on the quays and elsewhere. In my reminiscences of the Hague Conference, I give from the lips of Prince Münster an account of a conversation under such circumstances—the Czar walking on the quay or resting on a seat by the roadside while planning the righting of a wrong done by a petty Russian official to a German student. Therein appears not only a deep sense of justice and humanity, but that melancholy so truly Russian, which was deepest in him and in his uncle, the first Alexander. There dwell also in my memory certain photographs of him in his last days, shown me not long before his death, during my first official stay at Berlin. His face was as beautiful as of old, but the melancholy had deepened, and the eyes gave a fearful revelation: they were those of a man who for years had known himself to be hunted. As I looked at them there came back to me the remembrance of the great, beautiful, frightened eyes of a deer, hunted down and finally at my mercy, in the midst of a lake in the Adirondacks—eyes which haunted me long afterward. And there comes back the scene at the funeral ceremony in his honor, at Berlin, coincident with that at St. Petersburg: his uncle, the Emperor William I, and all about him, in tears, and a depth of real feeling shown such as no monarch of a coarser fiber could have inspired. When one reflects that he had given his countrymen, among a great mass of minor reforms, trial by jury, the emancipation of twenty millions of serfs, with provision for homesteads, and had at that moment—as his adviser, Loris Melikoff, declared when dying—a constitution ready for his people, one feels inclined to curse those who take the methods of revolution rather than those of evolution.

My departure from Russia embraces one or two incidents which may throw some light upon the Russian civilization of that period. On account of the blockade, I was obliged to take the post from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, giving to the jour-

ney seven days and seven nights of steady travel; and as the pressure for places on the coach was very great, I was obliged to secure mine several weeks beforehand, and then thought myself especially lucky in obtaining a sort of sentry-box on the roof of the second coach, usually occupied by the guard. This good luck was due to the fact that, there being on that day two coaches, one guard served for both, and the place on the second was thus left vacant.

Day and night then, for that whole week, we rumbled on through the apparently interminable forests of Poland and the distressingly dirty hamlets and towns scattered along the road. My first night out was trying, for it was very cold; but having secured from a dealer in the first town where we stopped in the morning a large sheet of felt, I wrapped my legs in it, and thenceforward was comfortable. My companions in the two post-coaches were very lively, being mainly French actors and actresses who had just finished their winter campaign in Russia; and when we changed horses at the post-houses the scenes were of a sort which an American orator once characterized as "halcyon and vociferous."

Bearing a despatch-bag to our legation at Paris, I carried the pass not only of an attaché but of a bearer of despatches. On my departure our minister said to me: "The Russian officials at the frontier have given much trouble to Americans of late, and I hope that if they trouble you, you will simply stop and let me know; you are traveling for information, and a few days more or less will make little difference." On arriving at the frontier I gave up my papers to the passport officials, and was then approached by the officers of the custom-house. One of these, a tall personage in showy uniform, was very solemn, and presently asked: "Are you carrying out any specie?" I answered: "None to speak of; only about twenty or thirty German dollars." Said he: "That you must give up to me; the law of the empire does not permit you to take out coin." "No," I said, "you are mistaken; I have already had the money changed, and it is in German coin, not Russian." "That makes no difference," said he; "you must give it up or stay here." My answer was that I would not give it up; and on

this he commanded his subordinates to take my baggage off the coach. My traveling companions now besought me to make a quiet compromise with him, to give him half the money, telling me that I might be detained there for weeks or months, or even be maltreated; but I steadily refused, and my baggage was removed. All were ready to start, when the head of the police bureau came upon the scene to return our papers. His first proceeding was to call out my name in a most obsequious tone, and, bowing reverently, to tender me my passport. I glanced at the custom-house official, and saw that he turned pale. The honor done my little brief authority by the passport official revealed to him his mistake, and he immediately ordered his subordinates to replace my baggage on the coach; but this I instantly forbade. He then came up to me and insisted that a misunderstanding had occurred. "No," I said, "there is no misunderstanding; you have only treated me as you have treated other Americans. The American minister has ordered me to wait here and inform him, and all that I have now to ask you is that you give me the name of a hotel." At this he begged me to listen to him, and presently was pleading most piteously; indeed, he would have readily knelt and kissed my feet to induce me to forgive him. He became utterly abject. All were waiting, the coach stood open, the eyes of the whole party were fastened upon us, my comrades besought me to let the rascal go, and at last, after a most earnest warning to him, I gave my gracious permission to have the baggage placed on the coach. He was certainly at that moment one of the happiest men I have ever seen, and as we drove off from the station he lingered long, hat in hand, profuse with bows and good wishes.

Another occurrence during that seven days and nights of coaching may throw some light upon the feeling which has recently produced, in that same region, the Kishinef massacres.

One pleasant Saturday evening, at a Polish village, our coach passed into the little green inclosure in front of the post-house and stopped there for a change of horses. While waiting, I noticed from my sentry-box several well-dressed people—by the cut of their beards and hair, Jews—standing at some distance outside the in-

closure and looking at us. Presently two of them, clearly, by their bearing and dress, men of mark, entered the inclosure, came near us, and stood quietly and respectfully. In a few moments my attention was attracted by a movement on the other side of the coach: our driver, a young serf, was skulking rapidly toward the stables. Presently he emerged with his long horse-whip, skulked swiftly back again until he came suddenly on these two grave and reverend men, each of them doubtless wealthy enough to have bought him and a dozen like him, began lashing them, and finally drove them out of the inclosure like dogs, the assembled crowd jeering and hooting after them.

Few evenings linger more pleasantly in my memory than that on which I arrived in Breslau. I was once more outside the Russian Empire, and, as I settled for the evening before a kindly fire upon a cheerful hearth, there rose outside, from a rollicking band of university students, the "*Gaudeamus igitur*." I seemed to have arrived in another world—a world which held home and friends. Then as never before I realized the feeling which the Marquis de Custine had revealed to the amusement of Europe and the disgust of the Emperor Nicholas nearly twenty years before. The brilliant marquis, on his way to St. Petersburg, had stopped at Stettin, and on leaving his inn to take ship for Kronstadt next day, the innkeeper said to him: "Well, you are going into a very bad country." "How so?" said De Custine. "When did you travel there?" "Never," answered the innkeeper; "but I have kept this inn for many years. All the leading Russians, going and coming by sea, have stopped with me, and I have always noticed that those coming from Russia are very glad and those returning are very sad."

ARRIVING in Paris, I delivered my despatches to our minister, Mr. Mason, was introduced to Baron Seebach, the Saxon minister, Nesselrode's son-in-law, who was a leading personage at the conference of the great powers then in session, and saw many interesting men, among them sundry young officers of the United States army, who were on their way to the Crimea in order to observe the warlike operations going on there, and one of them, George B. McClellan, also on his way to the head

of our own army, in the Civil War which began a few years later.

It was the time of the first great French exposition, that of 1855. The Emperor Napoleon III had opened it with much pomp, and though the whole affair was petty compared with those we have known since, it attracted visitors from the whole world, and among them came Horace Greeley. As he shuffled along the boulevards and streets of Paris in his mooning, slouchy way, he attracted much wondering attention, but was himself very unhappy because his ignorance of the French language prevented his talking with the people about him. He had just had a most singular experience, having, the day before my arrival, been released from Clichy prison, where he had been confined for debt. Nothing could be more comical than the whole business from first to last. A year or two previously there had taken place in New York, on what has been since known as Reservoir Square, an international exposition, which, for its day, was very creditable. But this exposition having ended in bankruptcy, a new board of commissioners had been chosen, who, it was hoped, would secure public confidence, and among these was Mr. Greeley. Yet even under this new board the exposition had not been a success, and finally it had been wound up in a very unsatisfactory way, many people complaining that their exhibits had not been returned to them. Among these was a Frenchman who, claiming to be a sculptor, had sent a plaster cast of an allegorical sort, to which he attributed an enormous value. Having sought in vain for redress in America, he returned to Europe, and there awaited the coming of some one of the directors; and the first of these he caught was no less a person than Greeley himself, who, on arriving in Paris, was arrested for the debt and taken to Clichy prison.

Much feeling was shown by the American community. Every one knew that Mr. Greeley's connection with the New York exposition was merely of a good-natured, nominal sort. It therefore became a fashion among traveling Americans to visit him while thus in durance vile, and among those who thus called upon him were two former Presidents of the United States, both of whom he had most bitterly opposed—Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Fillmore.

The American legation having made very earnest representations, the prisoner was soon released, and the most tangible result of the whole business was a letter, very pithy and characteristic, which Greeley wrote to the New York "Tribune" giving this strange experience, and closing with the words: "So ended my last chance to learn French."

A day or two after his release I met him at the famous restaurant of Mme. Busque. A large company of Americans were present, and shortly after taking his seat at table he tried to ask for some green stringed beans, which were then in season. Addressing one of the serving-maids, he said, "Flawronce, donney moy—donney moy—donney moy—" and then, unable to remember the word, he impatiently screamed out in a high treble, thrusting out his plate at the same time, "*beans.*" The crowd of us burst into laughter, whereupon Donn Piatt, then secretary of the legation at Paris and afterward editor of the "Capital" at Washington, said: "Why, Greeley, you don't improve a bit; you knew beans yesterday."

After staying a few weeks at the French capital I left for a short tour in Switzerland. The only occurrence on this journey possibly worthy of note was at the hospice of the Great St. Bernard. On a day early in September I had walked over the Tête Noire with two long-legged Englishmen, and had so tired myself that the next morning I was too late to catch the diligence from Martigny, so that on awaking toward noon there was nothing left for me but to walk, and I started on that rather toilsome journey alone. After plodding upward some miles along the road toward the hospice, I was very weary indeed, but felt that it would be dangerous to rest, since the banks of snow on both sides of the road would be sure to give me a deadly chill, and therefore kept steadily on.

Presently I overtook a small party, apparently English, also going up the pass, and, at some distance in advance of them, alone, a large woman with a very striking and even masculine face. I had certainly seen the face before, but where I could not imagine. Arriving finally at the hos-

pice, very tired, we were, after some waiting, ushered out to a good dinner by the two fathers deputed for the purpose, and there among the guests I again saw the lady and was again puzzled to know where I had previously seen her. As the dinner went on, the two monks gave accounts of life at the hospice, rescues from avalanches and the like, and various questions were asked; but the unknown lady sat perfectly still, uttering not a word, until, suddenly, just at the close of the dinner, she put a question across the table to one of the fathers. It came almost like a peal of thunder,—deep, strong, rolling through the room,—startling all of us and fairly taking the breath away from the good monk to whom it was addressed; but he presently rallied and in a rather faltering tone made answer. That was all. But on this I at once recognized her: it was Fanny Kemble Butler, whom, years before, I had heard interpreting Shakspeare.

Whether this episode had anything to do with it or not, I soon found myself in rather a bad way. The fatigues of the two previous days had been too much for me. I felt very wretched, and presently one of the brothers came up to me and asked whether I was ill. Whereupon I answered that I was tired. Whereat he said kindly, "Come with me." I went. He took me to a neat, tidy little cell, put me into bed as carefully as my grandmother had ever done, tucked me in, brought me some weak, hot tea, and left me with various kind injunctions. Very early in the morning I was aroused by the singing of the monks in the chapel, but dozed on until eight or nine o'clock, when, feeling entirely rested, I rose, and after breakfast left the monastery with a party of newly made American friends, in as good condition as ever, and with a very grateful feeling toward my entertainers. Against monks generally I have long had a prejudice, but the memory of these brothers of St. Bernard I still cherish with a real affection.

Stopping at various interesting historic places, and especially at Eisenach, whence I made the first of many visits to the Wartburg, I reached Berlin just before the beginning of the university term, and there settled as a student.



Color drawing by Charles R. Knight. See "Color Notes on Bermuda Waters" in "Open Letters"

ROCK-HIND IN BERMUDA WATERS





Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

ENTRANCE TO THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING (E. L. MASQUERAY, ARCHITECT)

PICTURES OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION ST. LOUIS, 1904

BY
ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE



Attention is called to the fact that Mr. Castaigne has contributed to this magazine similar series of drawings relating to former World's Fairs, as follows: The Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893, *The Century* for May, 1893. The Universal Exposition of Paris, 1900, *The Century* for July, 1900. The Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901, *The Century* for September, 1901.—Editor.



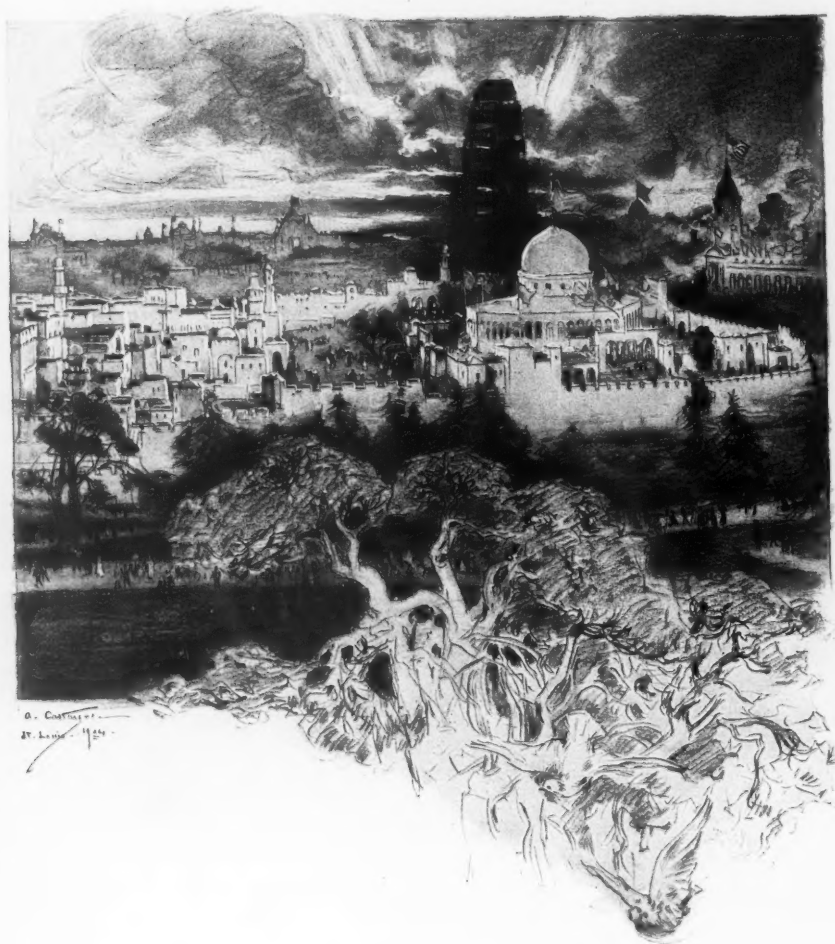
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

VIEW FROM THE TERRACE OF THE STATES (E. L. MASQUERAY, ARCHITECT)—ON THE
RIGHT, FESTIVAL HALL (CASS GILBERT, ARCHITECT); IN THE DISTANCE,
PALACE OF EDUCATION (T. C. LINK, ARCHITECT)



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS"



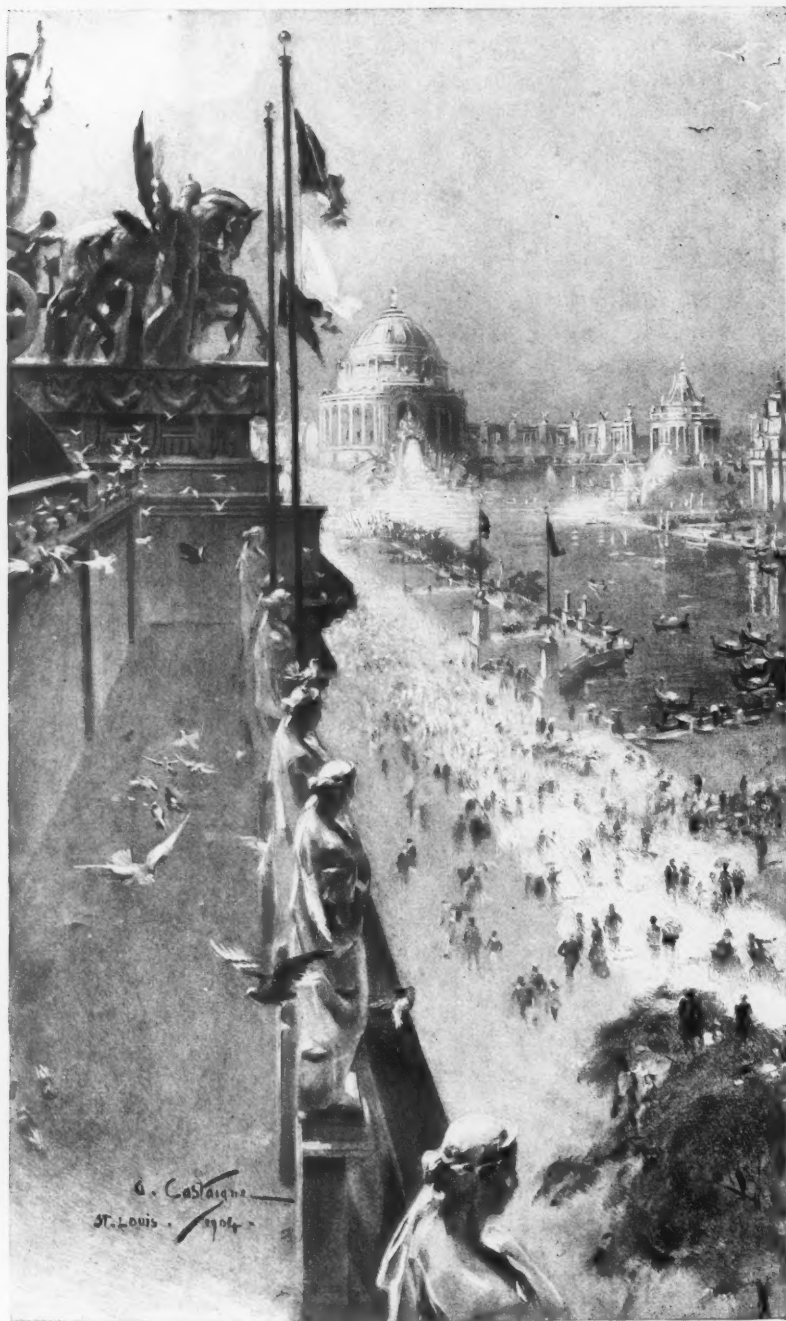
Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"JERUSALEM" AND THE OBSERVATION WHEEL



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A GLIMPSE OF JAPAN



Palace of Manufactures
(Carrère & Hastings, architects)

Festival Hall
(Cass Gilbert, architect)

Half-tone plates
Colonnade of States and Restaurant Pavilion
(E. L. Masqueray, architect)

THE GRAND BASIN AND



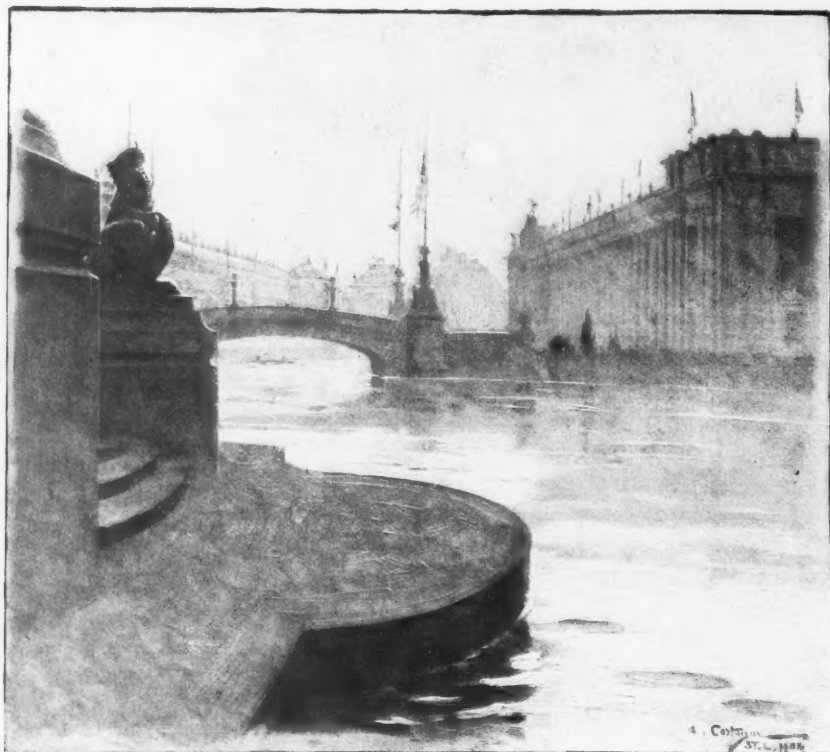
engraved by H. C. Merrill

Palace of Electricity
(Walker & Kimball, architects)

Louisiana Purchase Monument
(E. L. Masqueray, architect)

Palace of Varied Industries
(Van Brunt & Howe, architects)

PLAZA OF ST. LOUIS



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

LOOKING ACROSS THE GRAND BASIN TO THE EAST WATERWAY, EARLY MORNING—
THE PALACE OF EDUCATION ON THE RIGHT



(A)



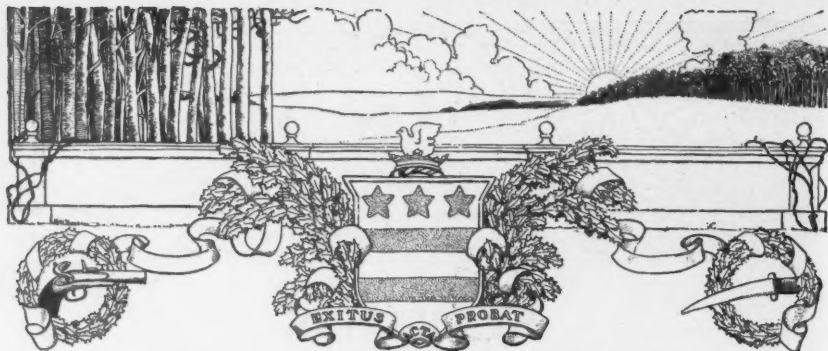
ST. FRANCIS
IN DEATH HIS SERMON

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

“**A**nd now, my clerks who go in fur or feather
Or brighter scales, I bless you all. Be true
To your true Lover and Avenger, whether
By land or sea ye die the death undue.
Then proffer man your pardon, and together
Track him to Heaven, and see his heart made new.”

From long ago one hope hath in me thriven,
Your hope, mysterious as the scented May:
Not to Himself your titles God hath given
In vain, nor only for our mortal day.
O doves! how from The Dove shall ye be driven?
O darling lambs! ye with The Lamb shall play.”





THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

Told in the form of an Autobiography

By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne"

V



ON May 23, six more men being gone away, I retreated to Great Meadows, a wide, open space free of large trees, a charming place for an encounter, and here I cleared

the ground of bushes, began a log fort, and prepared to remain until I heard further. This I did very soon, for Gist, the trader, came in on the 25th of May with news of my old acquaintance, La Force, having been at his camp, at noon the day before, with some fifty men, and one, De Jumonville, in command. They were foolish enough not to hold Gist, for he got off and warned me of their being not five miles from us. They had been sending runners back to Contrecoeur, and what were their intentions Gist did not know. That night I got news of my doubtful Half-King, who promised help if I would attack this party.

Whatever indecision I have had in my life of warfare has been due to a too great respect for the opinions of other officers, and very often I had done better to have gone my own way. All day long I had been in the melancholic state of mind

which at times all my life has troubled me. I remember that the news from Gist of this prowling band so near as five miles, and the word sent by Half-King, at once put to rout my lowness of mind. Usually young officers go into their first battle under more experienced guidance, and I now wonder at the confidence with which I set out, for some of my officers were clear against it.

I felt sure that De Jumonville would attack me if I retreated, or, if I let him alone, would wait for further help and orders from Contrecoeur before making an end of my little party. That I was to strike openly the forces of the King of France did not disturb me, after their seizure of our fort at the Forks.

When I told Van Braam and Gist what I meant to do, the former approved, but Gist would have had me retreat to Wills Creek. I said no; we should surely be ambushed, and the men were deserting.

Having given my orders, I tied an extra pair of moccasins to my belt, and taking no gun myself, set out at 10 P.M., leaving behind me a baggage-guard. I took with me forty men, the best I had, and mostly good shots. The Half-King and a few warriors in full war-paint met me at a spring some two miles away.

His scouts had found the French in a

rocky valley, where they had cleared a space and evidently meant to await orders or reinforcements.

The rain was pouring down in torrents, the worst that could be, when we met the Half-King. We halted in the darkness of the forest while my interpreter let me know the situation of De Jumonville, which seemed to me to be well chosen as a hiding-place, but ill contrived for defence. After this we pushed on, the Indian guides being ahead. Several times they lost their way. We stumbled on in the wet woods, falling against one another, so dark was the night, and crawling under or over the rotten trees of a windfall. I was both eager and anxious, and kept on in front, or at times fell back to silence my men. We were moving so slowly that my anxiety continually increased, and I had constantly to warn my men to keep their flint-locks dry.

At last, toward dawn of day, we came where we could look down on the camp. The wind being in our faces, we had smelt the smoke of their fires a quarter of a mile away, and now and then, even at this distant day, the smell of the smoke from wet wood smouldering in the rain recalls to my mind this night, a fact which appears to me singular. To my joy, the camp was silent and there were no sentinels. I halted the men, and my orders were whispered down the trail for them to scatter to the right while the Indians moved to the left. After giving time for this, I moved out alone from the shelter of the rocks and trees. As I did so, a man came from a hut and gave a great shout. At once the French were out with their arms and began to fire, but had no cover. Some of my own men were practised Indian-fighters and kept to the shelter of the trees, moving from trunk to trunk and firing very deliberately. I heard the enemy's bullets whizz around me, and felt at once and for the first time in war the strange exhilaration of danger. A man fell at my side, and I called to those near me to keep to the trees, but did not myself fall back, feeling it well to encourage my men.

For a little while the firing was hot. It lasted, however, but fifteen minutes. Then I saw an officer fall, and they gave up and cried for quarter as I ran down into their camp to stop the Indians from using their tomahawks and killing the wounded.

Van Braam told me afterwards that I exposed myself needlessly, but I thought this was necessary in order to give spirit and confidence to men who were many of them new to battle.

Our loss was small and that of the French great, since De Jumonville, who was in command, and ten men were killed and twenty-two taken, with some others hurt.

I remember to have written my brother Jack of this little fight, that the whistle of the bullets was pleasing to me; but I was then very young, and it was, after all, but a way of saying that the sense of danger, or risk, was agreeable.

On our way back through the woods I talked to La Force, who was in no wise cast down and told me that I should pay dear for my success, and how innocent they were, and a fine string of lies.

I was very well pleased to have caught this fellow, one of the most wily and troublesome half-breeds on the frontier, and a fine maker of mischief, as he had been when I was on my way to the lake.

After the fight we found, on the person of De Jumonville and in his hut, papers amply proving his hostile intention, although even without this evidence his hiding so long in our neighbourhood, and sending out runners to Fort Duquesne, sufficiently showed what my party had to expect when the French would be reinforced.

After the fight it was thought prudent to return as soon as possible, so, to my regret, I had to leave the dead, both our own and the French, without decent burial. This I believe they had later at the hand of De Villiers. Although the fugitives were nearly all taken, one or two escaped and took the news to Contrecoeur, at the Forks of the Ohio. I sent my prisoners to Williamsburg under a strong guard, having previously supplied M. Drouillon, a young officer, and La Force with clothes of my own out of the very little I had. I remember that I was amused when Drouillon, a pert little fellow, complained that my shirt was too big for him. Indeed, it came down near to his ankles.

I asked of the governor in a letter such respect and favour for these persons as was due to gentlemen placed in their unfortunate condition. Neither of them seemed to me to have been aware of the

character of their commander's orders. To my regret, the request I made to Governor Dinwiddie received small consideration, as I may have to relate. I was of opinion, however, that La Force should not be set free too soon, because of his power to influence the Indians.

The action with De Jumonville took place on May 28, and the Half-King, although disappointed as to scalps, went away, promising to return with many warriors. He told me his friends the English had now at last begun in earnest, but that it was no good war to keep prisoners.

As I trusted him more than most of the Indians, I sent thirty men and some horses to assist in moving the Indian families, for without them the warriors would never return; and I did not neglect to send a runner back to hasten Mackay, who was in command of an Independent company from South Carolina. They were indeed quite independent, having neither good sense nor discipline, as I was soon to discover. My little skirmish with the French on May 28 added to my perplexities the knowledge that as soon as the runners who escaped should reach the fort at the Forks Contrecoeur would undertake to avenge the loss of his officer.

While I was impatiently waiting supplies from Croghan at Wills Creek, for now we were six days without flour, came news that Colonel Frye, my commander, was dead at that post. Colonel Innes of North Carolina, who was to succeed him in the whole command, lay at Winchester with four hundred men; but as he continued to lie there, neither he nor his troops were of any use in the campaign.

During the period which elapsed between my fight on May 28 and my being attacked on July 3, being now a colonel, and sure of soon being reinforced, I made haste to complete the fort at Great Meadows.

There I had excellent help from Captain Stobo and Mr. Adam Stephen, whom I made captain, and who, long after, became a general and served under me in the great war.

It was only a log work we built, near to breast-high, with no roof, one hundred feet square, with partitions, and surrounded at some distance by a too shallow ditch and palisadoes. Captain Stobo gave to this defence the name of Fort Necessity, and

said that the name was suggested by his empty belly, for indeed we were at this time half starved.

Near about this time came three hundred men from Wills Creek, and, to my satisfaction, my friend Dr. Craik, who was of a merry disposition, and kept us in good humour, besides what aid he gave us as a physician, and I never had the service of a better.

On the 9th of June arrived my old military teacher, Adjutant Muse, with nine swivels and other men, and a very small supply of ammunition. He fetched with him a wampum belt and presents and medals for the Indians, as I had desired of the governor.

At this time, in order to secure the Indians, who are fickle and must always be bribed, we had a fine ceremony, and I delivered a speech sent from the governor.

Dr. Craik gave me, two years ago, the account he wrote home of this occasion, and I leave it in this place for the time, since it serves to record matters of which I have no distinct remembrance, and is better wrote than it would have been by me.

MY DEAR ANN: To-day, before we move on, I send you a letter by a runner who goes to hasten our supplies. We had a great ceremony to-day. A space in the meadows near the fort was cleared, and all our men set around under arms in a great circle. In the middle stood the Colonel, very tall and, like all of us, very lean for lack of diet, for we are all shrunk like persimmons in December. Before him were seated the Half-King and the son of Aliquippa, the Queen of one of the tribes. Last year our Colonel gave her a red match-coat and a bottle of rum, and now she is his great friend and waiting for more favours, especially rum.

The warriors were painted to beat even a London lady, and no bird has more feathers or finer. The pipe of Council was passed around, and all took a few whiffs. When it came to the turn of our Colonel, he sneezed and coughed and made a wry face, but none of the Indians so much as smiled, for they are a very solemn folk. I could not refrain to laugh, so hid my face in the last handkerchief I possess. There are holes in it, too. Then we had the Indian's speech and that the Governor sent to be spoken. After this the Colonel hung around the necks of the Chiefs medals of silver sent from England. One had the British lion mauling the Gallic cock, and on the other side the King's effigy. Then the drums were beat, and the son of Aliquippa was taken into Council as a sachem, and given, as is the cus-

tom, a new name. I suppose it is a kind of heathen Christening. He was called Fairfax. I hope his Lordship will look after his Godson, or devil son, as he is more like to be. The Half-King was made proud with the name of Dinwiddie, and so we are friends until tomorrow, and allies—I call them *all lies*. After this the Colonel read the morning service, which I hope pleased them. They believed he was making magic.

This is a good account, and I certainly did make a face with the tobacco-smoke, for, although at that time I raised the weed, I cannot endure it.

Captain Mackay arrived on the 7th of June, but it came about untowardly that the company which thus joined me was not Virginian, and gave me more trouble than help. I may be wrong concerning the date of Captain Mackay's arrival, but he was with us when, on the 10th of June, I moved out of our fort to prepare the road for the larger attempt proposed to take the defences at the Forks of the Ohio. I soon found that I was to have difficulty with this officer. I found him a good sort of a gentleman, but, as he had a distinct commission from the king, he declined to receive my commands, and, I found, would rather impede the service than forward it. I have made it a rule, however, to do the best I can in regard to obstacles I cannot control, and so I kept my temper and was always civil to this gentleman, even when he would not permit his men, unless paid a shilling a day, to assist in the making of roads.

As two masters are worse in an army than anywhere else, he agreed willingly enough to remain at Fort Necessity, while I went on toward Redstone Creek with my Virginians to better my road. It was a hard task, and at night the men were so tired that the scouts and sentries could hardly keep awake. The Indians came in daily, asking presents, and were mostly spies.

At Gist's old camp, thirteen miles from Great Meadows, I learned that Fort Duquesne had been reinforced and that I was to be attacked by a large force. I sent back for Mackay, and at once called in all my hunters and scouting-parties. When Captain Mackay arrived we held a council and resolved that we had a better chance to defend ourselves at Fort Necessity. The officers gave up their horses to carry the

ammunition, and we began a retreat with all possible speed. The weather was of the worst, very hot and raining, and the Carolina men, who called themselves king's soldiers, would give no assistance in dragging the swivels. What with hunger and toil, my rangers were worn out when, on July 1, we were come back to the fort. I was of half a mind to push on and secure my retreat to Wills Creek; but the men refused to go on with the swivels, and the few horses we had were mere bone-bags, and some of them hardly fit to walk.

I turned over the matter that night with Captains Mackay and Stephen, and resolved, for, indeed, I could do no better, to send for help and abide in the fort. I was well aware that to retreat would turn every Indian on the frontier against us, and I was in good hope to hold out.

If, as I wrote the governor, the French behaved with no greater spirit than they did in the Jumonville affair, I might yet come off well enough if provisions reached me in time, and I thought with proper reinforcements we should have no great trouble in driving them to the devil and Montreal.

On the evening of July 1 an Indian runner came in. He had been with De Villiers and a force from Duquesne. He told me that when that officer reached Gist's palisado he fired on it, but, finding no one there, was of a mind to go back, thinking I had returned to the settlements. Unfortunately, some of our Indians, who were now leaving us in numbers, told him I meant to make a stand at Fort Necessity.

Whether I should fall back farther or not was now a matter for little choice. If I retreated with tired, half-starved men and no rum for refreshment, De Villiers's large, well-fed force and quick-footed Indians would surely overtake us, and we should have to meet superiour numbers without being intrenched. If Captain Mackay and his men, in my absence, had done anything to complete my fort, I should have fared better. Meanwhile we might be aided with men from Winchester, or, at least, be provisioned. I said nothing to the South Carolina officer of his neglect, for that would do no good, and I desired when it came to fighting he should be in a good humour.

News seemed to fly through the forests as if the birds carried it, and I was not

surprised to learn before I got to the fort that the Half-King and nearly all his warriors had stolen away. He was out of humour with the officers I had left in charge and said no one consulted him. I think he desired to escape a superiour force and to assure the safety of his squaws and papooses, whom I was not ill pleased to be rid of, but not of the warriors.

After my men were fed, Captain Stobo, Adjutant Muse, Captain Stephen, and I took off our coats and went to work to help with axes, Dr. Craik very merry and cheering the poor fellows, who were worn out with work.

We raised the log shelter a log higher, and dug our ditch deeper, and, had we had more time, had done better to have enlarged the place, for it was quite too small for the force.

All being very weary on the evening of July 2, I went over the place with Captain Stobo. We were in the middle of a grassy meadow about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and no wood nearer than sixty yards. Stobo would have had us cut down the nearer trees, but the rangers could work no more. As to men, I had enough, if I had been supplied with ammunition and food.

The next day being the 3d, this was tried—I mean the clearing away of trees; but about half-past ten I heard a shot in the woods on that side where the ground rises, and at once all the men hurried in, as was beforehand agreed, and a sentry ran limping out of the woods, wounded. Next came our scouts in haste to say the French and Indians, a great force, were a mile away, eight hundred it was thought. At eleven I saw them in the forest on the nearest rise of ground, well under cover. I left Captain Mackay in the fort, and set my rangers in the ditch, fairly covered by the earth cast up in the digging of it, hoping the enemy would make an assault. But they kept in the woods and fired incessantly. About 4 P.M. it came on to rain very heavy, with thunder and lightning. So great was the downfall that the water flowing into the ditch half filled it, and the pans and primings of the muskets got wetted, and our fire fell off. Seeing this, I drew the men within the palisadoes and the log fort, where they were favourably disposed to resist an attack, for which the enemy seemed to have no stomach. This was near about 4 P.M., and soon, to my

dismay, shots began to fall among us from the Indians, who climbed the trees and thus had us at an advantage.

Many men began to drop, and De Peyronney, a Huguenot captain, was badly wounded, while our own shooting, because of the torrent of rain, was much slackened, and at dusk our ammunition nearly all used. Twelve men were killed and forty-three wounded out of the three hundred rangers, but how many out of the Independent company I do not know, nor was the loss of the enemy ever ascertained.

About 7 P.M., seeing that we almost ceased to fire, the French called a parley, which I declined; but at eight, knowing our state and that we had scarce any provisions left, I answered their second flag that I would send an officer, and for this errand would have ordered De Peyronney, who spoke the French tongue, but that he was hurt and in great pain. I had no one but Van Braam who knew any French. He went, and returned with demands for a capitulation so dishonourable that I could not consider them. At last, however, we came to terms, which were to march out with all the honours of war, Van Braam and Captain Stobo volunteering to go as hostages for the return of Drouillon and La Force.

It was eleven o'clock at night and very dark when Van Braam translated the final terms of capitulation. We were to march away unmolested and to agree not to build forts or occupy the lands of his Most Christian Majesty for a year; but to this vague stipulation I did not object. It was raining furiously, and we heard the terms read by the light of one candle, which was put out by the rain, over and over, as Van Braam, with no great ease, let me hear what, he declared, was set down. Unhappily, he translated the words which twice made me agree to be taken as the *assassin* of De Villiers's brother, Jumonville, so as to read that the French had come to revenge the *death* of that gentleman, and understanding it, with Stephen and Mackay, to mean this and no more, I signed the paper and thus innocently subjected myself to a foul calumny.

At dawn we moved out with one swivel and drums beating and colours flying. This was on July 4. I was reminded of it when, on July 9, 1776, I paraded the army to announce that on July 4 the Congress had

declared that we were no longer colonies but free and independent States. Then I remembered the humiliation of the morning when we filed away before those who were to become our friends and allies.

I bade good-by to Van Braam and Stobo, and we began our homeward march, all on foot, because of our horses having been taken when we were forced to leave them outside of the fort. We had gone scarce a mile, carrying our wounded on rude litters, when, against all the terms agreed upon, the Indians followed and robbed the rear baggage, misusing many. Upon this, showing a bold front, I drove them off, and destroying all useless baggage, set out again.

Some died on our way, others fell out and were no more heard of; and thus, half starved and weary, we made the seventy miles to Wills Creek.

Having conducted my command to this point, where was all they required in the way of clothing and supplies, I rode with Captain Mackay to Williamsburg.

I felt for a time and with much sharpness the sense of defeat, and I heard later that Captain Mackay complained that I was dull company on the ride, which was no doubt true enough, for I felt that he and his command were partly to be blamed.

Indeed, I appeared to myself at this time the most unfortunate of men; but I have often been led to observe that we forget our calamities more easily than the pleasures of life, nor on the occasion here described could I so much reproach myself as those who failed to supply me with the ammunition and provisions required for success.

Although it was near to nine at night when we rode into Williamsburg and put up at the Raleigh Tavern, I went at once to the house called the governor's palace, but much inferior in size and convenience to the fine houses of Westover and Brandon. The governor being gone to supper elsewhere, I gave the sealed package containing the capitulation, all in French, with the signatures of De Villiers and myself, to the governor's aide.

In the morning I called upon the governor and was cordially received. He said that we could not go into the details of the capitulation until the articles of it were fairly Englished. This would require a

day. He made rather too light, I thought, of the surrender and of what seemed to me serious; for to my mind the French were come to stay.

While the governor was assuring me that we should easily drive out the invaders, my kinsman, Colonel Willis of the council, joined us. He considered the situation on the frontier as very grave, and succeeded in alarming the governor, a man of confident and very sanguine disposition. At last Colonel Willis turned to me and said: "George, I dare venture to engage that this little fire you have left blazing will set the world aflame."

After further talk I left them. I had been before this in the capital of the colony, but always for a brief visit. Now, having time, I walked down the broad Duke of Gloucester street, and saw the famous William and Mary College, and in front of it the statue of Lord Botetour. There were many fine houses and the handsome parish church of Bruton, said to have been planned by the great Sir Christopher Wren.

The next morning about nine came Mr. William Fairfax to the inn and said: "There is some trouble about the capitulations, but I do not know what. You are wanted at once by the council."

Upon this I made haste to reach the palace, wondering what could be the matter.

In the council-chamber were several gentlemen standing, in silence—Mr. Speaker Robinson, Colonel Cary, and my Lord Fairfax, as I was pleased to see, he having arrived that morning to be a guest of Governor Dinwiddie. There were also others, all standing in groups, but who they were I fail now to remember. All of them appeared to be serious as I went in, and there was of a sudden silence, except that the governor, a bulky man, very red in the face and of choleric temper, was walking about cursing in a most unseemly way. Lord Fairfax alone received me pleasantly, coming forward to greet me, but no one else did more than bow. The governor came toward me, and holding the capitulations in one hand, struck them with the other hand and cried out: "Explain, sir—explain how you, sir, an officer of the king, came to admit over your signature that you were an assassin, and twice, sir, twice. I consider you disgraced."

Lord Fairfax laid a hand on my arm to stay me and said:

"Your Excellency, it is not the manner among us to condemn a man unheard; nor, sir, to address a gentleman as you have permitted yourself to do."

Colonel Cary said: "That, sir, is also my own opinion." For this I was grateful, because on a former occasion he had himself been lacking in civility.

Then my cousin Willis came across the room and said very low: "Keep yourself quiet, George."

I bowed and asked to be shown the translation. I read it over with care, while no one spoke. What had been said was correct. For a moment I was too amazed to speak. As I looked up, utterly confounded, Lord Fairfax said: "Well, colonel?"

Upon this I related the facts of the case, and that Captains Mackay and Stephen had heard Van Braam translate the articles, and that he had never used the word *assassination*, but, in place of it, *death*; and that I considered it to have been ignorance on his part, and no worse.

I saw also that, while I had been given to understand by Van Braam that for a year we were pledged not to make any forts on the lands of the King of France, I had really agreed that we were not for that period to do so beyond the mountains.

When I had fully accounted for my unfortunate misapprehension, Lord Fairfax said at once: "Then, gentlemen, this unfortunate mistake and this unlucky pledge were due to the governor's council having failed to provide Colonel Washington with a competent French interpreter." I could hardly help smiling at this transfer of the blame to the governor and his advisers. Colonel Byrd laughed outright, as the governor, with a great oath, cried out, "Nonsense, my lord," and to me, "You should be broke, sir; you are unfit to command."

Lord Fairfax said quietly, "Be careful of your words, governor." This stayed his speech, but amid entire silence he stood shaking with anger, so that, although his wig was covered with a net, the powder fell over his scarlet coat.

Upon this I threw the capitulations on the table and, with much effort controlling myself, said: "I have explained myself to the honourable council and have no more to say."

The governor said: "I presume, sir, we must accept your statement." I replied at once, looking about me: "If any gentleman here doubts it, I—" But on this Colonel Cary said: "I do not. I think the matter cleared, Colonel Washington, and I trust that his Excellency will see that he has spoken in haste."

Lord Fairfax and Mr. Robinson also spoke to like effect, and with a degree of warmth which set me entirely at ease. The governor, much vexed to be thus taken to task, said in a surly way that he was satisfied and that Van Braam was a traitor, which I declined to believe, also adding that Captain Stephen would be asked to see the governor and confirm my statement.

After this, to my surprise, the governor desired my company at dinner, and seeing Lord Fairfax nod to me, I accepted, but with no very good will. The matter ended with a vote of thanks from the House of Burgesses, Van Braam being left out, and also Adjutant Muse, who was considered to have shown cowardice. I was well done with a sorry business.

Indeed, but for the rain, the bad lights, and that I had no reason to disbelieve what Van Braam read to us, I should have looked over the paper, where the word *assassin*, being as much English as French, must have caught my eye. What seemed to me most strange was that De Villiers should so easily have let go a man whom he professed to consider the murderer of his brother.

When we surrendered the French officers were very civil, and I saw no evidence of unusual enmity, but I do not think I met M. de Villiers.

Van Braam was very much abused and called a traitor, which I neither then nor later believed him to have been. Some few in Virginia blamed me, but since then I have lived through many worse calumnies.

As each nation was casting the blame of warlike action on the other, much was made in France of the death of De Jumonville and the surrender of Fort Necessity.

I was able long afterwards to see the account of this capitulation at Fort Necessity as it was given by the French commander, M. de Villiers. It was quite false, but he could not have known all the facts as to De Jumonville's conduct nor how the Dutchman Van Braam—as I believe,

without intention—misled me. That he was not bribed to do so is shown by the fact that, being held as a hostage, he was long kept in jail in Quebec.

It is to be remarked as worthy of note that only a month ago I should have heard news of this old soldier of fortune. A letter came to me at Mount Vernon in which Van Braam related his wanderings and how at last he had settled down in France, as it would seem, in a prosperous way. He was very flattering to his old pupil, and, for my part, I wish him good luck and a better knowledge of the French tongue than he had when we starved together at the Great Meadows.

I am also reminded as I write that Lieutenant-Colonel Wynne asked leave during the siege of Yorktown to present to me a young French nobleman, an officer of the regiment Auvergne, whose name now escapes me. This gentleman's father had served in Canada under Marquis Montcalm, and before that on the frontier. The conversation fell upon my early service on the Ohio. To my great astonishment, the young gentleman told me that in 1759 a French writer, called, if I remember, Thomas, published a long piece in verse about this unfortunate De Jumonville in America, and how his murder was avenged. I never supposed any one would write poetry concerning me, nor do I believe it will ever happen again.

I find my diaries insufficient as to the events which preceded the battle on the Monongahela, where, in Braddock's rout, I lost almost all my papers, with my plans and maps, chiefly copies of those I had given the general. This I now regret more than I did at the time when my memory served me better. Finding, as I have noted before, that to write of events recalls particulars, I shall endeavour thus to revive my personal remembrances, but not to record at length the entire history of the defeat of General Braddock.

I do not suppose that any land was ever worse governed than Virginia was under Dinwiddie, and as to military affairs worst of all, but not worse than other colonies. The governors were ignorant of warfare and expected too much from the half-trained militia and their careless officers. These conditions may have seemed to justify the king's order that all officers holding militia appointments should be

outranked by all royal commissions, and even by the king's officers on half-pay. This was bad enough, but there were also Independent companies raised in time of need; and their officers, being directly commissioned by the governors acting for the king, insisted on their right to outrank gentlemen of the militia, and led the men in their commands to disobey such officers and to consider themselves of a class superiour to the militia. I had already had so sad an experience of the difficulties which arose out of these conditions that I was unwilling to submit to Governor Dinwiddie's plan of making all the militia Independent companies and with only captains in command. The object to be attained by this awkward expedient was to put a stop to the constant disputes as to precedence and command. As this would reduce me from colonel to captain, I made it clear to the governor that it was not, in my opinion, a step to be advised, but I would consider of it, which, indeed, took me no long time.

In November I resigned my commission, and before it was accepted went to Alexandria, where my regiment then lay. I asked the officers to meet me and explained the cause of my being forced to resign. I was surprised to find that my resolution, which all admitted to be reasonable, met with the most flattering opposition. Indeed, I received soon after a letter from these gentlemen in which, with much more, they said:

We, your obedient and affectionate officers, beg leave to express our great concern at the marked disagreeable news we have received of your determination to resign the command of the corps. Your steady adherence to impartial justice, your quick discernment and invariable regard to merit, enlivened our natural emulation to excel.

As this letter lies before me and I think of the emotion it caused me, I still like to remember that at the close they spoke of me as "one who taught them to despise danger and to think lightly of toil and hardships while led by a man they knew and loved."

I have been spoken of as wanting in sensibility. If it had been said I lacked means to show what I feel, that were to put the matter more correctly. Even now the recollection of the praise thus given

moves me deeply, and recalls the memory of my farewell to those who served with me in the War of Independency. I was but twenty-three when I left the colonial service.

I did so with much reluctance, for my desire was not to leave the military line, as my inclinations were still strongly bent to arms, and of this I assured Colonel Fitzhugh very plainly when he would have had me submit to return to service in the inferior grade of captain. I preferred my farm to submitting to this degradation.

Among the minor matters which, by degrees, discontented even the most loyal of the upper class of Virginia gentlemen, none was more ill borne than the impertinence and insults to which this order of the king gave rise.

Having thus, with much regret, resigned my commission, I retired to private life at Mount Vernon and to the care of my neglected plantations.

As we had left two hostages, Van Braam and Stobo, in the hands of the French after my defeat at the Meadows, I was anxious that La Force and the French officers we held should be treated with decency and exchanged for my two captains.

In spite of my earnest remonstrances, Drouillon and two cadets were alone offered for exchange, and La Force held in prison, which, of course, the French refused to consider. My wishes were disregarded in this matter in which I considered my honour was involved, and I was treated with the indifference the governor so often showed to the advice of colonial gentlemen of consideration. I was deeply mortified, and La Force was at least two years in jail, nor do I know what became of him. In retaliation, Van Braam and Stobo were long detained in prison by the French at Quebec, but finally got away, I do not know how. Captain Stobo, a Scotchman, I believe, was a sober, brave, and sensible man. That he was ingenious and little subject to fear appears from the fact that, while imprisoned at Fort Duquesne, he contrived a plan of the fort, and also to send it to the governor by an Indian. Had he been detected it must have cost his life.

After the fall of Quebec in 1759, I was informed by an officer that Captain Stobo made his escape before that event, and had been able to join his Majesty's troops,

and finally had guided General Wolfe on the path by which he succeeded to occupy the Plains of Abraham. I do not know what truth there was in the story.

While time ran on and I was busy with the innocent pursuits of agriculture, England and France were preparing for serious warfare, and as I heard of the efforts to be made to recover the Ohio and the forts at the North, I became troubled that I was to have no share in the business. Sir John St. Clair had come out in this year (1755) as deputy quartermaster-general, and was at once much disgusted at colonial inefficiency, and expressed himself with such freedom as gave great offence. Five weeks later, in February, I believe, General Braddock reached Williamsburg, where I then chanced to be on business concerning the purchase of bills on London. On this occasion I once more appealed to the authorities concerning Stobo and Van Braam; but although I spent some time in efforts to persuade Governor Dinwiddie that to further hold La Force was to prevent the release of two brave and innocent men, he persistently refused. Upon this I went away, declining to discuss other matters on which he would have had my opinion.

While at Williamsburg, Colonel Peyton invited me to visit Sir John St. Clair, to whom I was able to express my regret that the conditions of the king's late order as to rank must deprive me and other colonial gentlemen of the pleasure of serving. Sir John said that he was surprised to encounter so much sensitiveness among us. To this I made no reply, but Colonel Byrd, who was present, said if Sir John would in his mind reverse our positions he would find the matter to explain itself. Sir John said that he could not imagine himself a provincial captain of border farm-hands.

Upon this Colonel Byrd rose and said there was also something which he could not imagine Sir John to be. Seeing a quarrel close at hand, a thing very undesirable when already we were on edge owing to the affectation of superiority on the part of some of Sir John's aides, I was fortunate enough to say that Colonel Byrd no doubt misunderstood Sir John, and that I never had been able to put myself in another man's place. Sir John, who had spoken hastily, was also of no mind to provoke a gentleman of Colonel Byrd's influence, and said at once that he had no

intention to offend, and thus the matter ended.

It was, however, this kind of thing which made so much bad blood in the colonies and was so deeply resented by men of all classes.

In the afternoon I met Colonel Byrd, who said I had spoiled a good quarrel and that he considered it would be necessary to teach some of the officers a lesson in manners. I said I hoped that at this crisis it might be avoided. I had quite forgot this incident, and am agreeably surprised, now that my memory is failing, at recovering by attention so many things which seemed lost.

On the following morning Sir John called upon me and asked would I dine with him that day, to meet General Braddock, whom, on his arrival, I had welcomed in a letter expressing my regret at being out of the service.

I was glad to meet the new commander, and at Sir John's request named several gentlemen who should have the same honour, and who might be of great use in the campaign. On this occasion there was less heavy drinking than usual, and I was very agreeably entertained and much questioned as to the border. I promised to send my maps to the general, who, upon my taking leave, hoped some way might be found to secure my services in the coming campaign.

Indeed, I was more eager than the general, and, as occasion served, I was still more open with some of the younger members of General Braddock's family concerning my continued desire to follow the military line.

I rode homeward a day or two later, taking Fredericksburg on the way, that I might see my mother. I found her in the garden of her house, engaged in putting some plants in the ground.

She said she was pleased to see me, but did hardly look up from her work and went on talking of the family. I was of no mind to stop her, and, indeed, it was always best to let her have her say; nor did I now interrupt her, which out of respect I never inclined to do.

My sister Betty Lewis, having more desire to talk than I ever had, could never hear my mother out, and this I did not approve, nor did it do any good.

While I was listening came a servant

with a letter inclosed in a cover with a flying seal of Captain Orme's arms. The letter within carried the royal arms and "On his Majesty's service with speed," wrote large. It appeared that when I had gone, the general's aide, Captain Orme, requested Colonel Peyton to forward to me this communication, and accordingly he had sent it after me as desired. I excused myself and read it with pleasure.

My mother, being curious as to small things, and as to large ones too often indifferent, asked me what it was, and was eager to know why it bore the king's arms. I saw no better way than to let her read it.

She gave it back to me, saying, "I suppose my opinions about this business of war are never to be regarded," and more besides than I desire to recall. I replied that there was only one answer a man of honour and a loyal subject of the king could make, and that I should at once accept if time were given me to set in order my affairs; and so, with this, after much advice on her part that my duty lay at home and on my plantation, I got away, avoiding to say more, my mind being fully made up. I find the letter now among my papers, and reading it in my old age, renew the memory of the satisfaction it gave me when young.

Williamsburg, March 2, 1755.

SIR: The General, having been informed by friends that you expressed some desire to make the campaign, but that you declined it upon some disagreeableness that you thought might arise from the regulations of command, has ordered me to acquaint you that he will be very glad of your company in his family, by which all inconveniences of that kind will be obviated.

I shall think myself very happy to form an acquaintance with a person so universally esteemed, and shall use every opportunity of assuring you how much I am

Your obedient servant,
Robert Orme,
Aide-de-camp.

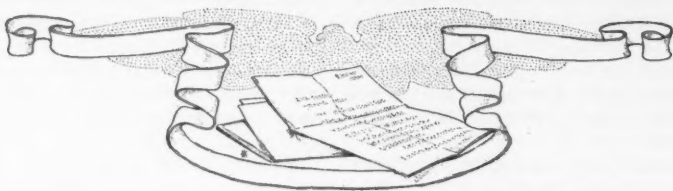
I have no doubt that Colonel Peyton was the gentleman who, knowing my wishes, had suggested my appointment. I was considered by some to have been imprudent at Fort Necessity, and the governor, because of the freedom of speech I used with him in the matter of Stobo and La Force, had for me no great regard, and

was very unlikely to have favoured me with the general.

Before leaving Williamsburg, Mr. C——, a cousin of Colonel Peyton, visited me and said he had been well advised to seek my friendship in a letter from the colonel, which he thought might please me and

which I was free to read. As to my appearance, wit, and judgment, the letter spoke in the most agreeable language, and added that I was destined to make no inconsiderable figure in our country. I confess to having felt, as I read it, both pleasure and doubt.

(To be continued)



NOT ACCORDING TO THE CODE

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST

BY CAPTAIN THOMAS H. WILSON, U. S. A.



T was at the afternoon dismounted drill of the troop. The air was hot and stifling, the men were listless and bored, and the officer in charge was young, inexperienced, and new to the heat and sand of New Mexico. There are some days when even the best instructed and disciplined troops cannot drill, and this was one of them. The careless slant of the first sergeant's piece as it lay along his shoulder would have proclaimed this to an experienced officer, but the "Johnny come lately," as the soldiers called Willard, the new civilian appointment, saw nothing, knew nothing, and apparently cared nothing. He was there to drill them, and drill they should, so on the torture went until the climax came. Now this boy, for he was really little more, mistook sheer inability for obstinacy. He failed to realize that his commands were not given with the assurance that alone demands instant and prompt execution; he even failed to realize that his embarrassment and lack of confi-

dence in himself gave him an irritating and nagging manner, and so in his ignorance he blundered on and on until he became downright cruel. There was a quick, sharp, but wrong command—a half-hearted response on the part of the men—a swirl of glittering steel in the air—and—the worst had happened.

"He struck me, he struck me!" and Private Thornton, lowering his piece, moved his right hand toward his cartridge-box.

In a moment Willard realized what he had done, and his face blanched; there was a death-like silence, and then the first sergeant dropped his piece and caught Thornton's right arm.

"Come with me"; and before the troop quite realized what had happened, he had Thornton in a firm grasp, and was leading him toward the troop quarters.

And then for the remaining half-hour or so there was an apology of a drill, until the welcome notes of recall sent the men to their quarters, silent and puzzled. At afternoon stables that day Thornton was missing; at retreat, at tattoo, and the next

morning at reveille he was still absent. The whole command decided he had deserted. On the morning of the third day, much to every one's surprise, Thornton tumbled out of his bunk at first call for reveille, answered his name, declined to make any explanation to the first sergeant regarding his absence, and after guard-mounting the same day was ordered to report to his regimental commander for investigation.

Now the colonel of the —th United States Horse was a keen judge of men. His admirers, and he had many, said: "The old man's the best judge of horses and men in the service"; to which his few detractors always added: "and whisky."

He glanced at the offending private sharply for a few moments.

"Where have you been, my man?"

"I've been away, sir," answered Thornton, with the slow, soft drawl of the South.

Again the colonel eyed him sharply; the voice and intonation were those of a gentleman.

"You had no permission?"

"No, sir."

"Why did you go?"

"I wanted time to think, sir."

The colonel, knowing all the circumstances, appreciated the reply.

"And you've thought it out thoroughly?"

"I have, sir."

"You know, of course, no soldier can take the law into his own hands?"

"I do, sir."

"You intend to observe the law?"

"I intend to serve my enlistment honorably, sir."

"Do you wish to make any complaint against any—any—" and here the colonel hesitated—"against any officer of my regiment?"

"No, sir."

"Very well—that's all."

And so Thornton was restored to duty without trial, and the regiment heard nothing more of the affair. That is—not for some years.

Two years later the "Johnny come lately" was a thing of the past. Willard had developed from an untrained, impetuous boy into a man who had learned his lesson and taken it to heart; he had lived, campaigned, and fought with the men he had so misunderstood at first, and between whom and

himself there was now a feeling of mutual respect and real liking. Thornton was still in the troop; the modest chevrons of a corporal which he wore showed that he too had learned his lesson and was no longer the untrained "rookie" of months ago. If he bore any resentment toward his officer for the chance blow, it was never shown. Scrupulously polite, observant, cheerful, and willing, he had grown into a model trooper.

It was about this time that the usual rumors of restlessness among the Indians began to circulate through the Territory, and then one day, without any previous warning, the stirring notes of "Boots and Saddles" sent two troops of the regiment helter-skelter after a party of marauding warriors, reported only a short distance from the post.

It was a quick pursuit and a successful one. The Indians were caught red-handed, and the drubbing they got quieted things for months to come.

When the officer commanding the expedition submitted his report to the colonel a few days after their return, he said among other things:

During the engagement I ordered a dismounted platoon under the command of Lieutenant Willard to dislodge a party of Indians from a strongly intrenched position they had taken behind some rocks. The order was brilliantly executed, though in the advance the officer in command was dangerously wounded. The first sergeant immediately placed himself at the head of the platoon, led and completed the movement very successfully. Corporal Thornton, who was one of the first to notice the lieutenant's plight, immediately went to his assistance, and, though exposed to a heavy fire of the enemy and at a great risk of life, succeeded in bringing the officer in safety to our lines. It was a gallant act and one worthy of the highest commendation. I am happy to say the surgeon reports every hope of Lieutenant Willard's recovery.

ONCE again Thornton stood before his colonel, erect, soldierly, but rather ill-at-ease.

"I wanted you to know, sir," said his chief, after some preliminaries, "that I have recommended you to the department for distinguished gallantry in saving the life of your officer. I believe it's the same officer you had—er—" and here the colonel gazed at him with a look of honest and open admiration in his eyes.

"The same, sir," answered Thornton.

"It was the act of a gentleman and a soldier," cried the colonel, who, occasionally tiring of the restraints of the service, gave way to his impulses. Then he jumped up from his desk and shook the trooper's hand.

"It was magnificent; you have forgotten—forgiven?"

"I have not, sir." The words were cold and deliberate.

"You have n't? And yet you risked your life for him—why?"

"I was afraid he might die, sir; I wanted him to live."

And the colonel sat for an hour after he had dismissed him, thinking.

FIVE long years from the date of the trooper's enlistment the morning report of E Troop showed the following alteration on the morning in question:

Sergeant Robert Thornton discharged by expiration term of service.

All the morning there had been but one thought in Thornton's mind—one constant, persistent thought he could not rid himself of:

"You are free—you are free—and now—"

The blood of a people who had never brooked blow or insult ran in his veins. He had waited patiently; no one could ever know the bitterness and degradation of that blow, impersonal though it had been; but now—he was free—free—free. Rapidly his mind reviewed it all. He even recalled that when, during the lieutenant's convalescence, that officer had sent for him and tried to thank him with faltering voice and dimmed eyes, there had been no pity in his heart, only the one thought: "Thank Heaven he will not die before I am free!"

He had received his thanks without a word, even without emotion, and had pretended not to see the outstretched hand. And now he was free, thank God!

At one o'clock the trumpeter slouched out from the sergeant-major's office, sounded drill-call dismounted and assembly in a perfunctory, half-hearted manner, and then slouched back to continue his interrupted game of seven-up with the regimental clerk for a plug of "government straight"—jaw-bone.

It was hot and sultry; aye, as hot and sultry as that day which it seemed he never

could forget. The men were forming on the company parades, and from where he stood, near the sutler-shop, ex-Sergeant Thornton scanned the officers as they came out from their adobe quarters across the way. At last! He saw the first sergeant report the troop, the lieutenant (his lieutenant) draw his saber, and the men move off in columns of fours. His mind was clearly made up. He would wait until the first rest, and in the presence of the whole troop he would wipe out the insult of years ago. He did not quite know how it would be, but it would be a blow; aye, a blow for a blow. Soon he found himself watching the movements of the troop, his old troop, with quite a new interest. They halted, and then, to their surprise, they saw their former comrade, neatly arrayed in citizen's clothing, gloves in hand, come toward them at a quick, sharp gait.

The lieutenant, with his back toward him, learned of his presence only when he heard his well-known voice: "Mr. Willard."

"Sergeant Thornton," and he turned toward him.

"Mr. Thornton, sir, if you please," and the ex-trooper's voice was distinct and clear.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Thornton," and the officer's attitude unconsciously stiffened; "you have something to say to me?"

"I have, sir, and something I wish these men to hear: they were the witnesses of my degradation; they shall be the witnesses of my reply."

"It is but just, perhaps," said Willard, quietly; but Thornton, whose eyes never left his face, saw the cruel, deep scar, where the Indian bullet had plowed along, redden and quicken.

"You struck me, sir," suddenly cried the ex-trooper, fiercely. "By Heaven! sir, you struck me—you with the law and might on your side, I with the iron rules of the service binding me to meek submission. You took advantage of your position, sir, but now, now I am free as you, and now, here in the presence of these men, I propose to—" and Thornton moved a step nearer, intending to smite the officer's face with the gloves he held in his hand.

"I owe you my life, Thornton; would you have my honor also?" said Willard, looking him frankly and fearlessly in the eyes.

"I—I—" began Thornton, and then he suddenly saw before him no longer the enemy who had insulted him, but a man—a man of his own class and kind; one who had erred in the heat of passion, but suffered with the strength and dignity of a man; one who had been his officer for years; one who would have been his friend had he permitted it, and—now the thought was overwhelming—one to whom he himself had given life. Silently and strangely his gaze wandered to the faces of the men

of the troop, then back to the face of his enemy.

Suddenly his anger vanished; he could not understand it, yet so it was. He was disarmed, completely disarmed.

How could he, a Thornton of Virginia, strike a man who thus spoke to him; who, though he did not fear him, would evidently not strike back? Good God! he had not understood till now.

An instant later, he raised his hat, and without a word hurriedly left the parade.



THE CHASE OF MASAUGA

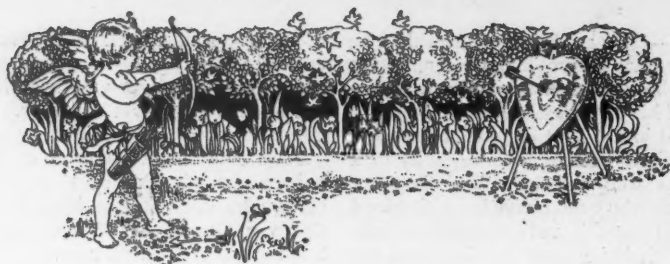
BY JOHN B. KAYE

THREE strokes, three new-moon cuts, three gath'ring swaths,
 Spun from the wild slough's sweet, broad-bladed grass;
 Three pairs of sinewy hands gripped the nibbed snaths
 With mighty tension, and each leftward pass
 Lengthened the heaped-up lines of billowy green,
 Leaving straight, narrow, naked lanes between.

"Step to the stroke!" "Make speed!" A wavy line
 Tortures the trembling grass—a moving thread.
 "Press on the hidden trail—the serpentine!"
 'T is marked by a green shuddering overhead.
 With shoulders bent and muscles on the strain
 The mowers strive the swift stroke to maintain.

See how it gathers now 'twixt snath and blade,
 The meadow's emerald fleece! With strenuous might
 Shorn from its hold, in tipped-up tumult laid,
 The long green blades are quilled with butts of white.
 "Step firm to stroke! Cut deep, shave close and clean!"
 The gruesome trail grows shorter in between.

Pursuers and pursued, hatred and fear,
 All do their utmost and their powers tire,
 But passion spurs, and now the end is near;
 Man's inborn enmity can ne'er expire.
 The mottled rattler, fierce Masauga, writhes,
 And dies with fangs aimed at the murderous scythes.



THE OLD AND NOVEL SPORT OF ARCHERY

APROPOS OF ITS INCLUSION IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES
AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

BY A. B. CASSELMAN

Of the Potomac Archery Club

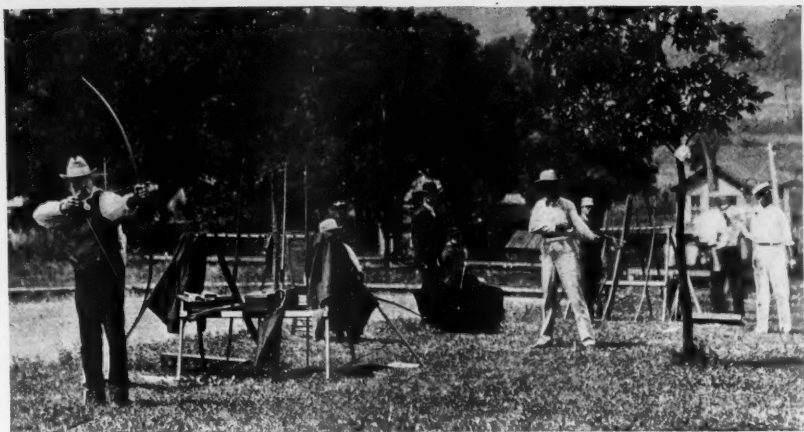
IN the revived Olympic games, which are to be celebrated at St. Louis, under the auspices of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, there will be, in connection with other ancient and modern sports, a contest in archery. Contests in shooting with the bow were not usual in the Olympic games of ancient Greece, but they were included in the Isthmian and Nemean games, which, though less famous, were similar in all material respects to the great Olympic festival.

There are not many American archers, and it is hoped that the interest of a contest at St. Louis may be enhanced by the attendance of European contestants. The National Archery Association of the United States had selected St. Louis as the place for its next annual meeting before it had been definitely determined to include archery as one of the events of the Olympic games.

In considering archery as a modern field-sport, or viewing it in any light, the subject derives great interest from the historical view of the bow, its great antiquity, and its use as a military weapon from prehistoric times down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. For the last three

centuries firearms have supplanted all other kinds of military weapons, and we seldom reflect that prior to this comparatively short period the bow and arrow was for fifty centuries one of the principal and most effective weapons with both civilized and barbaric nations. We now understand the term "artillery" to mean cannon—great ordnance, which may throw a projectile twenty miles or pierce the steel armor of a great ship; but before gunpowder came into use the term meant, specifically, the bow and arrow. This was the original artillery.

Archery was practised by the Greeks, both in war and as an athletic sport. Ulysses and Hercules were archers. The shafts of Hercules were feathered with the plumage of the eagle. Greek archers fought at Marathon and at the siege of Troy; and the exploits of the bow are sung by Homer. The bow, however, was not the chief weapon of the Greek or Roman soldier, who was armed for close conflict; but the heavy-armed troops were often supported by light auxiliaries, composed of archers and slingers, who were usually barbarian mercenaries, Scythians or Parthians. The latter were noted for their skill in discharging their arrows while in



From a photograph

AN ARCHERY MEET AT MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, 1902

actual or simulated flight, and a "Parthian arrow" still means a parting shot. The city of Athens maintained a civic guard of Scythian archers, and there were sixteen hundred Athenian archers in the Peloponnesian War. The barbarian peoples that bordered on Greece and Rome were expert and formidable with the bow, and it was they and their descendants, the Goths, Vandals, and Huns, who, with the bow as their weapon, finally overran and despoiled the Roman Empire, a result which has been attributed to the neglect of archery by the Romans, who otherwise might have repelled the invaders. Before this, the great hosts of Xerxes at Marathon and at Plataea were archers, whose clouds of arrows were declared to have obscured the sun.

But it was in the Middle Ages, and in the hands of the English, who made it their peculiar weapon, that the longbow became the most effective weapon of Europe—feared, an English writer declares, "next the stroke of God." It was first introduced in England at the Norman Conquest, when, at Hastings, Harold was slain with an arrow, and the English army was overthrown by the Norman bowmen. Thereafter it became the national weapon. To it chiefly England is indebted for some of her greatest victories, and for much of her ancient power and prestige as a nation. English history, English statutes, and English literature are filled with allusions to archery, and to the longbow and the

"gray goose-wing" as emblems of national supremacy, and as the wall and defense of their country. This is referred to by Kipling:

"All we have of freedom—all we use or know—

This our fathers bought for us, long and long ago;

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and gray
"goose-wing"

Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly
from the King."

In the Hundred Years' War with France, English archers attained their greatest pre-eminence, and especially in their great victories at Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, where they visited upon the French the most sanguinary defeats, and in each instance against great odds. At Agincourt twelve thousand English were hemmed in by sixty thousand French, eager to make them their prey. Of the English seven thousand five hundred were archers, and these chiefly, aided by the rain-soaked ground, on which the French cavalry could not maneuver, inflicted upon their enemies a loss of ten thousand slain. Shakspeare puts it in the mouth of Henry V to say of Agincourt:

" . . . When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other?"



Drawn by John Cassel. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A MODERN CHAMPION

The honors of that field belong entirely to the English longbow. Likewise in the civil wars of the Roses, which were unusually sanguinary, the longbow was the weapon of both factions. Under statutes which were designed as, and had the effect of, militia laws, Englishmen were drilled and self-equipped, ready on short notice to take the field, skilled in the use of their favorite weapon. The bow was their pastime and amusement in peace, and it was this which made them effective and dreaded in its use in the field.

The introduction of firearms about the middle of the sixteenth century did not immediately displace the bow as a military weapon. The two weapons were used side by side, and for many years there was great rivalry and contention as to their respective merits. They were both used in the armament to repel the Spanish Armada, which was, perhaps, about the latest use of the bow in a great military operation.

The first settlements in America were made soon after the bow had been retired as a military weapon; and the colonists came to America armed with guns. Had they come fifty years earlier they would have come with bows and arrows. It thus happens that, except as the weapon of our Indian foes, the bow has never had a place in American history or national traditions, and does not, therefore, with us as in England appeal to sentiments of national pride. But archery has a place in our national coat of arms, which represents an eagle with an olive-branch in one talon and a bundle of arrows in the other.

The bow is still used by many savage tribes, including some of our American Indians. It has one advantage with the savage—its cheapness; he can make it with his own hand. It was used by some

of the Indians in the Custer massacre, in 1876; and General Sheridan, in his annual report for 1868, reported the capture of four thousand arrows from hostile Indians. General Forsyth, in an account of his desperate fight with the Indians in 1868, relates that one of his scouts was shot with an arrow, whose point was firmly lodged in his frontal bone, where it remained embedded until, later in the fight, an Indian bullet plowed across his forehead and dislodged the arrow-point.

To attain skill in archery, it should be learned in youth; but it may be learned at any age. The best way to learn this art, perhaps, is from the English archers who have written on the subject. They excelled other nations as archers in war, and have excelled in it as a modern sport.

A recent English book on the subject is the volume on archery in the Badminton Library of English Sports, which treats the subject comprehensively. Another valuable work on the subject is that of Horace Ford, the greatest of modern English archers, who was champion of England continuously from 1849 to 1859, and whose highest scores at the double York round during

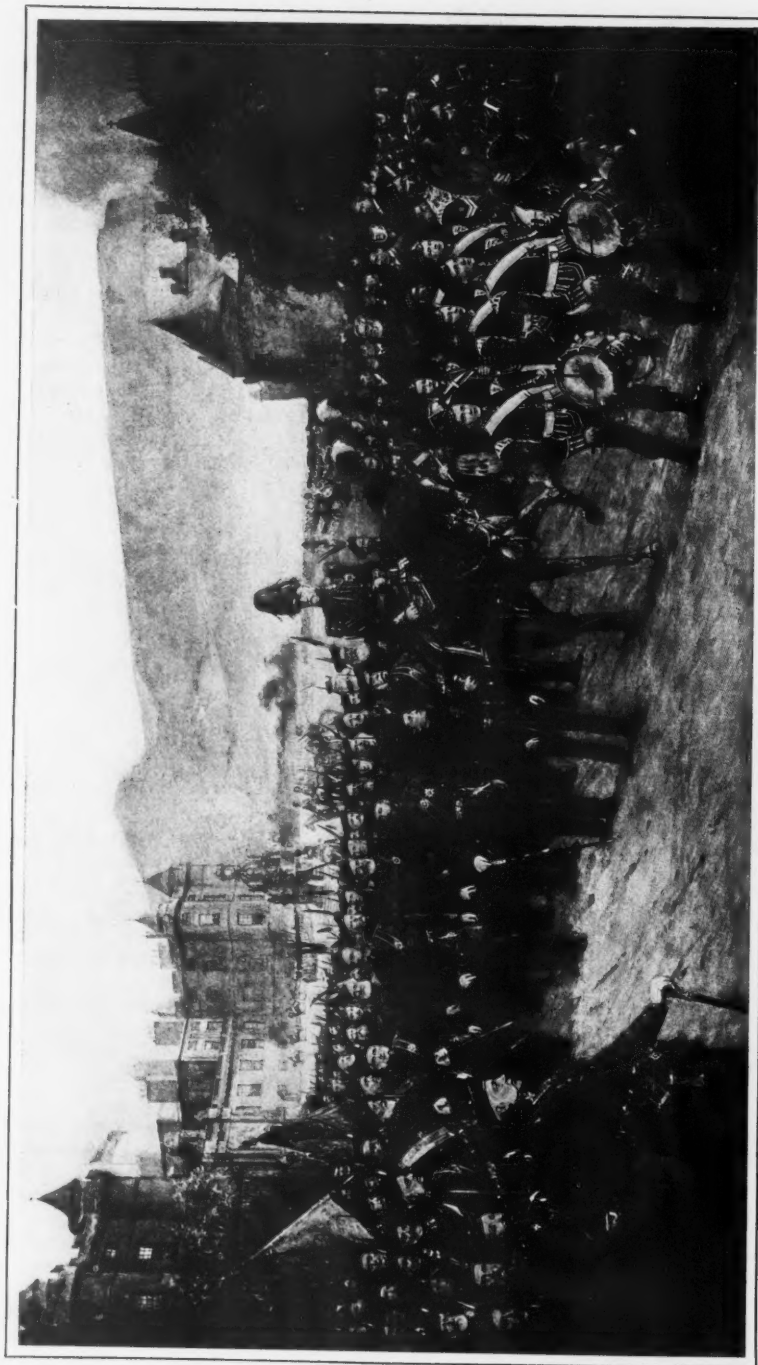
that period have never since been equaled.

A little volume on this subject of very great interest to any one fond of early English literature, first published in 1545, is the "Toxophilus, or Art of Shooting with the Bow," by Roger Ascham. This was the first English work on the subject, and was written at a time when the practice of archery was common to all classes throughout England. The "Toxophilus" gained for Ascham a place in English literature which has preserved his name to posterity; and his instructions in the art of shooting are still quoted as authority. Aside from the value of his instructions,



From a photograph

HORACE FORD, WORLD CHAMPION



From the painting in Archers' Hall, Edinburgh. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE SCOTCH COMPANY OF ARCHERS LEAVING HOLYROOD ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1886

his work is still interesting for its literary qualities. Ascham was a tutor of the Princess Elizabeth, and taught her the use of the bow. Her father, the king, was the best bow-shot in England.

The old theory that the gray goose-wing furnishes the best feather for the arrow has been discarded. Turkey- and peacock-feathers are now most used. Ascham's

ment to revive some old archery societies or clubs which had existed nominally for a century or two, and in the organization in that year of the Royal Toxophilite Society, which became and still remains the leading archery association in England, having its grounds and club-house near the center of London, in Regent's Park. In 1844 the clubs and societies then existing



From a photograph by J. Rudland

LADIES' DAY OF THE ROYAL TOXOPHILITE SOCIETY

description of a good bow is as correct now as when it was written:

If you come into a shop and find a bow that is small, long, heavy and strong, lying straight, not winding, not marred with knot gall, windshake, wem, fret or pinch, buy that bow of my warrant.

His work has one omission which all archers regret. He does not give us a single score, nor any test denoting the skill of the archers of his day.

A revival of archery in England as a modern athletic sport was begun about the year 1781, and the interest of that period has been kept alive without much interruption or abatement to the present time. This revival of archery began in a move-

formed a National Archery Association, which has held its contests annually without exception from that year to the present. Uniform rules were prescribed governing the practice of target-shooting, and it is only within this period that we have really authentic scores of notable archers. English, Scotch, and American archers shoot under the same regulations—those of the English National Association; and any one may readily determine the degree of his skill by comparing his score with the record since 1844.

On the point of comparison Mr. Longman, in the Badminton Library, well says:

To tell the truth, no effective comparison is possible between the highly specialized

practice of modern English archery and either the war archery of our forefathers or the wild archery of savage tribes. It is one thing to kill and disable as many as possible of a body

Arabian archer that he could hit the foot of an ant in a dark night; or of the Englishman who in an adventure with savages was so skilful that he could, with his own arrows, intercept those of his enemy in mid-air. Yet we may well assume that when the practice of shooting with the bow was common among all classes, there must have been individual instances of remarkable skill in accuracy and in power.

About the middle of the last century, when Ford was the champion and had several close rivals, English target-shooting reached its highest proficiency, and the customary scores of that period have rarely since been equaled. Since then the sport has been pursued more for the true pleasure of shooting and of healthful recreation. Distinctive archery costumes are not now essential as formerly, the ordinary outing cos-



WALLACE BRYANT

of disciplined and armed men; it is another thing to creep up within fifteen or twenty yards of a wapiti and silently plant an arrow in the neighborhood of his heart, or to shoot down a charging and infuriated buffalo; while to put as many arrows as possible within a given circle at a distance well known and long practised is a feat of a character quite different from either of the others. Nerve, strength, and skill are necessary to perform any of these feats; but these qualities must be differently applied, and the weapons used must be essentially different.

Some of the romantic adventures chronicled in books of archery as evidence of the skill of former times are interesting chiefly on account of their palpable extravagance: as the boast of the



L. W. MAXSON

A QUARTET OF

tume in vogue serving for all purposes, especially with the gentlemen.

A table of notable scores of English archers, covering the period from 1844 to 1893, published in the Badminton Library, shows in concise form the degree of English skill in the art. The target is four feet in diameter, made of tightly coiled wheat or rye straw, with a facing of cloth-paper, painted with five concentric rings, gold, red, blue, black, and white; and in scoring the value of a hit is counted according to its nearness to the center. The test of skill is the double York round. The single York consists in shooting 72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 at 80, and 24 at 60 yards. The double York therefore consists in shooting 288 arrows in all, and as the walking back and forth to regain the arrows covers about six miles, the contest constitutes a good day's work.

Since 1844 a score of 1000 at the double York has always been regarded as a notable achievement. Previous to 1870 it had been made only by one man, Horace Ford,



MRS. A. M. PHILLIPS



MRS. M. C. HOWELL

CHAMPION ARCHERS

who in his eleven years' championship exceeded a score of 1000 three times. Since Ford's day other archers have exceeded 1000, but no one has ever equaled his highest score of 1251.

Archery has sometimes been assigned a place of honor in the ceremonials and public functions of the English court. The Royal Company of Archers of Edinburgh served as body-guard to George IV on the occasion of his visit to Scotland in 1822, and at different times served again in a similar capacity as guard of honor to William IV and to Queen Victoria when they visited Scotland. Queen Victoria frequently displayed her interest in archery, which she herself practised in her youth. Before her accession she was present at meetings of the Royal British Bowmen, and shot with the St. Leonard's Archers; and in 1893 she presented a gold cup to



From a painting by Sir Henry Raeburn, 1794, in Archers' Hall, Edinburgh. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

DR. NATHANIEL SPENS, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, EDINBURGH,
1794-96, AND MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS

an archery society at Bruges, to commemorate the fiftieth year of her honorary membership in that society.

Archery has been practised in the United

about that time by the dealers in archery goods. Again about 1875 there was a revival of the sport in this country, and in 1879 there was formed a National Asso-



From a photograph

FILIPINO ARCHERS—THE DAUGHTER OF A TAGALO CHIEF,
WITH BROTHER AND SERVANT

States at intervals, in a desultory way, and on two or three occasions has seemed on the point of becoming popular. About 1830 it must have been practised here to a considerable extent, judging from the trade catalogues and manuals published

since, which has held its annual contests since, though public interest in the sport has not been sustained.

The Potomac Archery Club of Washington was organized in 1879, and is one of the few clubs that have kept up an

organization and have aided in keeping alive the National Association with its delightful annual meetings. Its membership has included some of the best American bow-shots. A history of the club would include some interesting reminiscences. One of its organizers was the late Colonel John T. Pickett, a Confederate officer who represented the Confederate States as their special diplomatic agent at Mexico. Colonel Pickett, after the war, took up the subject of archery with great enthusiasm both in the study of its history and in practice. General Meigs, quartermaster-general of the army, was another of the organizers of the club. In the summer of 1881, Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, became much interested in archery, and on one occasion, in company with a member of the Potomac Club, spent an afternoon in practice with the bow, intending at that time to become a member of the club. But the assassination of the President, which occurred about that time, destroyed his hopes and plans—those relating to archery with many others.

An account of archery in the United States during the last thirty years would be incomplete if it did not give credit to the influence impressed upon this period by two brothers, the late Maurice Thompson and W. H. Thompson, both by their writings and by their interest in everything pertaining to the promotion of the sport in this country. Maurice Thompson was a prolific writer on the subject, being the author of "The Witchery of Archery," and of sketches and reminiscences, stories of the forest and field, in which with rather surprising success he experimented with his bow in the quest of small game. His brother, W. H. Thompson, who survives him, has also written numerous articles and sketches on the subject.

As a popular amusement archery is of slow growth. Time and patience are required to adapt one's self to the use of the bow, and those who lack patience are likely to be disappointed at early failures and to abandon archery for some form of amusement more easily and quickly acquired. Those who persist, however, will find a charm and fascination in the sport that will repay all their labors and earlier disappointments. The merits of archery as an athletic pastime are in part those which

it has in common with all forms of outdoor athletics; but it has its own distinctive merits, which to its votaries commend it above all other outdoor amusements. Archery, though it should be learned in youth, seems to have, in fact, more fascination for the man than for the youth.

The scores made by American archers have never equaled the best English scores, for the sufficient reason that the sport has never been practised in this country to the same extent, either in point of time or in the number of those who engage in it, as in England, where for more than a century past target-shooting has been steadily and consistently pursued by gentlemen of leisure, and by ladies, who have developed a high degree of skill. There have, however, been some very creditable American scores. The best American score, at a national meeting, made by Colonel Robert Williams, Jr., at Eaton, Ohio, in 1885, at the double York round (995) is barely short of the 1000 mark which is always classed as a notable score by English archers. The American championship scores made at the national meetings have usually ranged between 600 and 800. In 1903 the score was 653; in 1902, 602. Mr. L. W. Maxson's six championship scores have ranged from 713 to 766. W. H. Thompson's best championship score is 760. Colonel Williams has twice exceeded a score of 900 at a national meeting.

It seems needless to say that Americans, if they chose to apply themselves, could excel in archery. Marksmanship is an instinct with Americans, and, with natural aptness, all that is further necessary is persevering practice and observation of the few fundamental rules which govern correct method. The requirements for a good archer as stated by Ascham are "aptness, knowledge, and use."

The countries of Europe where archery is now most practised, other than England and Scotland, are France, Holland, and Belgium. It is hoped that some of their best archers may contest at the St. Louis Exposition. Such a contest ought to stimulate renewed interest in an innocent and graceful amusement—one which in its historical associations is of surpassing interest, and in its healthful influence, alike on the mind and body, is scarcely equaled by any other.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE BELLE OF THE AFTERNOON" (SEE PAGE 648)

A PAGAN AND A PURITAN

(STORIES OF THE NEVADA MADIGANS: III)

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

"**S**PRINT! Spr-int!"

The morning was warm and young; Mount Davidson's side was golden with sunflowers. On the long front piazza Mr. Madigan's canaries, in their mammoth cage, were like to burst their throats for joy in the promise of summer. Irene, every lithe muscle a-play, was hanging by her knees on the swinging-bar, her tawny hair sweeping the woodshed floor as she swung.

"Sprint, I say!"

The tone was commanding—such a tone as Sissy dared assume only on Saturday mornings, when her elder sister's necessities delivered Irene the Oppressor into her hands.

"Sprint Madigan!"

In the very exhilaration of effort—the use of her muscles was joy to her—Sprint paused to wish that the house might fall on Sissy; that she might suddenly become dumb; that the key to the piano might be lost—anything that would avert her own impending doom.

But none of these things happened; they never did happen, no matter how pas-

sionately the second of the Madigans longed for them on the last day of the week.

"Sprint—you know very well you hear me," the voice cried, coming nearer.

Sprint burst into song. She was a merry, merry Zingara, she declared in sweet, strong cadence, with a boisterous chorus of trala-las that rivaled the canaries'; and the louder she sang, the faster she swung, so that she was really half deaf and wholly giddy when she felt Sissy's hand on her ankle.

"Oh, is that you, Sissy?" she asked, sweetly surprised, peering out from under her bushy mane.

"Yes, it's me, Sissy!" Cecilia's small, round face was stern. "And you've heard me from the very first, and if you want any—"

"Shall I show you how to skin the cat, Sis?" Irene interrupted hastily, pulling herself up with a jerk.

But Sissy was fat and had none of her sister's wiry agility. She declined; her mind was attuned to other issues just then, and her soul was a-quiver with malicious, an-

ticipatory glee; for this was the day of Sprint's music lesson, and her teacher was none other than Sissy herself.

"So, if you want it," the younger sister's voice rose threateningly, "you've got to come now."

"Let's leave it till the afternoon." Sprint's voice came from somewhere in the midst of her evolutions.

"Will you come?" demanded Sissy. "Once!"

How could Sprint answer? Her mouth was tight shut; she was pulling herself up inch by inch, slowly, slowly, till her chin should rest upon the bar.

"Will you come? Twice!"

Sprint's face was purple, and there was an agonized prayer for delay in her eyes.

"Will you come? Third—and la-ast—" Sissy prolonged the note quaveringly. It was not her intention to provoke her victim beyond endurance. These lessons, which

gave her the whip-hand over the doughty and invincible Sprint, were far too precious to her.

"And la-ast," she repeated inexorably.

With a thud Irene dropped to the floor. Leaving all her light-heartedness behind in the dusk of the shed, where the trapeze still swung, she followed, a sullen captive; while Cecilia, gloating like the despot she was, led the way.

"We'll begin with the piece," said Sprint, eagerly, seating herself before the piano.

"No; scales and exercises first," declared Sissy, firmly. "Sit farther back, Sprint, and keep your wrist up."

Sprint moved the stool a millionth of an inch. Why, oh, why had she quarreled with Professor Trask? If some one had only told her that her own rebellion would mean the substitution of Cecilia for herself as his pupil, and another opportunity for that apt young perfectionist to outrank her senior!



Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"LEAVING ALL HER LIGHT-HEARTEDNESS BEHIND, . . . SHE FOLLOWED, A SULLEN CAPTIVE"



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"PLAY IT, THEN, YOU MEAN THING, . . . IF IT'S GOING TO DO YOU ANY GOOD!"

With a rattling verve, and a dime on each wrist, which Professor Cecilia had placed there to effect a divorce between finger and arm movement, Irene attacked her scales and exercises. She loathed five-finger exercises. So did the talented but lazy Sissy, who knew well from experience what torture would most try her victim's soul. Sprint merely wanted to play well, to outplay Cecilia, to be independent of her and play her own accompaniments.

"Lift your fingers, Sprint. You must raise your wrist," came in an easy tone of command. "Repeat that, please. Again. There goes the dime again! If you'd keep your wrist steady, it would n't fall off. No; you're playing altogether too fast. Slowly! slowly! Bad fingering! bad fingering! Wretched! Wait, I'll mark it for you."

With her nicely pointed long pencil, Sissy, a martinet for technic, assumed all the airs of her own professor and prepared to explain the obvious.

"No, you don't!" Sprint's hand shot out from the keys to the sheet-music, scattering the dimes; her wide-spread fingers covered the spot Sissy contemplated adorning with prettily made figures.

"Don't what?" asked Sissy.

"Oh, Miss Innocence! Don't be so affected, that's what! Don't put on so many airs! Don't pretend you know it all, Sis Madigan!"

"Why, Sprint! Do you s'pose I *want* to put the fingering down?"

"You do; but you sha'n't!" exclaimed Sprint, savagely.

"All I want to do is to help you," said Sissy, with well-bred forbearance.

"Well, don't show off, then."

Sprint withdrew her hand, and the lesson proceeded.

"I'll play your piece for you first, Sprint, to show you how it ought to go." Sissy rose, her calico rustling, to change the professorial chair for the stool of the demonstrator.

But Sprint sat like a rock.

"Professor Trask always does, Sprint."

There was an abused note in Sissy's voice that deceived her sister. In the perennial game of "bluff" these two played, each was alert to detect a weakness in the other; and Sprint thought she had found one now. Ignoring her professor, she placed "In Sweet Dreams" on the rack before her, and gaily and loudly, and very badly, began to play.



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"GO AND SHAKE HANDS PROPERLY, LIKE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN,"
BULLIED MRS. BATTERMAN"

Sissy rose majestically. Her correct ear was outraged, her small mouth was shut tight. Without a word she resigned her post and made for the door. She had quite reached it before Sprint capitulated.

"Play it, then, you mean thing," she cried, flouncing off the stool, "if it's going to do you any good!"

Sissy hardened. She had a way of becoming adamant on rare occasions that really struck terror to Sprint's facile soul, which resented a grudge promptly and as promptly forgot all about it.

"I don't care to play it," said Sissy, loftily.

"Well—I want you to—now."

"But I don't want to."

"Ain't you going to give me my lesson, then?" demanded Sprint, hoarsely. "I thought you were so anxious to help me!"

Sissy was mute. Hers was a strong position, she felt.

"D'ye expect me to get down on my knees?" Sprint's wrathful voice rose, and her unstable temper rocked threateningly.

A Madigan would willingly have been flayed alive rather than apologize in so many words.

"I don't expect anything at all," remarked Sissy, coldly.

"Well, you'd better expect, for"—with a swift motion that cut off her sister's retreat and put her own back to the door—"you'll play that piece before you go out of this room."

Without a word Sissy plumped down on the floor. Unconcernedly she pulled her jackstones out of her pocket, and soon their regular click-clock and the deft thump of her small, fat fist was all that was heard in the room.

It always seemed to Sprint that the last occasion of a disagreement between herself and the sister nearest to her in years, and furthest from her in temperament, was the most intolerable. Never in her life, she thought, had she so longed to murder Sissy as at this minute. She—Sprint—had no time to waste besieging the impregnable fortress of Sissy's mulishness, when

the hardening process had really set in. There never was time enough on Saturdays to do half what one planned, and to-day was the day of Crosby Batterman's party, besides.

And still Sprint remained at the door, and still Sissy played jackstones. Twice there were skirmishes between besieger and besieged—once when Sprint crept upon Sissy and, with a quick thrust of her slim, straight leg, disarranged an elaborate scheme for "putting horses in the stable," and once when there was a strategic sortie from Sissy, which failed to catch the enemy napping.

It was Sprint who finally yielded, as, with rage in her heart, she had known from the very beginning would be the case. But no Madigan ever laid down her arms and surrendered formally.

Sprint threw open the door with a bang. "Go out, then, miss! go out!" she commanded.

Calmly and skilfully Sissy finished the "devil on a stump," the last of those ornamental additions the complexities of which appeal to experts in the game; then she

gathered up her beloved jackstones and got to her feet. But dignity forbade that she should leave the room just when her foe had ordered her to go. So she ignored the invitation, and going to the piano, sat down in an ostentatiously correct position, requiring many adjustments and readjustments, and began to play "The Gazelle."

She played prettily, did this young person, who seemed to Sprint specially designed to infuriate her. And to-day she played "with expression," soft-pedaling and lingering upon certain passages in a way which the Madigans considered shameless.

"Oh, the affected thing! Just listen to her! How she does put on!" sneered Sprint to the world at large.

Sissy's lips opened, then closed tightly. She had almost answered, for no Madigan may be accused of sentimentality and live unavenged. Only a moment, though, was she at a loss. Then calmly, prettily, she glided into Sprint's own particular "piece." She knew this would draw blood. And it did.

"You sha'n't play it now! You sha'n't!"



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"OF THE DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION OF WHICH HE WAS QUITE VAIN"

Sprint cried, her ungovernable temper aroused. She dashed impetuously for the piano and tore the sheet of music from the rack.

It was the thing for which she had suffered so many lessons; for which she had

ears, lest she hear the imperturbable and maddeningly excellent Sissy play "In Sweet Dreams" without the notes, Sprint fled.

Sissy played on till the very last bar; she had an idea that Sprint might be ambushed out in the hall. But when she got to the end and heard no sound from there, she decided that the enemy was indeed vanquished, and she rose to close the piano. As she did so, she got a view of an elegantly stout and very upright lady coming up the front steps, with a fair, pale boy by her side.

With an agility commendable in one so



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"'FATHER,' BEGAN SISSY, CAREFULLY, . . . 'DO YOU APPROVE OF DANCING?'"

sat feeling like a mean-spirited imbecile with Sissy's impertinent finger under her wrist, while all outdoors was calling to her; for which she had forborne often and often during the week, only to be more thoroughly bullied on Saturdays. Yet she tore it across and recklessly trampled it underfoot. Then with her hands over her

round, Sissy dropped beneath the piano, and, whipping off her apron, proceeded to wipe the dust from the back legs of the instrument with it. This done, she rammed the apron up between the wall and the piano, and was seated, breathless, but with a bit of very dirty white embroidery in her hands, when the lady entered.

"Ah, Cecilia, busy as usual," she said in an important, throaty voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Batterman," said Sissy, softly.

"You see, Crosby, that even a child may make use of spare moments. Why don't you say how-d'-ye-do to Cecilia? Where 're your manners?" demanded the lady.

"Yes, 'm. How-do, Sissy?" asked the boy, uncomfortably. He was a very prim child, immaculately dressed, his smooth hair plastered neatly down over his forehead; and he sat bolt upright on the edge of his chair, for he knew well his mother's views about lounging.

"Go and shake hands properly, like a little gentleman," bullied Mrs. Batterman.

With a sickly smile Crosby walked over to Sissy and grasped her hand. He let it go with an "Ouch!" that made Mrs. Batterman turn majestically and glare at him.

"I 'm so sorry I stuck you, Crosby," said Sissy, softly, smoothing out her embroidery. "I forgot there was a needle in my work."

Crosby looked at her; he knew just how sorry she was.

"The thing to say, Crosby," thundered his mama, "is, 'Not at all, not at all, Cecilia!'"

"Not at all—not at all, Cecilia," squeaked the boy, his thin voice like a faint echo of his mother's heavy contralto.

Sissy yearned to beat him; she always did. That she did not invariably yield to her desire to express her resentment of so awfully mothered a person, was due solely to a sentiment of chivalry: he was so weak and so devoted to herself, and it took some courage to be devoted to Sissy.

"I 'm ashamed of my son!" thundered Mrs. Batterman.

Yes, Sissy knew that formula. She had heard the announcement first one memorable day at school when she led a revolt against the master—a revolt which only the girls of her clique were expected to indorse. But Crosby, either because he was so accustomed to playing with girls that he considered himself one of them, or because of that dogged devotion which even so stern a puritan as Sissy could not sufficiently discourage, had taken the cue from her lips. He, too, had failed publicly and vicariously, in the very presence of his lion-hearted, bull-voiced mother, and sat a white-faced criminal awaiting execution, when Mrs. Batterman, rising in her volu-

minous black silk skirts, like an outraged and peppery hen, stood a moment speechless with wrath, and then broke forth with her denunciation before the whole school, visitors and all. "Mr. Garvan," she had exclaimed in a deep voice all a-tremble, "I am ashamed of my son!" and sailed majestically from the room. Crosby's action had really touched Sissy at the time, though, like the diplomat she was, she had promptly disowned it.

But to-day Mrs. Batterman's shame did not too much affect her offspring, who sat, not quite so upright now, squeezing the blood from the finger that Sissy's needle had pricked.

"Let me look at your embroidery, Cecilia," said the lady, patronizingly.

Sissy rose and brought it to her. Before Crosby she tried not to show it, but this little Madigan was really suffering in her perfect soul: she embroidered so badly, and knew it so well.

"H'm!" Mrs. Batterman drew off her glove. "Make your stitches even, and keep your work clean—like this—like this—see?"

Sissy saw. Under the firm, big, white hand the strawberry leaves and blossoms sprang up and flourished. Mrs. Batterman loved to embroider; her voice was almost gentle when she painted on linen with her needle, and then only did she forget to bully her boy.

"Perhaps you will play for us, Cecilia, if I do a bit of your work for you?"

Sissy knew it was coming. Mrs. Batterman always asked her to play, and playing for company was pure show-off from a Madigan point of view. Irene would hear and taunt her with it later, she knew. But though she scorned the servile and down-trodden Crosby, Sissy, no more than he, dared disobey that grenadier, his mother. She took her seat at the piano, opened a Beethoven that Mrs. Batterman had given her the last Christmas, under the impression that she was fostering a taste for the classical, and, with a revengeful little hand that could n't reach the octaves, she began to murder the "Funeral March."

Just as the performer let her hands fall upon the last somber chord (her puritanical soul enjoying the double dissipation of pretending to herself while she afflicted others), she lifted her eyes to the mirror over the piano and saw Sprint out in the

hall. In the mirror their eyes met, and the mockery in Sprint's was unmistakable as Sissy rose, agitated, caught in the very act of showing off, convicted of being affected.

"Very pretty; very pretty, indeed!" said Mrs. Batterman, absent-mindedly. "Now play another little waltz."

"Aunt Anne says, Mrs. Batterman," put in Sprint, entering, "will you come to her room?"

Mrs. Batterman rose, her deft hands still calling forth the perfection of fruit from the stubborn linen soil upon which Sissy could make nothing grow, and sailed across the hall. Crosby immediately jumped from his chair.

"I say, Sissy," he cried, "I know an awful swell way to cut paper-doll dresses."

Sissy looked at him. For all her sins (and in a hidden corner of her heart that she rarely looked into, she knew herself for the hypocrite she was, despite all her self-righteous pretense) this girl-boy's devotion was her punishment. She did not envy Sprint her successes; in fact, she often disapproved the methods by which they were attained. Her pride would permit her neither to make such conquests, nor to enjoy them when they were made; but she cursed her fate that Crosby Batterman had fallen to her share. For the love of a really bad boy Sissy felt she could have sacrificed much—for a fellow quite out of the pale, a bold, wicked pirate of a boy who would say "Darn," and even smoke a cigarette; a daredevil, whose people could do nothing with him; a fellow with a swagger and a droop to his eyelid and something deliciously sinister in his lean, firm jaw and saucy black eye—a boy like Jack Cody, for instance. But that a forthright, practical, severe person like herself should be made ridiculous by Crosby's worship, and that Sprint, her arch-enemy, should be there to hear her adorer make his sexless declaration, was too much! Even a Madigan could not bear up under it. When Sissy looked from "Miss Crosby" (as the very girls who played with him called him) to Sprint, there were tears of rage trembling in her eyes.

But, with a generosity suspiciously unlike her, Sprint ignored the signal of distress. "What time this afternoon will the party begin, Crosby?" she asked.

"Oh, two o'clock. But you'll come early, won't you—Sissy?"

Sissy did not answer. She was waiting to see what Sprint's next move would be.

"I don't know that I can go," said Sprint, gently. "I have n't any gloves—unless—won't you ask father for some, Sissy?"

There was a prompt refusal upon Sissy's lips, but she did not utter it; the Battermans' visit had given the enemy too much material with which to regale her fellow-Madigans at the dinner-table in the evening. Sissy looked questioningly into Sprint's eyes, and silently the bargain was struck. To so much refraining from ridicule in public on the part of one, a certain indebtedness which the other might discharge by facing Francis Madigan with a demand for money. It was hard, but Sissy shut her teeth and got to her feet.

"Can I come with you, Sissy?" asked Crosby, following her to the door. "If you'll let me have your tissue-paper and the scissors, I'll show—"

Sissy's hands flew to her breast. "I wish—I wish you'd never speak to me again!" she exclaimed, and Crosby dodged as though he were apprehensive that she might beat him.

"It's so kind of you to go the very minute I ask," giggled Sprint, gleefully.

But Sissy shut the door behind her on Crosby's woeful face and Sprint's radiantly happy one, and went to her fate.

FRANCIS MADIGAN's room was his castle. It was his castle and his workshop and his boudoir, his kitchen, his library, and his pantry in one. The laxness of the family housekeeping had led him to distrust all hands and heads but his own. Everything that he wanted, or that he might want in the near future, he kept under his eyes, within reach of his hands, where none might borrow or lose or destroy. In order to provide for the needs which grew and changed daily, he fitted up rude shelf above shelf, till the corners of the room were transformed into rough bric-à-brac stands. Mr. Madigan had the unsuccessful man's pride in trifling successes in amateur carpentering, in husbandry of any sort unrelated to the real issues of his life; and every tool he needed for the exercise of his skill he kept under lock and key. He believed in, he trusted no Madigan. He had been known to lend his penknife to Sissy, but that was when she was ailing

long ago. He laid in supplies as though he had inside information of a famine near at hand; and his pipes and his great cans of tobacco were piled up with his cards and his books on the table where he played solitaire all day and read half the night. The sweets he liked occasionally, and the day's provision of fruit (for he ate fruit only and at this time looked upon a vegetarian as a coarse creature who belonged to a dead era), were packed in a small home-made pantry of the design and construction of which he was quite vain. His bed swathed in sheets; his blankets sewed securely together, as though he feared they might escape; a device all his own of great wooden wedges raising the lower end of the mattress so that his feet were on a level with his pillowed head; the chest of little drawers which his daughters called "father's hobby," nailed high on the wall and filled with all sorts of odds and ends, the detritus and possible repair-material of years of housekeeping—all this Sissy took in with the unseeing eyes one has for the familiar.

She did not expect her father's room to be like any one else's; neither did she look for an easy and successful termination to her quest. Sometimes she got what she asked for, but she asked for little. And to-day Francis Madigan had been tinkering at the old house, hammering here and patching there, a process that specially tried his temper, being a threatening indication of change, which he resented by declaring that "everything goes to the devil."

"Father," began Sissy, carefully, as she met his inquiring eye, "do you approve of dancing?"

He looked up from his cards. "What nonsense are you talking now?"

"Because Irene and I have a good chance to practise it—dancing—this afternoon."

"Well—practise," he growled.

"Shall we? All right. It's Crosby's party, you know. He's thirteen to-day. It's his party. His mother's giving it for him at Cooper's Hall. And there'll be dancing and—"

"Nonsense!"

"Yes," agreed Sissy, sweetly. "But we'll go if you say so. I won't need any dress, and—" she hurried on as he raised his head belligerently, "neither will Irene. Is n't

that lucky? My brown will do, though the overskirt does jump up when I dance and show the red sham underneath; but—"

"What are you bothering me about, then?" he demanded indignantly, throwing down his cards.

"Gloves," she said gently. Then quickly, before he could speak, "That's all. They don't cost very much. Or, I'll tell you,"—her voice grew suddenly most cheerful, as though she had made a discovery that must delight him,— "we can wear mitts. I don't mind—and neither will Sprint. Just a pair of blue lace ones for her and pink for me, or—or—" her voice wavered, but she was ready to pay the price, "just blue ones for Sprint, father."

He put his hand in his pocket. "Why not just pink ones for Sissy?" he asked almost good-naturedly.

Sissy shook her head, but the red rushed to her cheeks. She had won!

"Are you sure you need them?" he asked cautiously in the very act of bestowal.

"Sure! Sure!" she cried, throwing her arms gratefully about his neck before she danced to the door.

"But you're going, too?" he called after her. "All right, then. Make Irene behave. She's an ox—that girl."

An ox, of course, interpreted variously according to Madigan's mood and the correlating circumstances, signified this time an indiscreet, pleasure-mad child. Sissy understood, and she blushed for her sister. In fact, she was always blushing for her sister. She considered it to be her duty formally and officially to disavow her senior. So reprehensible did she feel Sprint's conduct to be that some one must blush for it; and as blushing was not Sprint's forte, Sissy did it for her.

And she really did it very well, with an assumption of chagrin that could not fail to call attention subtly to the contrast between the sisters. When Sprint failed in her lessons with a completeness, a sensational ostentation that was shocking to Sissy, that Number 1 scholar blushed gently, and, discreetly lowering her head, became absorbed in her work. After school, when Sprint was being kept in and disciplined (a process which never failed effectually to discipline the hardy individual who attempted it), when she wept and stormed and raged and threw caution

to the winds as only tempestuous Sprint could, then was Sissy's attitude a marvel of disapproving rectitude. She had a great deal of dignity, had Sissy, and the picture of holiness that she presented as, with her books on her arm, she walked past the desk where the sobbing sinner's head lay with tumbled curls and bloated face, came as near as anything could to quench the passion of tears in which Sprint's tempers culminated. On such occasions the infuriated Sprint was wont, for just a moment, to conquer the half-hysterical sobs that threatened to choke her as well as inundate the world, and make a face at Saint Cecilia as she passed holly by. But Cecilia was a Madigan always, as well as a saint temporarily, and her eyes were turned prudently away just then, as though she were already studiously pondering to-morrow's lesson.

But Sissy blushed her most perfect disapproval when she played chaperon to her elder sister. It was a position for which she felt herself peculiarly fitted, even without the semi-official commission she held—a position which so conscientious a person could not regard in the light of a sinecure.

As she danced only the more sedate dances, because of that obtrusive tendency of the red sham to her skirt, Sissy was able to chaperon her senior all the more effectively at Crosby Batterman's party. Irene danced like a thing whose vocation is motion. She was a twig in a rain-storm, a butterfly seeking sweets, a humming-bird whose wing beat the air with a very rhapsody of rhythm. She was on the floor with the first note Professor Trask struck, and she danced down the side of the little hall, when the waltz was over and all the other couples had seated themselves, as though the meter of the music had bewitched her feet and they might nevermore walk soberly.

"Sprint—don't!" It was the shocked voice of her young chaperon.

"Sissy—don't!" mocked mutinous Sprint.

Even after she took the seat beside Sissy, her heels were lifted and the toes of her slippers were beating time. She sat there chattering to a group of boys buzzing about her, upon whom her high spirits had the effect that dance-music had upon herself.

"You're the prettiest girl I've seen since I left the city, Irene," patronizingly whispered the boy lately from San Fran-

cisco, whose metropolitan elegances had dazzled the eyes of the mountain maidens.

"I wonder how many girls Will Morrow's said that to this afternoon!" came like a sarcastic douche from Sissy, who conceived it to be a chaperon's duty to take the conceit out of citified chaps.

Master Morrow turned to find a young woman in brown eying him disdainfully.

"Well—well, I never said it to you, anyway," he retorted gallantly.

"Good reason why. You knew I would n't believe you," Sissy declared, floundering in her anger.

"Neither would anybody else."

"Why? Because you said it? Did n't know you had such a reputation." Sissy was recovering. "Never mind, Sprint," she added, heavily sarcastic and assuming a comforting air that maddened Irene, who desired nothing more than to impress her new suitor with the elegant gentility of her manner, her family's, and all that was hers. "Just to have a boy from the city even pretend to think you're good-looking is worth living for. Boys know so much—in the city!" she concluded witheringly.

Mr. Morrow from San Francisco looked bewildered. He had merely paid what he considered a very dashing compliment to one girl, when lo! the other overwhelmed him with her contempt. He turned for consolation to Irene.

"I'll show you how they dance the two-step in the city," he said, holding out his hand as the music began again.

But he had reckoned without that stern censor of sisterly manners, Cecilia Madigan; that loyal Comstocker who resented the implication of her town's inferiority, quite independent of the fact that the insult was not addressed to her but to one who, apparently, welcomed it.

"I think I'll go home now, Sprint," she remarked carelessly, rising.

A sudden blight fell upon the belle of the afternoon. When Sissy went, go she must, too; this was the sole rule of conduct Francis Madigan had devised for the guidance of his most headstrong daughter.

"Oh, Sissy—not till after supper!" she pleaded piteously.

"I—I've got some studying to do for the examination Monday," explained the exemplary member of Mr. Garvan's class and society at large.

"Just wait till this one dance is over!"

Coaxing was not Sprint Madigan's forte; she was accustomed to demand.

But it was just that one dance that Sissy, the pure and patriotic, could not countenance.

A quick flash of fury lighted Irene's eye. To be bossed publicly and before Mr. Will Morrow of San Francisco! In her heart she swore to be avenged; yet she dropped Mr. Morrow's hand and shook her head to all his pleadings, as she followed her ruthless tyrant across the floor to the little dressing-room.

But as the sisters emerged from the dressing-room door, Crosby Batterman and his cousin Fred stopped them.

"You 're not going home, Sprint?" begged Fred. "I 've been looking everywhere for you. Oh, come and dance just this one with me!"

"Sissy 's going," said Sprint, the lilting of the music stirring her pulses and lifting her feet, despite the unmusical rage she was in, "and I 've got to go, too."

"Won't you stay—won't you wait just for this one, Sissy?" begged Fred.

"Why—certainly," acquiesced the gentle Sissy.

Sprint gasped with amazement. But she wasted no time, throwing off her jacket with a quick twist of her wrist. Later she might fathom the tortuosities of her tyrant's mind. All she knew now was that she might dance. With whom was a small matter to Sprint Madigan.

Sissy watched her dance away, delight and malice in her eye. She was watching till Mr. Morrow from the city should behold her revenge. But Crosby did not know this, and he had plans of his own.

"Come and play a game over in the corner, just till this dance 's over, won't you, Sissy?"

"What kind of a game?" she demanded, following him mechanically.

"Oh, a new game. It's lots of fun. I'll show you."

Sissy consented. She could play a game—and she knew she was clever at all games—without fear of betrayal from that red sham which she had been fiercely sitting upon half the afternoon.

Before long, her emulative spirit got her so interested in this particular game that she forgot not only the sham skirt but the

sham pretense upon which she had bullied Irene. And she played so well that there was only one forfeit against her name, though Crosby, who had named himself treasurer, held half the bangle bracelets and pins and handkerchiefs of the little circle as evidence of dereliction in others.

He called her name first, as he stood with her little turquoise ring in his hand and an odd light in his eye that might have enlightened her; but she was looking toward the door, where the young gentleman from San Francisco, in a Byronic pose, was staring gloomily at Irene dancing with a rival, and so joying in the dance that she had forgotten all about him.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And I 'll give you something to make you wise,"

chanted Crosby, holding out the ring and beckoning to her.

Closing her eyes upon the spectacle of Mr. Morrow's suffering, Sissy opened a mouth about which the malicious smile still lingered.

Crosby hesitated a moment. He was very much afraid of her, but as she stood, docile and innocent, before him, with her eyes shut and her tiny red mouth open, he could not fancy consequences nearly so well as he could picture the thing his wish painted.

In a moment he had realized it, and Sissy, overwhelmed by astonishment, dumb and impotent with the audacity of the unexpected, felt his arms close about her and his greedy lips upon hers.

Oh, the rage and shame of the proper Sissy! Her mouth fell shut and her eyes flew open. And then, if she could, she would have closed them forever; for, before her in the sudden silence, towering above the triumphant and unrepentant Crosby, stood Mrs. Batterman, a portentous figure of shocked matronly disapproval. And she promptly placed the blame where mothers of sons have placed it since the first similar impropriety was discovered.

"Cecilia!" she cried in that velvety bass that echoed through the room—"Cecilia Madigan, you—teaching my son a vulgar kissing game—you, the good one! Oh, you deceitful little thing!"



“ BLESSED ”

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

BLESSED: so have they named her. With just pride,
 Deliberate care, and cautious circumstance,
 The Holy Council have beatified
 The Maid of Orleans, martyred child of France,
 Who, at Domremy's village altar kneeling,—
 Ignored by friend and foe,
 Through all her young unsullied spirit feeling
 The tears of a despairing people flow,—
 Implored relief; and following the word
 Which none save she had heard,
 Delivered France, and crowned her—long ago.

Rejoice, Domremy, 'midst thy bowery green!
 She was thine own, whom all, at last, would claim—
 The greatest miracle that Earth hath seen
 Since out of Nazareth a Saviour came.
 Lowly as thou (though sheathed in armor bright),
 Her soul was as the snow—
 Yea, as the lilies of her banner, white.
 The Church hath blessed her; but man's heart, less slow,
 Remembering how glorious the price
 Of her dear sacrifice,
 Gave her the name of blessed—long ago.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE GREAT AMERICAN INTERCHANGE

A GENERAL and killing absorption in the business of life was once the accepted theory of American activity. It is true that there is still tremendous stress shown by Americans in the pursuit not only of their business vocations but of their social avocations. Yet the business man's summer vacation is getting to be more and more an accepted institution. He manages to get longer periods of complete rest and recreation, and he contrives, moreover, to seize upon any number of half-holidays and over-Sunday outings, especially in the warmer months. When he can control his time, he gives greater portions of it than ever before to horseback exercise and to golf and kindred sports. The business man's family, instead of being satisfied, as of old, with a few weeks in a crowded hotel by the sea or in the mountains, spend the whole summer in the country, as boarders in hotel or farm-house, or as dwellers in a country place of their own, modest or sumptuous in accordance with their means and taste.

The city man's modern discovery of the country and his increasing use of it in the summer months has been a subject of comment now these many years. There has been discussion of its effect upon the city people themselves, and upon the country people into whose communities they enter; of its effect upon manners and morals; of its economic bearings and its relation to the abandoned-farm problem; and of the influence upon the nation of the greater mingling of people from various parts of the country.

In recent years there has been developed a new phase of the American love of outings, which phase has grown to such proportions as to astonish those who have not "kept up with the procession." Summer vacations and summer outings are being

rivalled now by winter vacations and winter outings. Winter resorts have long been successfully established in the neighborhood of the larger cities,—where a drier and somewhat warmer climate may be reached by means of short journeys,—places typified by Lakewood and Atlantic City in the East. Such winter resorts are increasingly frequented, and other places, like the Adirondacks in the North, and certain Western States where sanitary conditions attract, and also resorts like those in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, California, and Florida, which can be reached from the North only by long journeys, some of them requiring several days of travel by sea or land to attain.

The interesting thing about these distant places of recreation is that not only are the well-to-do their constant beneficiaries,—as is the case, for instance, with the sumptuous caravansaries along the Florida coast,—but tourist individuals and families of moderate means swarm in comfortable quarters either under the eaves of the great hotels (where they freely enjoy many of their advantages) or in separate and less pretentious resorts, where the saving climate is as much at their disposal as it is at the command of the richest sojourner.

One occasion of this enormous travel and interchange is, in fact, a sign and accompaniment of a change in therapeutics. Physicians have always sent their patients to baths and to mild climates or to bracing climates, but there is a growing indisposition on the part of the most scientific of modern practitioners to rely upon the old pharmacopœia in every phase of disease. Outdoor air, exercise, and a disburdened and cheerful mind are increasingly prescribed for a long line of human ailments, and for most ailments at some stage of recuperation. The world is always in a process of change, and one change goes with another. The growingly migratory habits of the American,—for,

notwithstanding his passion for moving about in his own country, he is still the great, the indefatigable globe-trotter,—these changed habits go with a change in the domain of science, in the field of transportation, and in what may be called the art of comfort, which is perforce being learned more and more by our landlords.

With all this search for recreation and health, what with Westerners going East and Easterners going West, with Northerners going South and Southerners going North, summer and winter; with all this search for the opportunity to fish and shoot, or to enjoy social pleasures; with all this interchange of national advantages (for any and every climate can be found in the United States), one may look for an improvement in the public health and happiness, as well as for a dissemination of a knowledge of our own people and of our own country which ought to be decidedly conducive to an intelligent patriotism.

THE CARNEGIE HERO-FUND

IN the latter-day activities of Andrew Carnegie the world contemplates the effort of a man of extraordinary wealth to confer benefactions upon mankind with the least possible of accompanying harm. He is evidently as anxious and careful not to pauperize any one and not to discourage acts of duty and beneficence by others as he is to do direct good by means of his munificent gifts. As he goes on with his endeavor it becomes more and more interesting to watch the workings of his mind in the altruistic application of his huge resources. It is evident that sentiment has no little influence upon the doings of this industrious benefactor, as witness, for instance, his fairy-godfather gifts to his native Scotch town, his thoroughgoing plans in behalf of the people of the American community in which his money was made, his housing of the Hague Peace Tribunal, and, most conspicuously, his re-

cently established fund for the benefit of the heroic savers of life.

To the faithful readers of *THE CENTURY* this last gift should have a peculiar interest, owing to the attention given in these columns, during late years, to the Heroes of Peace.¹

Doubtless the establishment of this fund, chiefly in behalf of "men or women who are injured or who lose their lives in attempting to preserve or rescue their fellows," is in line with the happy thought of fittingly housing the international Peace Tribunal. The giver wishes to emphasize every-day heroism and help to turn the minds of men from the triumphs of war to the nobilities of peace. He wishes to exalt what he calls the "heroes of civilization," as opposed to the old-time killing and maiming "heroes of barbarism."

There have been some criticisms of the carrying out of this humane desire on the part of Mr. Carnegie. His letter of gift is guarded; he himself sees difficulties and dangers in the scheme. Its success will depend largely, of course, upon the manner in which the trust is executed.

There is a paragraph in Dr. Mitchell's thoughtful article on "Heroism in Every-day Life" which suggests a special usefulness on the part of the fund, wisely administered. Dr. Mitchell does not doubt "that in fostering heroism the relation of acts of self-devotion in the daily papers has its use. What this or that man did I can do. It is a constant call on self-respect." The notice taken, by the trustees of the fund, of heroic actions coming under their specific purview, will add to the bruit concerning all such deeds, and doubtless tend to their recurrence, apart from the thought of commendation or compensation by means of medal or money. The scheme is nobly motivated, and all who sympathize with endeavors to promote the better instincts and sentiments of mankind must hope to see it truly successful. It is right that heroic deeds should be thoughtless of

¹ *THE CENTURY* has recently published the following articles: "Heroism in the Light-house Service," by Gustav Kobbé, June, 1897; "The Roll of Honor of the New York Police," by Theodore Roosevelt, October, 1897; "Heroes of Peace," editorial, October, 1897; "Every-day Heroism," by Gustav Kobbé, January, 1898; "Heroes Who Fight Fire," by Jacob A. Riis, February, 1898; "Heroes Who Fight Fire," editorial, February, 1898; "Heroes of the Life-saving Service," by Gustav Kobbé, April, 1898; "In Relation to Heroism," editorial, June, 1898; "Heroes of the Deep," by Herbert D. Ward, July and August, 1898; "Heroes of the Railway Service," by Charles De L. Hine and Gustav Kobbé, March, 1899; "Volunteer Life-savers," by Gustav Kobbé, June, 1899; "In the Long Run," editorial, August, 1899; "Heroism in Every-day Life," by S. Weir Mitchell, December, 1902; "Heroes in Black Skins," by Booker T. Washington, September, 1903.

praise or reward; and yet it is just that those who suffer in body and estate in the endeavor to save others in dangerous emergencies should be generously looked after, and their splendid examples held up for praise and emulation.

As indicated by the great calamity of the burning of the *General Slocum* at Hell Gate, New York, on June 15, no hero

fund is necessary to call forth the best instincts of humanity in a time of such danger, and it must be borne in mind that Mr. Carnegie's object in making this foundation is not to bribe people to be heroes, but rather to mitigate the hardships that often fall upon the families of men and women who have sacrificed their lives in heroic actions.

OPEN LETTERS

Churches, Education, and Crime

A REPLY TO DR. BUCKLEY

KINDLY permit me a word in regard to the article in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1903, entitled "The Present Epidemic of Crime," in which the writer, referring to the in-criminating rating of State-prison convicts as members of evangelical churches at the date of commitment, does great injustice to such churches. While it is true that no small percentage of such prisoners go on record as belonging to some church at the time of their commitment, I am of the opinion, after thirteen years' service as chaplain of a State prison, that not one half of one per cent. of the prisoners thus received actually held such church relationship at the time. At our prison of San Quentin, for instance, out of 1392 in the prison in 1900, 410 were rated as members of evangelical churches, when, as a matter of fact, perhaps not one per cent. of the number held actual or even nominal relationship with any such churches. I write this to correct a gross misconception of the facts and a manifest wrong to the fair fame of our Protestant evangelical churches.

In the same article the assertion is made that "more than a third of the inmates of the Elmira [New York] Reformatory are *well educated*, and many of them *refined*." (Italics my own.) Reference to page 54 of the published year-book of that institution for 1901 gives the following educational rating of the 10,538 inmates: 1682, or 15.96 per cent., are set down as "without education"; 5015, or 47.59 per cent., can "simply read and write (with difficulty)"; only 3413, or 32.39 per cent., possessed even "ordinary common-school education"; while 428, or only 4.06 per cent., possessed "high school or more" qualifications. As to "physical conditions" (answering

to physical conditions of refinement), 3268, or 31.01 per cent., are classed as "low or coarse"; 4417, or 41.92 per cent., as "medium"; 2853, or 27.07 per cent., as "good"; while, as conforming to the more approximately "refined" condition referred to under the head of "mental capacity," only 545, or 5.17 per cent., can at all be construed as conforming to that type. As to "moral susceptibilities," a still more conclusive test, 3601, or 34.17 per cent., possessed "positively none"; 1936, or 18.37 per cent., were "ordinarily susceptible"; 4598, or 43.63 per cent., are rated as having "possibly some"; and only 403, or 3.83 per cent., can be counted as conforming to the eminent writer's optimistic test as being "specially susceptible," or "refined."

August Drahm,
Chaplain State Prison,
San Quentin, California.

REJOINDER BY DR. BUCKLEY

NOTHING could please me more than to be shown in error in any statement disparaging to human nature or to members of Christian churches; but I have had too many conversations with prison superintendents and chaplains, made too many visits to houses of correction, written and "received" too many letters, and read and published too many undisputed facts and figures on this painful subject, to have hastily formed the conclusions which I presented in *THE CENTURY*.

Whenever I have visited or lectured in such institutions I have conversed with the officers and read the records, and have often corresponded with the friends of interesting cases which I there met. Your correspondent admits that in his own prison four hundred and ten—more than twenty-five per cent.—are rated as ostensible members of churches, and on that he

can only say that not one per cent. of that number held such church relationship at the time of their commitment. Concerning the Elmira Reformatory, I have to say that I addressed a thousand or more inmates in the great chapel, after hearing them recite in the Sunday class in ethics. Being much surprised at the shrewdness of their answers and discussions, I closely catechized the professor of ethics, who had for years been employed by that master in penology, Mr. Brockway, and from him received the statement on which I founded my generalization. Mr. Brockway informed me that many had been church-members, many were well educated, and quite a sprinkling refined. While there I was introduced to more than one minister's son, was accosted by sons of some of the best Christians of my acquaintance, and there met the accomplished son of one of the best-known clergymen and hymn-writers on the continent of Europe.

From my correspondence I select the following:

February 24, 1866, the Rev. J. G. Bass, who had then been eighteen years chaplain of the Kings County Penitentiary, wrote to a clergyman of Brooklyn that when he assumed that position he found in the prison "but few persons, perhaps not more than ten per cent., who had attended Sunday-school," but that at the present time, 1884, he found "but very few who had not been Sunday-school scholars, and that perhaps not less than seventy-five per cent. of the criminals and suspected criminals had attended Sunday-schools." About two years after that I wrote to Mr. Bass on this subject, and received from him an acknowledgment that he had made the foregoing statement, but that, as he did not introduce in his work denominational distinctions, he was not able to say definitely how many were Protestants and how many were Catholics, and in that investigation confined himself to ascertaining how many had been members of churches or attendants at Sunday-schools.

In the year 1895, on the invitation of Mr. Bass, who had been twenty-nine years chaplain, I visited the institution to see the improvements which had been made. During the two years preceding, the United States courts had sent not less than four hundred prisoners to that place. This large increase made necessary the enlargement of the building, and the chapel had been enlarged to twice its original size.

Among the United States prisoners I found many who had had all the advantages of the schools, who had stood high in society and the church. Among them were ten or twelve bank presidents, besides bookkeepers and cashiers, some of them alumni of colleges; there were prominent members of Christian churches

of almost every denomination. Several ministers and bishops in this country could there have found college classmates and fellow-members of the denominations to which they belong.

In 1898 Mr. F. H. Starr, superintendent of the Home of Industry for Discharged Prisoners in Philadelphia, was represented as having said in an address on "Some Men I have Met in Prison": "Statistics prove that eighty-five per cent. of criminals have been religiously inclined at some time of their lives. The old class of criminals is dying out; the usual criminal of to-day is bred from Christian homes—the man who has gone wrong!"

I wrote to Mr. Starr asking whether he was correctly reported, and received from him the following: "The article is partly correctly quoted, but not fully. The average age of our criminals is thirty years, and these criminals are to a great extent made up of men and boys who have drifted, broken, or been dragged away from Christian homes and Christian churches, and a great number have been at some time active church-members."

Subsequently, under date of December, 1899, Mr. Starr wrote me: "I have just been gathering the latest statistics of the criminal classes of our country who are under lock and key, and found that the average age of the eighty-seven thousand confined is twenty-one years. Another startling and alarming fact is that a very large percentage of them have broken away from Christian homes and Christian influences, and I found so many of them, when conversing with me, who did not seem to know when the first step downward was taken that I felt it to be my duty to God and my fellow-men to use every effort to point out the many pitfalls surrounding young people."

I regret to have to say that the number of persons charged with crime who are or have been connected with Christian churches is rapidly increasing, as a careful reader of the daily papers cannot but perceive. Neither education, nor Christianity, nor a republican form of government, can be charged with responsibility for the increase of crime. It has its roots in human nature; moral teaching, parental training, good examples, and enforcement of law, are the only counteracting influences.

The Century's American Artists Series

DOUGLAS VOLKS

MR. VOLK, whose painting "The Belle of the Colony" is reproduced on page 573, was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1856. His first instruction in art was in Rome in 1872; later he was a pupil of Gérôme in Paris from 1873 to 1879, and his first public appearance was at the Paris Salon in 1875. He has had numerous distinctions: medals at the Chicago, Buf-

falo, and Charleston expositions, first prize at the Colonial Exhibition in Boston in 1899, the Shaw Prize of the Society of American Artists in the same year, and in 1903 the Carnegie Prize of the same society, of which he is a member. He is also a member of the National Academy. He was on the National Jury of the Chicago Exposition and is a member of that of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Mr. Volk has had large experience as an instructor in his art. At various times since 1893 he has been instructor at the Art Students' League in New York. From 1879 to 1884 he was instructor at Cooper Union, and this work, resumed in 1895, he still continues. He was the founder of the Minneapolis School of Fine Arts, which he directed from 1886 to 1903. He has paid special attention to the portrayal of colonial subjects, and among his best-known pictures are "The Puritan Mother," in the Carnegie Institute; "Accused of Witchcraft," in the Corcoran Gallery; and "A Maiden's Reverie," in the Pittsfield Art Museum. Mr. Volk has recently been commissioned by the State of Minnesota to paint a historical picture for the new capitol at St. Paul. The subject is to be "Father Hennepin Discovering the Falls of St. Anthony."

Color Notes on Bermuda Waters

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE COLOR PICTURES
ON PAGES 595 AND 603

WE landed in Bermuda very early on a hot summer morning, after a disagreeable ocean trip of three days. Glad as we were to be ashore, the heat was oppressive and the glare from the white buildings painful to the eyes.

So far I had observed nothing remarkable in the appearance of the water, except an unusual clearness and brilliancy. I was soon to see, however, as we drove along the shore to the marine station, colors which I had never deemed possible. In some places the sea was a brilliant robin's-egg blue; in others a decided pinkish tinge was visible, merging into a deep purple. In fact, the ever-changing hues of that wonderful water were a constant surprise to me during a three weeks' stay in the islands.

Naturally, of even greater interest were the color and life which lay hidden beneath those sparkling waves, and at the earliest opportunity I stole a look through the water-glass at the various forms which covered the bottom in all directions. My first view of the corals was a trifle disappointing, as they were dull in color, usually of a light yellow or brown, although some of the smaller varieties looked like bits of green and pink jelly, dense and soft in texture.

But the sponges were quite another story. Such brilliance, such wealth of form and color, were truly astonishing. The range of shades seemed unlimited, running quite through the spectrum.

As we floated slowly over the surface, our eyes peering through the water-glasses, huge masses of brilliant orange sponge, flat and velvety in texture, came into view. These in turn gave place to others, some green, some purple, and occasionally a glowing patch of yellow shone forth in strong contrast to its more somber neighbors.

These lowly creatures seem to prefer the purest water, and grow most abundantly wherever the current is strongest. One small channel just opposite the laboratory was literally filled (both sides and bottom) with their kaleidoscopic tints and grotesque shapes.

By far the most interesting locality which I had an opportunity of visiting was known as the "North Rocks," in reality a group of boulders lying at the outer edge of the reef, some nine miles from the mainland. The approach to the rock is difficult, and a landing possible only at low tide and in the calmest of weather. We were so fortunate as to hit upon an ideal day for the purpose, and although our hopes were keyed very high, the realization of them surpassed anything we had imagined.

A number of us left the launch, which was obliged to anchor about a hundred yards from the rock, and rowed to the highest point of the reef, here raised in a circular form, the boulders sticking up from the center. As we drew near, the water-glasses came into use, disclosing the true sea-gardens in all their beauty. Delicate purple sea-fans waved gracefully to and fro in the clear water, and dense masses of seaweed, velvety brown or green in hue, clustered against the almost perpendicular side of the ledge. Deep, dark holes penetrated the rock in all directions, a refuge for the host of gaudy fishes which darted to and fro like shadows through these luxuriant depths.

Over all this fantasy of waving form and shifting color a clear blue light was diffused, the bottom at a distance of forty feet merging into an intense bluish green, with shafts of purple and emerald light sifting through it.

The surface of the reef, which at this time projected a few inches above the sea-level, proved a mine of wealth for my enthusiastic companions, as with nets and water-glasses they splashed back and forth over the charmed circle, each seeking the things in which he was most interested.

The little pools left by the tide were filled to the brim with the most exquisitely colored marine life. Huge deep-red sea-urchins covered with long black spines nestled in the crevices, turning their sharp points toward us as we disturbed the water about them, and small fish glowed and sparkled like living jewels in this lovely setting.

A beautiful seaweed resembling the outspread tail of a peacock grew abundantly here,

and innumerable bits of brilliant color glittered in the dazzling sunlight.

Several hours passed on this fairy-like place,

until finally the rising tide prevented any further research. Laden with our spoils, we disembarked and rowed back to the launch.

Charles R. Knight.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Mistaken Idea

LOVE is not blind, though again and again,
Such very fair maids wed such very plain men,
Such debonair lads such sedate little lasses—
Love is not blind, but wears rose-colored
glasses!

Each sees in his dearest—how *can* Love be
blind?—
Much more than all others can possibly find.
O woe for the lads and O woe for the lasses
The day that Love loses those rose-colored
glasses!

Catharine Young Glen.

Charity

GOD blessed me the penny you gave to me,
brother,
For you gave with a smile, as a friend to
another.
God cursed me the dollar you gave, for you
chid,
And you made me to know what it was that
you did.
With charity *for* me you gave me the
first,
But with charity *to* me the second you cursed.

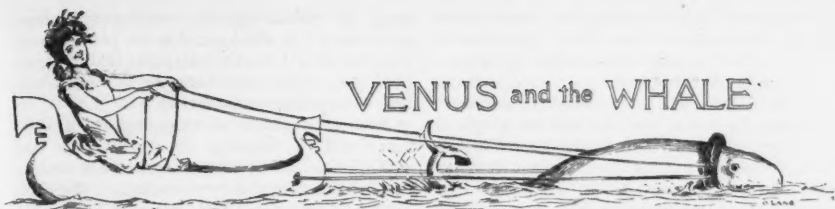
Edmund Vance Cooke.



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

INFERENCE

"I'm afraid these new shoes are n't going to look a bit nice."
"Why? are they very comfortable?"



WITH PICTURES BY OTTO LANG

ABOUT forty years ago I was in the habit of going to the Aquarial Gardens, in Boston, as often as practicable. The main attraction was a whale, described upon the posters as "the Leviathan of Holy Writ." He was a small white whale, one of the smallest of his kind. I think his length was about five feet.

The room in which he was exhibited had been a little theater, and the seats had been removed from the ground floor to make room for a circular tank which filled most of the available space. At one end of the room was a stage, from which a broad gangway led to the tank; at the other end was a gallery, and from that gallery I saw a performance unique in my experience of the stage.

As we took our seats the curtain rose to the rolling of thunder and showed a lonely sea-shore with the greenest of oceans. Jupiter entered, dressed in a blue tunic and tights which in some far-away past may have been white. We knew he was Jupiter, for in his right hand he carried several jagged thunderbolts fully a yard long and seemingly composed of gilt pasteboard. As he paced about he shook these dreadful bolts with energy, and there followed flashings of powder, which diffused a sickening odor, and loud rattlings of metallic thunder.

After occupying himself in this way for as long a time as seemed needful to give a due impression of his majesty, he paused, shaded his brow with his unoccupied hand, gazed across the ocean, and asked himself what vision of loveliness it was which met his eyes.

He was not long in doubt, for he immediately told himself, to the accompaniment of a wheezy broken-down parlor organ, that it was "fair Venus, rising from the briny deep"; and that he might the better enjoy this spectacle he strode slowly and majestically away

from it until he reached the lower corner of the stage, where he turned again to the ocean and stood in rapt admiration. Considerable creaking, only partly drowned by the parlor organ, attended the rising of Venus, which was effected in a series of slow jerks, landing her upon the stage at last with an abrupt jolt and a loud click.

She was a pretty girl, modestly dressed in a short pink frock of some gauzy material, plentifully bespangled. On her head was a large wreath of pink paper roses. And now the enraptured Jupiter praised her grace and beauty, owned her power, and asked if there were perchance some boon which he might confer upon her.

Yes, there was one: Venus would fain prove her sway over the ocean from which she had just arisen.

"Harness me the great leviathan," she cried, "and let me drive him for my pastime."

This being somewhat out of Jupiter's line, he shook his thunderbolts again, with the same unpleasant results as before, and summoned Neptune.

The monarch of ocean was pushed upon the scene in a small flat-bottomed triumphal car, or rather barge, which was made of tin and painted pink. He held aloft his trident, and must have been glad when the barge stopped, for the movement made him painfully unsteady on his legs.

He stepped out, bowed to Jupiter, and asked his commands. The ruler of gods and men explained at considerable length the claims of Venus to respectful consideration, and instructed Neptune to obey her commands. Venus then repeated her modest wish, and added that she would like to sail in Neptune's own barge, that identical pink tin barge in which he had just made his tottering entrance, and which had doubtless attracted her feminine eye from its



harmony with her own costume. Once more the thunderbolts were brandished, and Jupiter cried, "Let all be done according to her word."

At this point I was much perplexed to know how the wishes of Venus would be gratified. Of course I was sure that the little white whale had been cast for the important part of the great leviathan. I was quite as sure that, in some way, the whale was to be harnessed to the pink barge. But how? By whom? Jupiter, with his thunderbolts and tights, was manifestly not to be thought of. Neptune was equally unfitted for any real work by reason of his make-up, which was that of a very seedy and down-at-the-heel King Duncan or King Lear, and a purple cotton-velvet robe, no matter how shabby, is not a garment in which one would willingly take to the water.

I was not kept long in suspense, for Neptune was equal to the emergency, and promptly called to his aid two Tritons, who were clad from head to foot in black waterproof clothes, and who at once bestirred themselves and set to work in a thoroughly businesslike way. First they carried the barge from the back of the stage and placed it in the water, close to the little gangway which led from the stage to the tank. Then they produced, from behind the scenes, a large leather collar to which were attached four cords. Two of these cords were strong, with hooks at the ends; the others were light, flimsy things, wholly ornamental.

Provided with this harness, the industrious Tritons got down into the tank, where the depth of water was above their waists, and proceeded to try conclusions with the whale. Meanwhile the asthmatic organ wheezed forth dispiriting sounds, and from each side of the

stage the god and goddess looked on in calm approval. The dialogue was in blank verse, — would that I could remember it! — and the little drama was played throughout with absolute seriousness and sincerity.

After a good deal of struggling, the Tritons succeeded in slipping the collar over the whale's head. Then they fastened the hooked ends of the cords into two sockets in the sides of the barge. Leviathan, securely harnessed, was now less securely held, while Neptune rapidly escorted Venus across the gangway and handed her into the barge. She quickly gathered up the reins, which one of the Tritons held in his mouth, and poised herself as steadily as adverse circumstances would permit. The Tritons let go of the cords and the voyage began.

Leviathan swam slowly and evenly around the outer circumference of the tank, as though aware of his responsibility. All went well. Again and again the circuit was made with safety and with only an occasional bump. The goddess smiled and handled the reins with easy grace. But, alas! not even goddesses are exempt from trouble! Just as her triumph seemed complete, the evil-minded whale darted viciously to one side, and Venus yielded her supremacy of the ocean as she splashed to the bottom of the tank. The Tritons floundered to the rescue; but it was in the very nature of things that they should get entangled in the cords, and that the whale should upset them by swimming between their legs; and these things caused delay.

Jupiter and Neptune leaned over the footlights in helpless anxiety. There must have been a trying conflict in their minds between wishes to be of some use and reluctance to



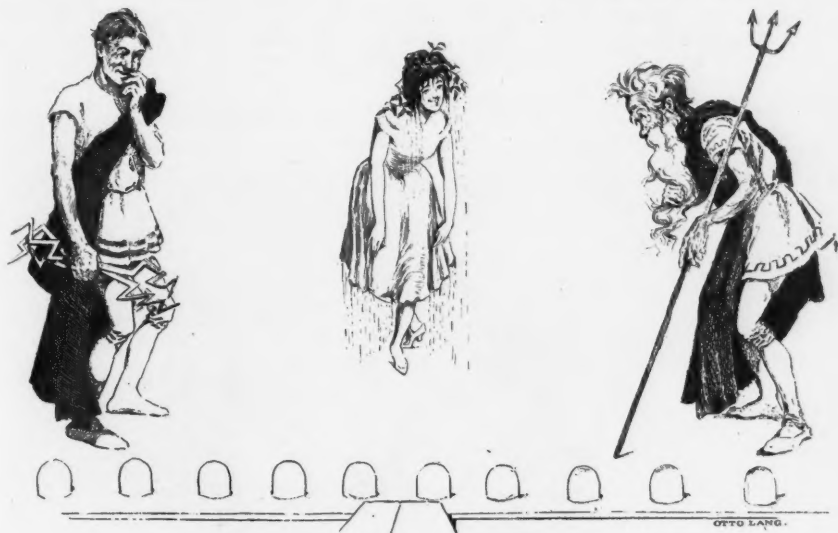
"JUPITER AND NEPTUNE LEANED OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS IN HELPLESS ANXIETY"

spoil their costumes. At one moment I think that Jupiter was almost ready to lay aside his thunderbolts and get down into the tank where the Tritons were searching for Venus. They got hold of her at last, and set her upon the stage, the very wettest creature that I ever saw.

Poor Venus! The pink gauze dress clung limply about her; one of her pink satin shoes was missing; her hair had come down; and her only emblem of royalty was the wreath of paper roses, which she still wore, much askew

and reduced to pulpy flatness. Any girl in such a plight, at such a disadvantage, might reasonably have been expected to run off to her dressing-room as fast as possible. Venus did nothing of the sort. All dripping and bedraggled as she was, no sooner had her feet touched the stage than she sprang lightly up, brushed back the wet hair from her eyes, curtsied to Jupiter and Neptune, curtsied to the audience, waved her farewells, and smilingly bowed herself off the stage, as she had been used to do upon happier occasions.

Edward Tuckerman Mason.



"SMILINGLY BOWED HERSELF OFF THE STAGE"

The Industrious Meter

The tenant he has left his home to summer
by the sea

And seek the change which all must seek by
fashion's high decree.

The spiders weave their gossamers on win-
dow, wall, and door;

The little mice and water-bugs are camping
on the floor;

The clock is dumb; the cat is dead; all silent
is the flat;

The very microbes in the air grow somnolent
and fat.

Ah, little thinks the passer-by of one who
toils within

The empty walls and darkened halls, nor
praise nor gain to win!

The humble servant of the lamp, the 'lectric
meter hight,

Knows naught of holiday or rest the livelong
day or night.

Its only food is dry amperes and unattractive
volts,

And now and then a tasteless ohm or arid
watt it bolts.

It murmurs not, but toils along, with every
cog and wheel,

Until its honest visage glows with industry
and zeal.

It is not to the dynamo that science owes
success;

It is not to the bookkeeper, though book-
keepers can guess;

'T is not to him who makes the bills that si-
lence sneer and doubt,

But to the patient slave who works when
every light is out.

Alas! it only worked too well; thus mortals
vain aspire:

One night it slipped a cog and touched an unsuspected wire,
 And when the nearest cop awoke, the flat was all on fire.
 Three weeks they raked the wreckage up, and down in the debris
 They found the trusty meter, still a-meting gallantly,
 Its faithful hands yet whirling round as busy as could be.

They cut the clinging wires; they removed it from the place;
 They smoothed the indentations from its scarred and wounded case,
 The while they gazed in wonder at the figures on its face.
 There were miles of volts recorded; there were watts and ohms galore;
 It took a ream of paper to foot up the mighty score;
 And when the tenant saw the bill, he very nearly swore.
 He did not swear; he did not know the words to fit the case,
 Because, though vigorous and apt, they were not words of grace.

He could not vulcanize his speech as other mortals can;
 He had not learned its alphabet—he was a Boston man.

He is a Boston man no more. In Bloomingdale he lies,
 A weight of sadness on his heart and madness in his eyes.
 At times he dreams of wealth untold, enough to set him free
 And pay the mountain debt he owes the 'lectric companie.
 And then he laughs a mirthless laugh the hardest heart to chill—
 He knows that centuries of toil would never pay that bill:
 The meter's wheels are in his head; he hears them whirling still.

MORAL

There is no moral to my tale; I say it with regret:
 'Lectricity is in its youth—it has no morals yet.

James Jeffrey Roche.



AT A REDUCTION

"Is that your cat, my dear?"

"Yes, mum; but ye kin have him cheap, cos he's slightly soiled."

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